THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this magazine place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors.
NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General

JULY 26, 1919

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Harry Leon Wilson — Samuel G. Blythe — Albert W. Atwood — Mary Roberts Rinehart
Byron Morgan — Ring W. Lardner — George Pattullo — Holworthy Hall — Henry Watterson

BE SURE YOUR BREAD IS MADE FROM GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Barrett Specification Roofs on plant of Beech-Nut Packing Co. at Canajoharie, N. Y.

A QUALITY PLANT WITH A QUALITY ROOF

THE Beech-Nut Packing Company started out years ago with the Quality idea in food products.

Covering its first Quality food factory was a Quality roof—a Barrett Specification roof.

And as the years have passed and the wonderful growth of the Beech-Nut business has demonstrated the soundness of the Quality idea in foods, additions and new buildings have been added to the plant—and they have all been covered with the same Quality roof.

Today the entire plant, illustrated above, is covered with Barrett Specification Roofs.

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Many years ago The Barrett Company started to work out a specification that would make it possible for building owners everywhere to obtain through their local contractors, a Quality roof based on the best scientific principles of roof construction.

The result was The Barrett Specification. Today Barrett Specification Roofs cover more permanent buildings than any other type.

They take the base rate of insurance; they are guaranteed (under the simple conditions stated below) for a period of 20 years, and, what is perhaps most important of all, *they cost less per year of service than any other type.*

20-Year Guaranty

We offer a 20-Year Surety Bond *guaranteeing* Barrett Specification Roofs of fifty squares or over in all towns of 25,000 population and more, and in smaller places where our Inspection Service is available.

This Surety Bond will be issued by the United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company of Baltimore and will be furnished by us without charge. Our only requirements are that the roofing contractor shall be approved by us and that The Barrett Specification dated May 1, 1916, be strictly followed.

A copy of The Barrett Specification with full information free on request. Address nearest office.

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Cleveland, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Detroit, New Orleans
Birmingham, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Nashville, Salt Lake City
Seattle, Peoria, Atlanta, Duluth, Milwaukee
Bangor, Washington, Johnstown, Lebanon, Youngstown, Toledo
Columbus, Richmond, Dallas, Elizabeth, Buffalo, Baltimore

The Barrett Company

Latrobe, Bethlehem

THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited: Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S., Sydney, N. S.

CRISCO

For Frying - For Shortening
For Cake Making

better for all purposes

Crisco is sealed in this air-tight, dirt-proof, convenient package. Order it today at your grocer's. All sizes, from one pound, net, up.

Send 10 cents for this 25 cent book: "The Whys of Cooking." Tells why Crisco makes foods more delicious and digestible. Tells how to set the table and serve meals. Gives over 150 appetizing recipes, with many colored illustrations. Written by Janet McKenzie Hill, founder of the Boston Cooking School and Editor of "American Cookery." Address Dept. K-8, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Crisco is a vegetable cooking product, the cream of wholesome vegetable oils. It is pure, white, tasteless, and odorless, and does not turn rancid.

Crisco is all richness, and is unsalted. It costs only about half as much as butter, and goes farther in cooking, because even the best butter is one-fifth water and salt.

Use Crisco for all kinds of cooking.

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For Shortening

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For Cake Making

Add salt to Crisco, use it in cake, and you'll have the butter taste at half of butter cost. Use one-fifth less Crisco, or your cake will be too rich. Enjoy fine cakes, cookies, puddings and other desserts. Crisco makes them economically.

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS - EST. 1837 -

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ADV.

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

Sing, oh, sing of Lydia Pinkham
And her love for the human race!
How she made her wonderful compound
And all of the papers published her face.
—OLD SONG.

I HAVE long been dissatisfied with history. I am tired of kings and queens and dauphins, of palace corridors thronged with courtiers and *dames du palais* of light dispositions. I want a history of people and what I get is that the king returned from hunting the stag. Nero fiddled while Rome burned, but who made his fiddle and what did it cost? Was a fiddle within reach of the middle classes and could you learn to play it in your own home by correspondence? I know Cleopatra was a flirt, but what was the complexion cream she used and did she buy it wholesale—because look how far her complexion extended. Were her simple little costumes copied by the ladies of the East Alexandria Reading Club, and what did they all do for that trouble in the throat?

Who made the best Roman chariots and how much mileage did they get from a pair of wheels? How much did it cost to own your own home on the beautiful Campagna? How did Cæsar shave and did he find his mail burdened with circulars for a wholesome invigorant that would renew his coiffure, or money refunded?

How did they correct their memory in those days and did they acquire a commanding personality in one evening? How did Silent Septimus become a master of speech? Did he do it by tarrying at the wine shop as so many have done before and since; or did he order the books printed on hand-woven papyrus? And how did Mrs. Silent Septimus regard him after he had changed so greatly?

Our Ignorance of the Past

WHAT did armor cost; and was it all custom-made, or could you pick out a suit of genuine duplex impervio in the window and wear it home after a few trifling alterations to make the pants fit better?

What could you buy a good slave girl for and did the agency warrant her to stay bought? How much extra if she could do plain cooking as well as instrumental music and toe dancing?

What was the fee to attend Plato's business college and did he have correspondence courses in politics, steam fitting and goat culture? Did Aristotle's wife have to reduce and did her stockings run and could she amaze and delight her guests by pouring boiling water on the dining-room table?

How much did prime writing bricks cost at the Cozy Craftie Shop in Babylon, and did a stenographer in those days have to join the bricklayers' union? Could you buy a good touring elephant in Carthage by monthly installments, no money down, and did they have June sales of slightly worn ivory, apes and peacocks? Could you walk ten blocks and save half your rent money in Tyre and did some enterprising firm spring a new shade just as everyone got sick of seeing so much purple? Did the head keeper at the Colosseum always have a few aging Christian-fed lions in his kennel that he was willing to let go to the right parties where they would have a good home?

Did Herodotus give a magic-lantern lecture about what he saw—or said he saw—in foreign parts? Were Plutarch's Lives sold only by subscription and had he taken a course in short-story writing, experience unnecessary? What embalming parlors gave the best satisfaction in all Egypt? What poison distiller warned you to "Look for the name Borgia on the wrapper?" What magic remedy did a viking use for his chilblains? What did Socrates take off and put on when he went to bed?

Easy Courses in Earth Lore for Studious Martians

THESE—alas—are things we shall never know to our satisfaction, because a certain science was yet unborn. But these same things, I rejoice to believe, are things future histories will tell their readers copiously. And advertising has done it! Mark my words, history of the future will have been revolutionized by the humble four-liner and the lordly two-color full page. It will be richer, more vital, more intimate, more informing, more accurate. It will satisfy, for it will have recourse to pages on which will be printed in display type and choicely worded English the record of our social and domestic life; our industrial progress, our mechanical, surgical and medicinal triumphs; our music, our food, our recreations, vices, foibles, superstitions, our methods of education, our plumbing—exposed to the last intimate detail—and our dress from the hide out. Our posterity will know us as we have never known a people of the past. But only in the advertising columns will the historian be able to find this valued profusion and completeness of detail; only there is the greater part of it ever so much as hinted in print.

Indeed I am not so sure that histories will continue to be written. There may be a small volume of dates, perhaps, showing when presidents were elected and other minor accidents. But I seem to vision a class in history a thousand years hence engrossed in a study of this present day, and instead of dry history books each pupil delightedly scans a copy of—say—T-E S-T-R—Y E—N—G P-ST, while a professor of ancient history from his own copy lectures entertainingly—and at last accurately—upon the manners and customs of their remote ancestors.

If you think this is a joke consider the value to us now of a similar record of the Middle Ages. Nations would make another war to possess it. And if I possessed it then ho for a sleek young yacht, a coral lagoon in southern seas, with never a care again, but only habits of the most debasing idleness and bottled gin and so forth.

Should an inquiring Martian this moment descend to my lawn in his chummy roadster and wish to be told how he could best come to know us in a month's time, whither could I direct him? Not to histories, so-called, which are but one-sided gossip. Not to newspapers, because even the yellowest newspaper never prints one-half what it really knows about people and events. Not to our fiction, because that would impose the belief that our main business is to get two young things married in spite of obstacles and that life for them thereupon ceases. And try to imagine the weird notion of us he

No; I Would Merely Put Him in the Attic Among Stacks of Old Magazines

would take up home after a month of motion pictures! No; I would merely put him in the attic among stacks of old magazines and at the expiration of his time he would emerge with a much better comprehension of our earth life than any other course of study could have netted him.

Suppose—as an appetizer—we gave him this copy of the Atlantic Monthly for December, 1864—for we should lead him by degrees to the perhaps overrich repast of present-day advertising. Nothing sensational here. Someone wishes to sell "Soap, Candles, Starch"; fire insurance may be had, and a tool chest "For the use of Mechanics, Farmers and Boys." Then there are sewing machines, hymn books, steel pens and a cure for "spinal irritation" costing seventy-five cents.

Yet there are signs of the new dawn in advertising, for here is a cabinet organ "recommended by the most eminent musicians and artists," and—even more promising—"Card Photographs of Celebrities, Works of Art, and so forth." Here we divine the approach of an epoch that will cherish art, but how humble its beginnings! I quote from the items: "Rev. H. W. Beecher, Circassian Lady at Bath, Gen. U. S. Grant, Psyche Going to Dress, Gen. Tom Thumb and Lady, Diana at the Bath, The Wife's Prayer, Roman Girls Bathing, God Bless Papa and Mamma, Toilet of Venus, Gen. Rosecrans." Advertising as a science has made its début. How good to know that the editor of the Atlantic even then divined that life was not entirely Gen. Grant and Rev. H. W. Beecher.

Don't Worry. Probably Next Week Your Eye Will be Caught by the Picture of a Dainty Hay Container

Advertising Becomes a Science

BUT that was in Boston. Let us observe giddy New York at about the same period. Life in this metropolis, as revealed by a Harper's Weekly, of 1865, had of course more color. And at once we learn something that no history could have told us. For the public chiefly wished in that day to have revolvers and whiskers. Offers of these lead every other class of merchandise. There are pictures of the revolvers with testimonials from persons who have been greatly helped by them. And there are pictures of the proffered whiskers, beautiful beyond words.

I think I like best Doctor Briggs' Golden O'dor—"Will force a beautiful luxuriant set of whiskers or moustache on the smoothest face in from five to eight weeks, without stain or injury to the skin; or hair on bald head in eight weeks (AND NO HUMBUG)"—though others might prefer the "Celebrated Himalaya Fluid, warranted to produce a full set of whiskers in two weeks." The time is shorter here; and if one really wished whiskers I dare say he wished them quickly. In case the beards should appear without curl here is "Hume's Parlor Hair and Beard Curler—the Upper Ten and all Fashionable People use it. Lasts six months."

And here is a "Gin, designed for the use of the medical profession and the family." Mark the austerity of this. Compare it with ribald advertisements of a later day when gin was frankly offered as the ingredient of a cocktail with the implication that stimulants could be ingested for other than medical or family reasons. Here is a "Toilet Vinegar," for boudoir use and not for salad dressing as I at first suspected. Here is a meerschaum pipe. And here is Doctor Brown, of Jersey City, who has been "furnished in such a providential manner that he cannot refuse to make it known," a sure cure for "Dyspepsia and Fits."

There are two collar advertisements, but not such collars as you see to-day clasping the slender throat of the nice-looking young man. These are "French Paper Collars" and "American Steel Collars," the latter "self-adjusting, enameled, white, linen-finished, illusion-stitching."

Also "Gents' Steel Cuffs." Have we not come on a bit?

And here is a philanthropist perturbed about the health of American women, and with reason, for a sister of the Rev. H. W. Beecher writes in his behalf that she has "nine sisters and sisters-in-law and fourteen female cousins, all delicate and ailing." But trust the philanthropist. He has "A complete guide to all diseases and their cure, elegantly illustrated with beautifully colored engravings of the Human System," to be sent freely to any part of the country for twenty-five cents.

Then we have a "Grand Gift Distribution" in which one may undergo the hazard of incurring "Florentine Eardrops, a California diamond breastpin or a gold toothpick for two dollars and fifty cents." There are photograph albums offered by that very genius who was "the first to introduce this novelty"—a prized item I defy you to find in any history. And here a bit of modernism, stock in the Petroleum and Mining Company, "300,000 shares going at $3.00 with ten new wells being bored on twenty-six properties." And here is the "Invisible Boot Drawer, worn on the heel, a perfect safeguard against treading on the hem of the pantaloons." Also "An elegant colored Fruit and Flower Piece" offered as premium by a magazine. For literature I note "Wild Nell, the Spy; or, The Foundlings of the Forest," "White Eagle, the Avenger," and "How 'Tis Done—Whiskers in six weeks."

Also, "Gambling Exposed, Fortune Telling, Ventriloquism, 100 Great Secrets. Free for 25 cts."

And let us glance at a bit of real literature touching the merits of one Doctor Poland and his desirable White Pine Compound. It is penned by the Rev. L. C. Stevens, of Goffstown Center, N. H., and addressed to the excellent Doctor Poland, himself a clergyman, "studying medicine to find remedies for his ailments, with a delicate, consumptive look, standing with one foot upon the grave," and so forth.

"You have asked me," writes the Reverend Doctor Stevens, "what I think of your White Pine Compound. I never before put pen to paper to tell any man what I thought of a patent medicine.

"My father, a physician of the old school, early led me to serious suspicion of all nostrums of whatever kind not bearing the stamp of his fraternity. But the sympathy I feel for you as a former pastor, obliged to relinquish the ministry merely on account of ill health, but still cherishing all the ardor of your early years for this blessed work and laboring to your utmost in other ways to proclaim the glorious gospel, inclines me as a matter of duty to comply with your request."

Literary Style in Testimonials

"IN 1853 I became acquainted with Deacon Holmes Boardman, of Maine, brother of the late George Dana Boardman, formerly missionary to Burmah, and from him learned for the first time the wonderful medicinal virtues of White Pine bark. He had a few years before been brought to the borders of the grave by what the best of physicians pronounced pulmonary consumption, but was nevertheless entirely cured by a preparation made by his own hands from this bark. Since that time, until I became acquainted with your article, I have been surprised that no philosophical mind was found to undertake a cough preparation from white pine. As soon as your article was brought to my notice, therefore, it secured my attention, and I have not failed to acquaint myself with a sufficient number of facts to produce a settled judgment as to its value. Some of my own family have tried it with signal benefit."

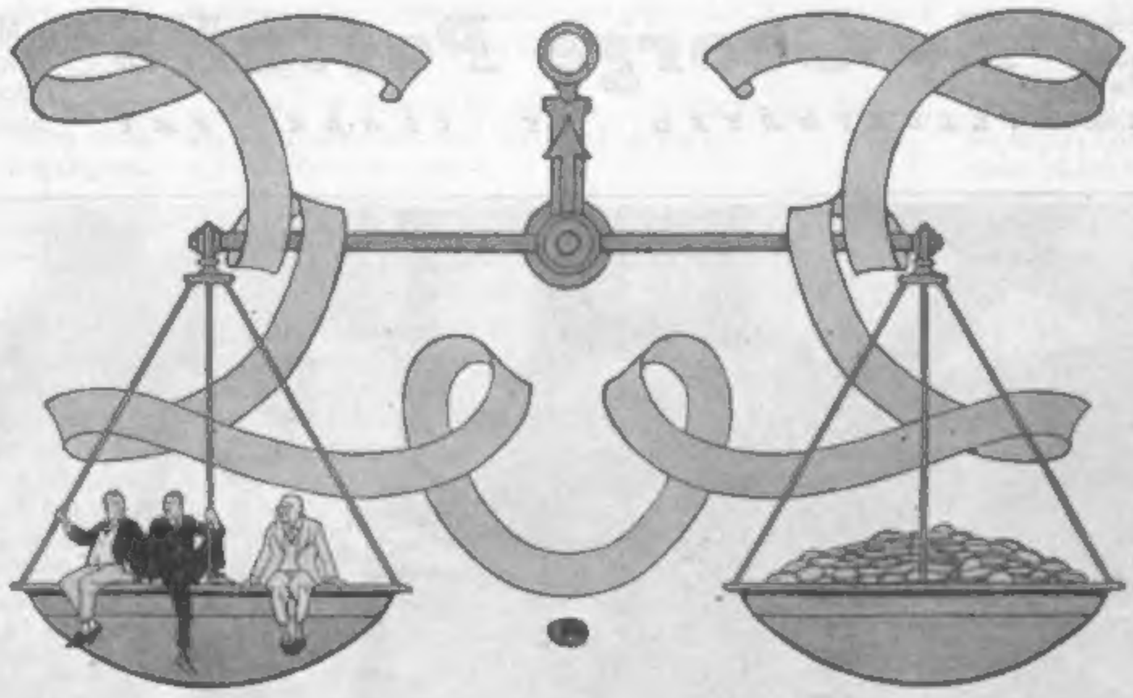
Is not Doctor Stevens authentic? Is not the stamp of Harvard upon his distinguished prose? Here, then, is one department in which advertising has degenerated—signally, as the doctor would say. Compare the meticulous nicety of his style with the slap-dash inelegance of Mrs. George Q. Blumquitz, who now puts pen to paper in Snohomish, Washington, to tell of her miraculous recovery from everything after sopping up only four bottles of Nature's Own Restorer. Can it be that such testimonials then appealed to persons of a keener intelligence than distinguishes the narrow circle now impressed by them? Have literary standards been cunningly lowered to meet the demands of a less fastidious clientele?

Yet in the matter of verse we have

(Continued on Page 115)

The Likeness of the Young Woman Would Have Made Her a Coast-to-Coast Sensation in the Old Tame Days

O TEMPORA! O TAXES!



By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THE esteemed Republicans in Congress, who control the House of Representatives workably and unitedly save for the recalcitrance of the Honorable Nick Longworth and a few of his friends, who sit without the breastworks and howl dismally while the Honorable Jim Mann applies the screws; and who control the Senate so long—and no longer—as they are nice, and chummy, and complaisant, and generous, and exceeding tender and kind to Borah or La Follette or any single one of the pendulous progressives, who, as has already been shown in the little matter of those Senate committee chairmanships, have eyes than which none are keener for the main chance, and can and will ball up that control at any inopportune time by the simple expedient of running out on Leaders Lodge and Penrose and shouting for freedom, thus leaving the voting situation a messy tie, with a Democratic Vice-President having the casting vote—the esteemed Republicans, so to speak, have put out a program for forthcoming legislation that is as long as one of Senator Reed's speeches and as detailed as one of Senator Smoot's orations on the balance of trade.

In other words it is a complete program, but to what end? It represents the triumph of Republican congressional hope over Republican congressional experience, for there isn't a man who had to do with the compiling of it who does not know that either as a plan or a promise it is piffle when set alongside the real job of this Congress, which is to fix the taxes.

Every time a statesman—any statesman—each statesman—rises in this present Congress, has thus far risen or shall rise between this date and high noon on March 4, 1921, when some person, as yet unidentified, will be outside on the east portico of the Capitol taking the oath of office and preparing to deliver a ringing inaugural, that statesman will rise to the question of taxes; and every statesman who has risen, since May 19, 1919, when the Sixty-sixth Congress began its work, so rose. He may not talk, or think, or appear to that effect, but he will rise to the question of taxes, all the same. Programming, dazzle-painting, subterfuging aside, he will do just that.

Bearing the Burden of Billions

FOR this reason: The great overshadowing political, economic, governmental, legislative question before this Congress is taxes. Other things impend, but all depend on taxes. Everything is based on taxes—the next Presidency, the next Congress, everything. Various measures will be variously introduced, traduced, deduced and conduced, but back of them, over them, beneath them will stand taxes. It is a thorn bigger than the Washington Monument in the sides of the Republicans. It is an enormous Old Man of the Sea that rides the Democrats. It squeaks and gibbers to all men of all parties "What are you going to do about me?" and nobody knows the answer.

The national debt of the United States at the end of the fiscal year of 1911–12, including the Philippine debt, was $1,040,340,000, or $10.40 for each person living in this country, on the basis of 100,000,000 population. The national debt of the United States on June 1, 1919, was $25,921,151,270, or $235.65 for each person, on the basis of 110,000,000 population.

There you have it. That vast increase in the national debt represents, largely, money expended for war purposes. That increase is the reason taxes is the super-important question before Congress. There are but two things to do with a national debt: One is to pay it; the other is to repudiate it. With a national wealth more than ten times greater than the debt, with resources unlimited and the most advantageous economic position in the world, repudiation is inconceivable. Hence payment is imperative. Government produces nothing of itself. Those governed must pay the debts and the expenses of what governs them. That is, the people. The only real revenue producer of a government is impost. Therefore this debt will be paid by taxes, and those taxes will be paid by the people.

The bulk of the American people had slight knowledge of or concern in Federal taxes until the income tax came into force in 1913. They paid their internal-revenue charges, and their customs dues, and so on, but the enormous majority of Americans paid no Federal taxes directly, and neither knew nor cared anything about them. The first income tax was disturbing, and unaccustomed, but it was not so broad in its application that it came directly at the purses of all the people. However, those it did reach woke to the realization that a new phase had entered into their relations with the Government—an element of direct contribution or direct financial support. Before that we had lived in the golden age of America, with small direct responsibility, and smaller direct understanding.

The Government was something at Washington that existed, was the product, in its executive capacities, of quadrennial elections that had a disturbing effect on business, and in its legislative end of biennial elections that never seemed of much importance. It was mostly quite apart from the life and profits of the average citizen. The first income tax rather brought the matter of responsibility in a financial way home to a considerable number of citizens, because many of those who were not reached heard and knew about the spread of the income tax, and for the first time began thinking about it.

Then the war came, and, finally, our participation in it. That participation completed the education of the people as to taxes that the income tax of 1913 had begun. They found out all about taxes. They discovered that this Government at Washington, when put to it, could levy on the profits, incomes, fortunes and hoardings of the individual to an extent that had no limit. They discovered that American citizenship could be made an acute financial problem, and that there was a greater liability attached to it than the mere standing up when The Star-Spangled Banner was played. They discovered that this Government, so long a thing apart at Washington, with not much direct contact with the people, not only could order their habits and lives, send them to war, regulate their comings and goings, diminish their liberties, but could reach out and take their money.

There was little protest. We were at war; and Americans, to the overwhelming majority, paid every impost, obeyed every regulation, made every sacrifice demanded and ordered with great loyalty and patriotism. It was war. That was reason enough. They gave their lives, their time, their money, their sons—ungrudgingly, and with the real American spirit of finishing the job and winning it, both of which ends they accomplished.

They subscribed to the funds, gave munificently to every appeal for money for nongovernmental but associated enterprises, played the game to the end without a sign or expression of exception in the mass. If the war had continued one year, two years or even longer they would have played the game in the same way.

But the fact that they played the game that way did not eliminate from the consciousness of the people that it was a new game they were playing, necessary, no doubt, but novel and oppressive. They were not accustomed to taxes of this sort, to regulations of these various restrictive qualities. It was new, revolutionary, burdensome. It was different in every angle from the old, free American manner of living; urgent and requisite, but none the less uncomfortable, both financially and personally.

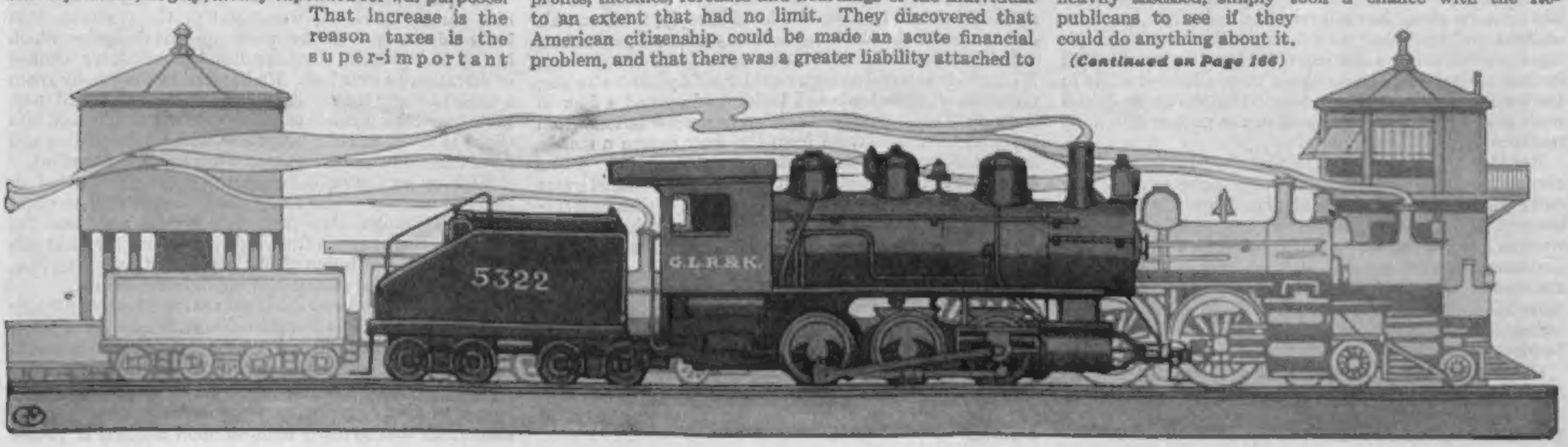
Orations to them that this is a new day, that the manner of the world has changed, that America, as part of the world, has changed also, did not temper the fact that taxes were higher than they ever had been, and that costs were higher still.

What Will the G. O. P. Do About It?

POLITICALLY the American people rarely go further than the effect of a policy when considering it. They do not consider causes in their determinations. Hence, as the Democratic Party, in control at Washington, had laid these heavy imposts on them, even through the necessity of war, the people made articulate their protest over the conditions that entailed by doing the only thing they had the power to do: They elected a Republican Congress to replace a Democratic Congress, on the theory, probably, that things couldn't be any worse than the Democrats had made them, and that the Republicans must, therefore, if they made any changes at all, make changes for the better.

It is the habit of politicians, political writers and publicists to ascribe a political overturn similar to that of last fall to a specific national sentiment—that is, to a reason that has national bearings and applications. In ordinary cases they are right only about half the time, for in this volatile country of ours the causes of a national political defeat or victory may be as sectional and versatile as our people are themselves. In this instance the America that was welded together by the war—with many joints showing, however—had a common cause, but it wasn't the generally ascribed cause. The real underlying reason for the remaking of Congress from a Democratic body to a Republican body was taxation. The people, heavily assessed, simply took a chance with the Republicans to see if they could do anything about it.

(Continued on Page 166)



ORDERS IS ORDERS

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

FROM the battlement on which he stood sentinel, Hardtack could see a good ten miles across Germany. The castle of Molsberg topped a high hill and his eerie was the loftiest perch of the old fortifications, consisting of a small tower whose only approach was by stone steps leading up from a bastion.

"Hi, there, you!" he bawled suddenly. "Git away from there! Drag it now! I don't aim to tell you ag'in."

A figure which had been leaning disconsolately on the thick stone parapet of the bastion got into instant motion and moved away—with a certain hauteur, but quickly withal. He did not understand the words, but he understood that raucous voice and knew it was raised to worry him again. Hadn't Hardtack been ordering him from this spot and that spot these three days? Consequently he went, stumbling slightly in his haste in spite of the walking stick he carried.

A dark, stooped man of about fifty; colorless, sad of eye; his black suit and overcoat looked frayed; the derby on his head belonged to the vintage of '93. Indeed had he loitered long near a jewelry window in New York a copper would have had no hesitation in commanding him to beat it and step lively.

"I'd ought to tell the loot'nant about that bird," muttered Hardtack, eying him distrustfully until he disappeared. "That's about the tenth time I've caught him snoopin' round. I wonder who he is anyhow?"

Then he fell to rubbing his new automatic, which was the pride of his heart, and the prowler passed from mind.

Hundreds of feet below him stretched a wide valley platted into rectangles of deep rich green grass and wheat and chocolate loam. It resembled a gigantic checkerboard. Roads crisscrossed it for all the world like tape laid by surveyors. Beyond rose swelling ridges, portions of them thickly clothed with forests. Here and there villages nestled cosily amid copses of budding trees. Still farther beyond—far, far away—a town glistened white in the sunlight on the crest of a wooded butte. Its roofs and walls and church tower gleamed in the mellow afternoon radiance.

But Hardtack gazed on all this beauty with an unappreciative fishy eye, no more conscious of its sweet, soothing calm than you or I would be of a landscape when we were hungry. What interested him was those white roads. It was his business to watch them and report any unusual movement, for the superb valley and slopes were part of the neutral zone, or No Man's Land. It extended ten kilometers from his post, away across to the town on top of the butte. That was in boche territory and in that place were boche troops. Hardtack often stared at it longingly.

On the gardened terrace behind him presently appeared a doughboy, half running under the weight of an armful of firewood he was carrying to the château for the stove that heated the captain's room.

"The Colonel Give Us Orders to Stay Here, No Matter What, Till He Sent for Us Himself. When Our Own Colonel Gives 'Em We Cain't Take Any From Nobody Else"

"Hi, you!" he yelled breathlessly. "What you doin' up there, you big stiff? Sleepin'?"

Hardtack turned and grinned down at him. "You go and fix that fire," he retorted, "and when you git that done you might clean them shoes of mine."

Too winded to waste breath in repartee, Wally went on about his business, and the afternoon wore away. Those of the soldiers who were not on a detail of some sort went through squad drill in the beautiful avenue under the trees which led to the ancient weather-beaten coat-of-arms of the counts of Wallendorff, reared proudly in stone at the end of the terrace. The regular tramp of their feet sounded oddly in that medieval place.

A servant maid or two crossed the terrace, passing from one part of the castle to another. One of them waved at Hardtack and he flapped a hand in reply, for it was his duty to be on the alert and note any unusual movement.

Meanwhile, Wally had his own duties inside the château. He carried the wood along a corridor solidly lined with dim portraits of noble lords and ladies, and opened a door in the wall. Through this he vanished from view, but not from hearing, for there issued from the dark cavern a steady muffled stream of honest profanity and invective.

"I don't give a hoot in hell if it is three hundred years old," he grumbled, referring to the stove. "Gimme a furnace what'll go, every time. There, you lousy wood snatcher, see if that'll keep you satisfied till I can smoke a cigarette."

And with that he emerged. The stove was in the captain's room and towered to the ceiling, but it was fed from a small tiny chamber giving on the corridor—presumably in order that a fire might be maintained without disturbing whatever blue-blooded Heinie might be occupying the bed. Wally rolled a cigarette, got it going and wandered off down another corridor with nothing in view, but rather hopeful.

More family portraits—knights ruffling it in brocades and lace; titled dames in stiff starched discomfort with hands crossed over their tummies; fine ladies in ruffled court dresses, simpering idiotically; princes of the church; dead warriors of the ancient house lying on their biers whither other beers had contributed to bring them—all these Wally passed and scarcely deigned to look, for he was fed up on that stuff. Once he paused before a tremendous portrait of a dashing young woman on a snow-white horse who was in the act of loosing a falcon, but it was merely to remark *sotto voce* that she was sure some chicken.

He was not in the least awed by these evidences of past glories and high lineage. The fact of the matter is that nothing on earth can awe the average young American; he persists in looking at men and things with clear eyes, appraising them according to his own standard of values which leads him into what men call irreverence.

I remember going through a French château early last year with a party of American soldiers. The guide stopped in front of the portrait of a certain great captain, celebrated for his martial feats and gallantry among the ladies. He was a gay rooster, all covered over with orders and ribbons; but the face of the prince was the face of a human bird of prey. As I was noting the masterful nose, the hard cruel mouth and the wicked hawklike eyes, the guide dropped his voice to a tone of reverence and began: "Thees is a portrait of the famous Prince de ——, who was keeled in the great Battle of ——, against the Engleesh in the year ——"

And then suddenly a voice behind me interrupted in a hoarse aside: "When did he say the ol' geezer got bumped off?"

So Wally continued his aimless wandering through the dim narrow corridors, unmindful of the centuries that looked down upon his overseas cap—for designing which bit of headgear its inventor has lost whatever chance of salvation he ever had. He lingered in the trophy room a while to finger the weird weapons of other days and speculate over their possible employment, and then passed into the chapel. It was of average size, with quaint gilding and some handsome wood carving. The altar was beautiful.

High up on the right, above the gallery, protruded an inclosed balcony whose entry was from the private quarters of the family. Here they could worship aloof from the lesser fry and screened from sight; and here for hundreds of years had the house of Wallendorff attended service, with their faithful retainers filling the pews below.

That tiny chapel and noble old château typified vividly the old order that has just passed in such anguish of blood and tears and death throes. Wally, standing sturdily with feet wide apart and staring up at the balcony which removed the aristocrats from their fellow men, even in the House of God—staring at it while he marveled good-humoredly that so many millions upon millions of people

should have accepted such a system. Wally represented the new.

"Well," he said at last, preparing to go, "I don't see how they got away with it, but I got to hand it to 'em."

As he issued from the castle into the sunlight of the terrace a maid went by with a pair of shears, heading for the conservatories which were beyond a dense hedge. Now Wally had spoken to her courteously on several occasions since his arrival and given proof of a desire to be friendly—such proof as may be given by grinning from ear to ear and dropping remarks she could not understand. Each time she had ignored him, hurrying off as though frightened. But evidently she was now reassured, for she murmured "*'n tag*" and smiled sidewise, with a droop of the eye that jolted an ecstatic "Oh, boy!" out of Wally and he trailed along behind her.

In the warm half light of the conservatory he tried to make conversation with three words of German and one of those "*bier*"—whilst she giggled and floundered along in what English she had picked up round the kitchen listening to the soldier cooks. Some of it could not be printed, but the two seemed willing to overlook linguistic mistakes and got along famously. Before they came out of the conservatory Wally rewarded her with a little hug, which was not ill received. Courtesy always pays.

He left Anna at the door and traversed the terrace by a different path, for the captain was standing beside Hardtack on top of the battlement and the orders against fraternizing still held. The captain was saying to Hardtack: "Yes, they're a peculiar people. I don't understand them."

"They treat us mighty good, sir," answered the doughboy.

"That's what I don't understand. I'd like them better if they didn't. I've got far more respect for this count and his family than for all the others I've met."

Hardtack seemed surprised and inquired: "How come, captain?"

"Why, they won't have anything to do with us. Of course the count had to meet me when we first arrived, because I wanted to tell him exactly what the arrangements would be; but from that day to this he and his family have stuck to their part of the château and allowed us to occupy ours without meeting. Have you ever seen any member of the family?"

"I think I seen one of the daughters out walkin', sir. Some of the boys done said it was her anyhow."

"But none of them has ever spoken to you, or any of the men?"

"No, sir." And then Hardtack smiled sheepishly. "But a coupla the servants are sort of loosenin' up."

"Hem-m," remarked the captain.

After a silent scrutiny of No Man's Land, Hardtack observed: "These ol'-timers sure had the world by the tail with a downhill pull, didn't they, captain? Pretty soft, livin' in a castle and bossin' everybody round."

"I'll say so," his captain agreed. "And when you come to think of it, you don't wonder these people are proud. This count represents the sixteenth generation—for six or seven hundred years his family has been cock of the walk in these parts. Some have been generals and some have been governors; they've been bishops and princes of the church and ——"

"Gee!" exclaimed Hardtack. "Seems to me, captain, it's about time some of 'em went to work."

The officer laughed.

"You've said it," he assented.

At that moment a figure flitting among the trees on the slope below them caught Hardtack's eye.

"Well, I swan!" he exclaimed. "If there ain't that ol' bird ag'in!"

"What old bird?"

"Why, there's an ol' geezer been snoopin' round here most every day, sir. I done run him off a dozen times, but he always comes back. Looks like he's up to some meanness."

"What's he like? Where is he?"

"There he is—see him?—beatin' it for the road down below! He knowed I'd grab him if he didn't drift. Does the captain want that I should run him in the mill?"

The officer took one look where Hardtack pointed, and then replied: "I don't believe I would, if I were you. That's the count."

A few days later Hardtack and Wally were on guard at a barrier which marked the limits of the American area on a road a short distance from the castle of Molsberg. A sentry box stood at the roadside and just such a barrier as we build in America to keep automobiles off newly laid concrete barred further passage into Germany. The engineers had set up a big signboard—"American Bridgehead Boundary. Passage Beyond This Point Forbidden Except by Proper Authority." And strolling along the road were patrols with fixed bayonets—a man every few hundred yards. No American soldiers patrolled beyond the bridgehead limits. The task of patrolling the broad neutral strip was left to the boches.

About the only thing the outposts had to do was to see that none of the natives either entered or left the area without a pass. Almost every day they grabbed an offender at some point along our front—men, and women too, who could not show a pass. Usually it transpired that they had applied for one either to the French or British; had been rejected for sufficient reasons, and then tried to sneak through the American lines. Whether sinister motives lurked in their actions is doubtful. Some few were enemy agents beyond question, but the majority simply desired to do business somewhere or visit relatives and friends, and finding themselves unable to procure the necessary permits undertook to get through without them. They paid for it. All were mulcted by our provost courts and those who were under suspicion went to jail.

Sentry-go is a tedious job. You walk up and down and stamp your feet to keep warm, and should an officer come round, you present arms. Two hours on and four off sounds easy, but the monotony of it is wearing to a man of sociable habits. He is very apt to fall to brooding on his past and his troubles—those things he has done which he ought not to have done and the things he has left undone which he ought to have done—also the hard way the world has used him.

Both Hardtack and Wally hated going on guard, and they were due to do it again from midnight until two in the morning. About eight o'clock it began to rain and the wind turned icy cold. The men of the outpost built tiny fires to warm themselves, but the benefit from these consisted more in their cheerful light than in any heat they gave. And toward eleven the temperature fell sharply and the rain turned to driving snow.

When it came the turn of the two friends to go on, the weather was mighty rough.

"Darker than billybedamned," grumbled Wally, head down to the pelting blasts.

"I hope to meet you!" assented his bunkie.

Nothing happened for half an hour. They paced slowly up and down; they warmed their hands at a fire; they kept looking at their watches and marveling at the slow passing of time. Then suddenly they heard a hum above the rush of wind and two shafts of light pierced the dark. A closed car drew up and out stepped an officer. Hardtack was first to perceive the star on his cap and brought his rifle to the present-arms with a smack. A second later Wally followed suit.

"Here," the brigadier announced to the occupants of the car, "here are the limits of the American area. Beyond that barrier is No Man's Land."

Two feminine heads protruded from the door. The owners gazed earnestly into the swirling blackness. They could see nothing at all but the snow-spattered figures of a couple of American soldiers in the road, but evidently some appreciation was expected and one cooed: "Oh, how wonderful! Isn't it wonderful!" The other exclaimed in a rougher strident voice "Gee!" and then laughed.

"But do they have to stay here all night?" asked the first.

"Well, not exactly here," responded the brigadier. "When do you come off?" he asked sharply.

"Two o'clock, sir."

"But there will be somebody here all night—yes." Having received this bit of information, the ladies leaned back in the car and shivered.

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The Two Seemed Willing to Overlook Linguistic Mistakes and Get Along Famously

OUR DAILY BREAD

By Herbert Quick

WE HAVE a wheat problem before us. Wheat has always been a problem since civilization began to develop into great empires in regions like the Valleys of the Euphrates and of the Nile, where the climate was dry enough so that foodstuffs could be stored without rotting, and where there was water enough for irrigation. One can imagine the original fortunate incident of the waterside field accidentally flooded from time to time; and the slow human brain building upward from precedent to precedent the great system of farming tributary to the old city kings of Mesopotamia, when Babylon had subsistence for a siege grown within her walls.

Here it was that one monarch boasted that he had conquered lands beyond the Mediterranean. Another set it down that "When the gods Anu and Bel gave me the land of Babylon to rule I dug out the Hammurabi Canal, which bringeth abundance of water unto the land." Of him it was said: "He has established prosperity for the people for all time, and given a pure government to the land."

Think of it! Prosperity and pure government to the Valley of the Euphrates for all time! It was a wheat problem which was solved by that Egyptian monarch who first acted on the conception of the British engineers of recent times in building the Assuan Dam across the Nile, and who created the first Fayum reservoir, irrigating 27,000 acres of land. In Egypt, too, Joseph, the first great weather forecaster and wheat forestaller, "gathered corn as the sand of the sea, very much, until he left numbering," so that when famine was over all the face of the earth, not only in Egypt, where the rivers had not flooded as usual, but even in the land of Canaan, where they depended on rain, it came to pass that "Joseph opened all the storehouses, and sold unto the Egyptians." His merchandising methods may be inferred from the succeeding clause, which saith: "and the famine waxed sore in the land of Egypt." From this the irreverent may judge what sort of grain trust Joseph, Pharaoh & Co. operated. The present point, however, is that it was a question of wheat, a question of statecraft dealing with wheat. Such a question now confronts the Government of the United States.

Mobilized Wheat

WHEN this nation found itself involved in the war to end war, to stop in its tracks the most fearful menace that ever threatened the freedom of the world, to turn back a new Attila armed with every weapon of political economy, statecraft, electricity, chemistry, every associated science, and energized by the darkest and most maleficent political philosophy that ever emerged from the demon which is in man, it was thought by most of the wise that our assistance must mainly take the form of supplies. Our economic power was known and carefully appraised. Our military might was regarded as questionable in quality, and certainly not to be reckoned upon before the spring of 1919 except in the way of a considerable reënforcement for the brave but inevitably stale veterans of our Allies. That we took the field in the summer of 1918 with more troops than Britain had on the Continent of Europe, and with troops of such superb quality as to discipline, equipment and spirit, was the good measure with which the God of Battles turned the scale for his principles of righteousness. Along with the mobilization of our youth, however, went the mobilization of our supplies, and especially of our wheat.

Joseph had interpreted Pharaoh's dream of the lean kine and the fat kine, and had seven years in which the wheat yielded by handfuls before that dearth came which brought the Children of Israel into Egypt. We had nothing of the sort. We had only broad acres, short-handed farmers inspired with patriotism, and a measure of intelligence in our people which made them capable of inspiration along predetermined lines. Joseph could not by a campaign have made the ancient Egyptians to multiply their production of wheat. One measure of our civilization as against theirs is found in the fact that we jumped the wheat yield of the United States from about six hundred and fifty million bushels annually in the years 1916 and 1917 to what promises now to be more than a thousand million bushels in 1919. And we did it by a campaign. Also by a grain corporation which was able to promise the farmers a fixed price.

Having promised that price and evoked from the soil the greatest wheat crop in our history, and having, we fervently hope, with the help of God and our Allies finished the great war, the question rises as to where we stand on the wheat question. Will the Government lose money on its fixed price for wheat? Can it save itself from loss by selling our wheat either at a profit or so as to emerge without loss? Ought it to exercise the power if it possesses it? Great questions, these, and soon to be settled.

A little digression, in view of a situation in which the world is threatened with famine, may be worth while, to allude for a moment to this immense increase in wheat production almost on the spur of the moment, in the face of a doleful forecast as to food production made by no less an authority than Sir William Crookes. Sir William would have struck the world stiff with dread a generation ago had it not been already too stiff in its mental joints to see the force of the proof adduced by that great scientist of the allegation that population was then just on the point of outrunning subsistence on account of the failing supply of nitrogen. That was before we had discovered our modern methods of fixing the nitrogen in the air by scientific methods—without which Germany would have been out of explosives a year before the war actually ended.

Sir William in his presidential address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science in the year 1900 drew in very dark colors the picture of the world's future in wheat production. He remarked in the course of this address: "It is almost certain that within a generation the ever-increasing population of the United States will consume all the wheat grown within its borders and it will be driven to import, like ourselves."

With the annual consumption of five and a third bushels per capita in 1910 and in 1916, in each of which years we grew only about six hundred and fifty million bushels for our population of about a hundred millions, the cry was raised on all hands that Sir William's prophecy was coming true. In 1915 we raised our acreage to 60,459,000 acres, and thanks to good weather our gross production went up to 1,026,000,000 bushels—that is, we increased our acreage by a third and our yield by nearly two-thirds above the normal. This year's crop amounts to 71,526,000 acres in area, and will probably exceed by many millions of bushels the record crop of four years ago—that crop without which the Allies could not have been fed in 1916.

The Family of Food Grains

THE present year's record shows that Sir William Crookes was mistaken as to the year of fate anyhow; and seems to prove that the farmers of the United States can produce more wheat for export almost a generation after the Crookes address than they ever did—if they desire to do so. Whether they will continue to do so must depend in normal times upon whether it pays or no. It is only in some crisis like a great war that men will plow, sow, nurture and garner in for any patriotic or altruistic reason. Means are available now whereby two billions of wheat can be grown in the United States every normal year.

To the consumers of food products in the United States wheat is the most important single item. Bread still is the staff of life, and though maize enters largely into the bread item in some parts of the United States the great bread food is wheat. It is the widest in its distribution of all the cereal grasses of the world. It is the corn of the Scriptures, and generally of the English language outside of America, where this generic term has been appropriated by maize, because of the awkwardness of always speaking of the American plant as "Indian corn." In South Africa maize is called "mealies," and corn there still usually means wheat when used as a general term.

Possibly rice equals wheat in importance as a food grain solely if the number of people fed on it be considered; but rice is not so good a food as wheat, and peoples who subsist upon it suffer from disease when restricted as to variety in the regimen, because with rice as with maize there is a deficiency in the protein content. Rice is the food of the tropical and subtropical countries populated by the Mongolians and Malayans. Wheat is the bread, mainly, of the Indo-European races. It was developed probably in Asia Minor, during the millenniums of the hegemony of that part of the world in civilization, from one or more types of wild wheat, recently rediscovered by Aaronsohn in Palestine.

Wheat goes into the world markets from the fields of overpopulated India, and it migrates with the Caucasians to the edges of its habitat in sparsely settled Siberia, even from the mountain sides of the great ranges which divide Asia east and west to the flat cold plains bordering on the Arctic Ocean. Drop over into China and Japan, and rice begins to take its place. Wheat flourishes in Northern Africa, as it did in the days of ancient Egypt and later in the domains of Carthage and the

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On the Idaho and Washington State Line

KOLCHAK

By Princess Cantacuzène
Countess Spéransky, née Grant

THE Peace Conference draws to a close in Paris, and it is with quick-beating hearts that the members of the Russian Mission there work on, for the world's and their own great cause. Russian refugees about them or those scattered elsewhere over the whole earth await the results of their representatives' labors and the verdict of their Allies, wondering what the latter's final attitude toward our home land will be.

Six months has brought about so many changes. Last November, when the armistice was signed, Russia was quite prostrate, bruised and broken; and the red flame of Bolshevism, still fed richly with German gold, obeyed German instructions and continued the enemy's work against the Slavs. Dénikine then was already fighting hard, holding a small oasis toward the southeast of the great steppe lands safe. The Crimean Peninsula, after a terrible invasion, was recovering slowly, and these two units had joined their modest forces, exchanging protection on the one hand for provisions on the other. There were several other spots where law was still recognized. In the Caucasus a small space was protected by Krassnoff and his Cossacks and volunteers; in the north, about Archangel, there was a strong defense backed by the Allies, which had been organized largely through the efforts of the American Ambassador, to uphold Tchaikovsky, the peasant leader. Elsewhere the red terror was being fought vaguely by nationalists, like the Finns with General Mannerheim, or like the Lettish and Esthonians in the Baltic Provinces; while Petlura led Ukrainians forth on the same errand, so he said.

There was no communication possible between these groups, however, and they knew almost nothing of one another's actions or ambitions. They all had different ideas and plans as to what they hoped to accomplish in order to save from Bolshevism at least the small locality in which each lived.

The Crimeans and Dénikine alone kept in their program the idea of a final gathering together of all the states which once had made up Russia's domain. Perhaps it was because the men who chanced to be in these two groups were refugees from north and east and west themselves and because they met by accident only in the southern province. As a matter of fact, however, everyone's plans and politics were as fluid as was the situation.

Admiral Kolchak, the Leader of the Anti-Bolshevik Armies

Beginning of the Russian Mission

WHEN the conference in Paris opened delegations were sent out from each of these small units begging our Allies for succor to fight against the scourge which was devouring Russia.

Anxious as to conditions they had left behind them; uncertain of what news the morrow might bring; well-nigh worn out from strain, privation, danger and the agony of spirit which their patriotism suffered—each set of representatives came to Paris with some proposal thought out in ignorance of conditions as a whole in Russia. Each insisted his idea was best for saving what was left of the country and that his alone of all parties was bound to survive, since it had done so thus far.

There were soon in Paris representatives of every political persuasion in Russia—old upholders of the autocracy, who stood aside and were ignored, did not even ask for recognition; other men, hoping for a constitutional monarchy it was said; liberals, who had been content in the service of the ancient government but who frankly said they now were no longer for it; other liberals, who had been the frank opposition of our régime in olden days. Then the first revolutionaries of 1917 appeared, and those who had opposed these as too conservative from the beginning. Every shade of revolutionist, socialist and nihilist found his way to the world's great center. When one reached the end of simple designations one began on the hyphenated party names—social-democrats, social-revolutionaries, radical-revolutionaries, independent-democrats, and so on. They all expected immediate recognition, each one as the best there was in Russia; and every delegation hoped to be taken at once into the Allies' confidence. They expected attention, and the gratitude which they felt was owing them for actual sufferings and for all Russia's nobility during the first years of the great war.

This mass of Slavs, attacking indiscriminately, was of course very puzzling and disturbing to the Allies. In the confusion of the first weeks at the congress, with so many serious questions as to their own interests weighing on their minds, the various foreign statesmen felt they could not afford the time or trouble to work out this problem of an unhappy group of differing and violent partisans all clamoring for hearings and for help.

"It is more than we can understand," they said indifferently; "when other questions are settled, if there are time and money and sympathy left over, you shall have some; meantime leave us to the great business of our own particular necessities. First the League of Nations, secondly the Germans, must be settled; that is what we came to Paris for. You are as chaotic as the land you come from!"

The Russians thus tossed aside were for the moment dazed, hopeless and silent. It took them some time to rise from such a blow, when they had come so far and with such complete faith. They only knew they had all been fighting, at terrific disadvantage, the red peril which threatened all humanity. But the Allies did not realize this in the safety and the glory of a recent victory. So the Russians stood round on the outside, condemned to look on merely at the making of the peace.

Certain individuals were kind to them, through sheer pity for their sufferings; or remembering how they had carried the whole weight of the war in the beginning, while France was helpless to defend herself and the Anglo-Saxons were not ready. Yet on the whole, now, when these old saviors of the early days cried out for help there was none to speak of at their disposal. In black despair the Russians foresaw they must return home empty-handed, to watch the continued destruction of national life and the last remnants of civilization. They had used their final funds to travel out to Paris in many cases, sure of the welcome they would receive; and there was nothing now left for them but slow ruin and death. No wonder deep tragedy reigned in the mentality of every compatriot in Paris!

Then there came a sudden change. One or two new men arrived: real statesmen, practical idealists, with a genius for comprehending things when they looked at them; also a genius for organizing. They brought power, fire and courage into the group; and these sentiments remained always fresh and new, drawing inspiration from such depths of faith and patriotism, drawing persuasive eloquence from such real talent and capacity, they really could not fail. Theirs were long years of experience, and theirs deep confidence in a good common cause. The Allies must and should be made to see their own advantage in standing by a prostrate sister. If the latter were allowed to die there would be no further bulwark between the world and a universal triumph for Bolshevism.

"No fear!" they told their dejected compatriots. "The Allies will soon clearly comprehend; only we, the Russians, must get together at once and stop moaning; for though we defended the good cause in the early years of war, memory among nations is short; and recently in the name of Russia many crimes have been committed!"

First of all, instead of delegations by districts or by political divisions there must be one mission, with one policy and program, to propose. Russia must present a united front. The complete eradication of Bolshevism, the utmost liberality toward all races and all parties in the Empire, will be our only possible policy. A clear statement must be offered as to what help is needed; just where and just when it should be given; and as to what payments will be assured the Allies in return. No charity need be asked for, nor could be expected; aid purchased must be recompensed at high rates.

A Proposal Declined

IMMEDIATELY, almost, out of the small discouraged chaos which in Paris represented the confusion and anarchy at home only too well, there now emerged groups of experts, with capable leaders at their heads. Four committees were formed to which all questions could be referred, by which they could be decided.

In each of these the men best prepared for their special work were placed, of whatever political sect they might be.

So the Russian Mission was born; with a department for politics, one for military affairs, one for finance and the last one for provisioning. Into these four frames lawyers, soldiers, diplomats, financiers, sailors, ex-members of autocratic or socialistic cabinets, ex-nihilists and conservatives fitted themselves, and worked harmoniously at last with renewed enthusiasm for the general good. The meetings of the different commissions all ran with surprising smoothness, and soon perfect organization existed and a newspaper was launched to air the Russian news and views. In this sheet were contributions of prime importance. Coming as they did from the best brains, they were much read. Sometimes a Russian penned the articles, sometimes it was an Ally big enough in heart to understand, broad enough in sympathy to defend us and to advise the Allies in their own best interest to hear our plea.

When all was ready the leaders of the Russian Mission attacked the Allies' head men again. This time with quiet dignity and systematic energy the latter were told of Russia's services in 1914, and 1915, and 1916. In a few thrilling words present danger to the world at large from the Lenine-Trotzky propaganda was recalled. Attention was attracted to the heroic groups making desperate effort even now against the terror, and to their immediate and pressing needs.

The first answer of the Allies was a hideous blow! It was the grotesque invitation to all Russian parties, including the Bolsheviki, to a conference on the Prince's Islands, where, under the care of two or three guides appointed by the American President, the situation at home was to be discussed and harmony was to be established by mutual concessions.

The necessity of replying to this proposition definitely bound all the Russian elements together, for the question on which they were most beautifully unanimous was the one put to them. Their refusal was so absolutely prompt and universal that the Allies learned for all time there was no use trying to mix the Bolsheviki with any other Russian group. This point was settled at once and no argument or explanation was ever again attempted. By process of elimination the Allies began to take in why it was the Russians had come to Paris.

And from evil came this good: The Allies fully realized at last there were certain things which we did want, were hoping, waiting, working for; but that a party on the Prince's Islands was not among these.

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REBUILT

By HOLWORTHY HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

"You Blacked His Eye?" She Gasped

WHILE she was endeavoring to put her mind in order she gazed straight before her at Edmund, who was lounging comfortably in the shadows. She was both shocked and resentful; and as she continued to gaze spellbound at him the fact that he looked Edmund engraved itself upon her consciousness; Edmund—or even Cuthbert. For two years she had refused to permit herself to think it. To-night the force of revelation had made the thought cumulative.

He looked Edmund, and if he stirred ever so slightly he even sounded Edmund. Silk lining? Indeed, from the mathematical division of his blond hair to the soles of his dapper white shoes he was the uttermost limit of perfection. Once a coarse stranger had referred to him as a male débutante. He was the only man in Kenilworth who deliberately chose his cravats to match his complexion.

Fiendishly calm, he now proceeded to light a cigarette. Emily knew it came out of a dainty silver case and that it had a gold tip. She also knew that he wouldn't smoke another for several hours. He was afraid of the effect on his heart. She watched the match illuminate his mouth and his sprightly little mustache; and her heart, which she had thought at its lowest mood, descended still further.

He had only two attributes to commend him—they were his dancing and his disposition; but long ago she had realized that, no matter how lazy he might be, no matter how conversational in the matter of imaginary symptoms, no matter how unlike other men, she liked him better than any of his fellows. She had prided herself that she could see the hidden possibilities in him. Gently, a month or two ago, she had begun to hint at betterment. And to-night ——

She started violently, for Edmund was in voice again.

"I'm asking you," said Edmund, "because you're the wisest, most practical girl I know."

Emily shuddered. He had already dealt one crushing blow to her tenderest sensibilities and left her dizzy. Now he called her both wise and practical; and, though it wasn't by any means the first time he had grossly misjudged her, it was the first time that she had really ached to throw something at him. Preferably something that would spatter.

"It's a big order," she said, as naturally as she could.

Edmund shook his head.

"Not when you know me as well as you do. I wouldn't have bothered you unless I was sure you could do it. And I'll promise to follow instructions—unless, of course —— Oh, well; you know what my heart is." He regarded her hopefully. "Emily, what in the devil is the matter, anyway? I suppose I'm as popular, in a broad sense, as anybody there is in town. But you're the only intimate friend I've got. Most of the people I want to like me a lot don't seem to like me at all. The people I don't give a hoot about are crazy about me. I ——"

"By people I suppose you mean girls?" She was well satisfied that her own face was in the deepest shadows.

"Well!" Edmund gave a diplomatic cough. "So it's finally come right down to this! I want Frances to like me. I want it more than I've ever wanted anything in my life. And she doesn't—that is, not now. And I'm sure it's possible to fix it up somehow. And I thought that, of everybody in the world, you'd be about the only one who could help. You understand things so well. You know me and you know Frances. I want you to tell me what to do."

Emily was visited by a sudden purely masculine desire to tell him exactly what he could do, as far as she herself was concerned. But the instinct passed. Her loyalty had something of fatalism in it. She believed, with unswerving faith, that Edmund could be regenerated; and she cared enough about him to try to do it, even for someone else. Perhaps her own gentle efforts had been too gentle. Perhaps he needed exactly what he had asked her for—the blunt truth.

"You certainly don't imagine that I can suggest any one thing that'll make her like you?"

"Oh, no!" said Edmund. "I'm not so optimistic as that! It'll be a long pull, of course."

"Then what you actually want is for me to sort of train you—like a horse?"

Edmund winced. "In a manner of speaking, yes."

"Well," she said, "that's my manner of speaking. You said you wanted me to be absolutely frank, didn't you?"

"I do," he assured her, eagerly. "Absolutely!"

"Are you as anxious as that to stop being friends with me?" Her voice was very low.

"Stop being —— Why, that's ridiculous!"

"No, it isn't. You'll never forgive me."

"I've forgiven you in advance."

Emily drew a long breath.

"You think so now. Another thing—as long as you say I'm so practical what do I get out of it? Suppose I tell you the whole truth. Suppose I do what nobody else would do for you.

"Suppose—by-and-by—you—you m-marry her, and I've lost your friendship. What is there in that for me?"

If he could have seen her clearly at that moment her eyes would have betrayed her. Edmund smoked reflectively.

"What do you think there ought to be?"

"That isn't my question; it's yours."

"But, Emily, I can't very well ——"

"All right!" she said. "I'll tell you. It isn't funny either. If you laugh I'll kill you! . . . I'm willing to pass up tact and be just as brutal as you like, provided —— I want you to make me a promise."

She paused to control her voice. Fatalism was upon her.

"If this goes through, when you're married I want to be there. I want to be there—in the bridal party. I want to walk up the aisle and stand up there near the altar with you, and look at you and have you look at me; and have you loathe me, if you're going to, right in public. And have you realize—whether you want to or not—that I did it! It's all the reward I'll have. . . . I'm not fooling, Edmund."

Edmund, back in the shadows, was uncertain.

"You can't expect me to promise that Frances ——"

"You'll have to. It isn't simply Frances. I said when you're married. You said a while ago that you haven't a chance. Now, I'll give you one. As soon as I ever begin to say big truths to you you'll begin to change. You won't be able to help it. And you'll hate me. You will! And I care enough about having you a real man to let you hate me. But unless you promise that no matter whom you marry, or when, or where, you'll positively see to it that I'm there, I won't say one single word more. I'm not a little cat either. I just want that much satisfaction." She paused effectively. "And I know why Frances doesn't like you now. She's told me."

Edmund sat up.

"Is it permanent?"

"No; you could prevent it."

"Honestly?"

"Of course!"

"If—if it should turn out all right I'll ask her to have you in the party: and I'll do my level best to ——"

"That isn't enough. Promise!"

"Actually make it a condition? Tell Frances that she's got to have you for a bridesmaid?"

"Yes," said Emily sturdily, "if it comes down to that. I dare say she wouldn't mind much; we're pretty good friends anyway. Only I want it to come from you! She's told me why she doesn't think a lot of you now."

Edmund spluttered.

"All right—I promise," he said gruffly.

"Word of honor?"

"Word of honor!"

Emily caught her breath. To her chagrin, there was a little sob in it.

"It's been two years," she said, "that I've just longed to talk to you like this. But I never dared. Now you've begged me to. Are you sure you mean it? Are you sure you can stand it? And know that I'm not trying to hurt you? That it's only what somebody should have told you long ago? And that, no matter what I say, I still do like you ever and ever so much, Edmund?"

"Shoot!" said Edmund complacently.

Emily shot. At the end of half a minute Edmund was on his feet, red with outraged pride. In three-quarters of a minute he had found his hat.

Fifty-seven seconds after Emily had begun her softly phrased indictment his hat was on his head and Edmund was stalking rigidly down the front steps. He hadn't even stopped to say good night.

After he was thoroughly gone Emily got up and went inside the house. From the living room her mother called cheerfully.

As She Stood by His Side on the Moonlit Veranda Edmund Was Tongue-Tied

"Oh, just tired!" said Emily with a nonchalance which, under the circumstances, was admirably counterfeited. "Going upstairs to read."

To assist her in reading she locked the door of her room. Then she took from its seclusion the only likeness of Edmund she possessed. It was clipped from a Sunday supplement, and did him full justice. So did the caption: "Mr. Edmund Ross, Out-Brummeling Beau Brummel in the Kenilworth Easter Parade."

She inspected it minutely. Her mouth smiled, with no confirmation from her eyes. Then her mouth quivered.

"Well, he's heard the truth for once in his life anyway! I'm glad I did it! I'm glad I did it! I'm glad I did it!"

And in further evidence of her gladness Emily all at once put her head down on the pillow and cried—softly, in order that her all-too-knowing mother shouldn't hear.

It was entirely characteristic of Edmund that, even when his wrath had begun to cool, he wouldn't trust himself to a Kenilworth doctor. He was so fundamentally upset that he craved a professional denial of Emily's major premise; but he couldn't bear to go to a local practitioner, even to be vindicated. Much less could he confront his regular doctor. It would be in the nature of a challenge or a criticism, and Edmund didn't like to cast slurs on anybody.

So he drove a dusty twelve miles and then made inquiry at a corner drug store.

"The youngest M. D. you know, who's any earthly good at all," he said.

The druggist pondered. Edmund looked plutocratic enough for all practical purposes; but one never can tell.

"Could you give me an idea about what it's for?"

"Diagnosis," said Edmund shortly.

"Oh!" The druggist drummed on the show case. "For yourself?"

"Yes."

The druggist, having taken a second look at Edmund, began to grin.

"Doctor Hammond's the man for you. Just the man! He's on this same street—866—four blocks north."

Edmund had a vague suspicion about that grin.

"If there's anything peculiar about him ——" he ventured.

"Hardly! He's a very good man. You'll find him O. K. Number 866; you can't miss it."

Edmund, thanking him, went out uncertainly. He continued to be uncertain as he drove north, as he hesitated at the very door, as he rang the bell. But when he saw the doctor face to face he understood. The druggist hadn't thought there was anything peculiar about Hammond, but he must have observed that there was something very peculiar about Edmund. He had deliberately sent the butterfly to call on the grizzly bear.

The doctor's office was small and low-ceiled. The occupant, who had risen from his desk, was six feet tall and a hundred and eighty pounds in substance. He had none of the presence of an old practitioner, none of the suavity, none of the professional approach. He was obviously a gentleman, but of the two-fisted, dynamic variety.

He was precisely the sort of doctor Edmund hadn't wanted. Curse the druggist!

"Something I can do for you?" The doctor's voice seemed to fly out and hit Edmund unawares.

"Maybe?" Edmund said it interrogatively. "I came in —— I want you to go over me pretty thoroughly; especially the heart. I've got a bad heart. Lost compensation, I think. Tell me what I can do and what I can't. It's important."

The youthful doctor motioned to a chair and sat down himself. He wasn't exactly smiling, but he looked as though he wanted to. Edmund, allowing his eyes to stray widely, perceived that on the walls of the office there were a number of large group photographs, chiefly college football teams and crews. As he recognized the institution and the dates, Edmund found that the doctor's patronymic became abruptly familiar.

"You're not the Princeton Hammond, by any chance, are you?"

"That's I'm," said the doctor slangily.

"Indeed!" Edmund had a qualm. "You can't have been practicing very long, then."

"Three weeks to-day. Just got my discharge from the Medical Corps."

Edmund had a large flock of qualms.

"But you can —— Could you tell me what is wrong, and —— You see, it's very important! I've got to have a most accurate diagnosis."

Hammond laughed; not unctuously, but as though he fully intended to laugh.

At the Curve She Wasn't More Than a Length or Two in the Rear; But Edmund's Jarret Could Still Make a Race of It

"Man," he said, "I've done everything from cosmetic surgery to vaccinating rookies. I was a major, M. C. You don't need to worry. I took my degree five years ago. What's on your mind?"

"It isn't my mind. It's my heart. I ——"

"Some of it's on your mind. What's the rest of it?"

"That's for you to find out," said Edmund cautiously.

The doctor made a gesture that awed Edmund.

"Peel!" he said.

Half an hour later, when Edmund was clothed again, he sat down and surveyed the doctor anxiously. He also fidgeted with his tie, which wasn't as correctly knotted as he could have wished.

So far, Hammond hadn't expressed an opinion or even volunteered a comment, though he had asked many questions, most of them irrelevant. But he was frowning; and Edmund's soul shriveled.

"It's—it's quite incurable, isn't it?" he managed to say.

Hammond leaned back in his chair.

"You came for a diagnosis, didn't you? Well, my first hunch is that you inherited your father's business and you're the nominal head of it. Am I right?"

Edmund started.

"Why, yes; but what's that got to do with it?"

"Because I can't think of any other possible reason why you weren't drafted. Obviously you don't work for a living. And nobody but your father would have left you a business important enough to get you a deferred classification. Physically you're in Class A."

Edmund went vivid crimson.

"My heart ——"

"What gave you the idea there was anything wrong with it?"

Edmund was so taken aback that he was incoherent.

"I —— Why, doctor, it is —— It's always been! Always! When I was twelve I hurt myself falling out of a tree. Hurt my heart. I fell on a stump. I strained it. I ——"

"Who said so?"

"Well, our doctor said so. He ——"

"Mother living then?"

"Yes; she ——"

"Did the doctor tell her your heart was hurt, or did she tell the doctor?"

"She was afraid of it and asked him. I don't know what he said, and, of course, he wouldn't have told me himself; but after that they wouldn't let me run upstairs, or play violent games, or ——"

"Mother always in good health?"

"No; she was a rheumatic invalid."

"I see. . . . When did your family shift doctors? How soon after your fall, I mean."

"Come to think of it, it was pretty soon. My mother wasn't so confident in ——"

"I'll bet a hat it was as soon as your regular man told your mother there wasn't a darned thing the matter with you. Was your new doctor a young one?"

"Yes; he was."

"And he was the one who told you to be careful, was he?"

"I don't remember that he ever said anything to me about it. But he used to examine me every month and then talk to mother; and ——"

"Then here's the diagnosis you're going to pay me twenty-five dollars for: Nervous mother. That's all."

Edmund was thunderstruck. Hammond had kicked the cornerstone of his life out from under him.

"But, doctor, every time I hurry upstairs ——"

"You pant? Sure you do! No exercise; any old kind of food; twenty pounds overweight. It's one of the medical chestnuts. Family decided you were delicate; so you had to be delicate whether you liked it or not. Haven't I seen it? No football; no baseball; no hockey. Probably played billiards—and bridge. Couldn't go out without rubbers. Stayed home from school if it rained. Too heavy underwear—and mufflers. Never on a horse in your life, were you? And I'll bet another hat you can't swim a stroke! . . . Oh, it's a shame you weren't drafted. They'd have made a live man out of you, and paid you for it at that.

"You've been bunkoed out of your birthright, Mr. Ross. Bunkoed! By your mother and some young squirt of a doctor who needed the money.

"Oh, he probably didn't lie about it. He just told you to be careful. That's good enough advice for anybody—including coal heavers. Only your family put you under glass. Matter with you? The only thing the matter with you is you!"

Edmund gasped. There was a high spot of color in both his cheeks.

"You mean I can exercise ——"

"Exercise is right. And, for heaven's sake, do it! Join your Y. M. C. A. Take a boxing lesson every week. Take ——"

"Boxing!" bleated Edmund.

"Two boxing lessons a week, and ——"

"You said one before!"

The big young doctor laughed cheerfully.

(Continued on Page 158)

"ALONG CAME RUTH"

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

The 1st. Time I Come Up to Bat the Fans Give Me a Traveling Bag and I Suppose They Think I Have Been Running Around the Country All These Yrs. With My Night Gown in a Peach Basket

St. Louis, April 26.

FRIEND AL: Well Al this is our last day here and we win the 1st. 2 games and lose yesterday and have got 1 more game to play and tonight we leave for Detroit. Well if we lose today we will have a even break on the serious and a club that can't do no better then break even with this St. Louis club better take up some other line of business but Gleason instead of useing a little judgement sent a left hander in against them yesterday and they certainly give him a welcome and the more I see of left handers I am certainly glad I pitch with my right arm the way God intended for a man.

Well the boys on our club was feeling pretty cocky the 1st. 2 days about how they could hit but yesterday they could of played in a 16 ft. ring without no ground rules as the most of the time they was missing the ball all together and when they did hit it it acted like a geyser and it was Bert Gallia pitching against us and they all kept saying he didn't have nothing but when he got through with us we didn't have nothing either and that's the way it always goes when a pitcher makes a sucker out of a club he didn't have nothing but when they knock him out of the park he's pretty good.

Well any way I told Gleason last night that it looked like we wouldn't get no better then a even break here unless he stuck me in there to pitch the last game today. So he says "No I was figureing on you to open up in Detroit Sunday but of course if you are afraid of Detroit I can make different plans." So I said "I am not afraid of Detroit or nobody else and you know yourself that they can't no club beat me the way I am going whether its Detroit or no matter who it is." So he said "All right then keep your mouth shut about who is going to pitch because if you are going to manage the club I won't have no job left." Well let him try and run the ball club the way he wants to but if I was running the ball club and had a pitcher that is going the way I am going I would work him every other day and get a start on the other clubs as the games we win now counts just as much as the games we win in Sept.

Well Al Florrie went back to Chi last night though I wanted her to stick with the club and go on to Detroit with us but she said she had to get back, and tend to business at the beauty parlor so I told Gleason that and he said he was sorry she was going to leave us as it was a releif for him to look at something pretty once in a wile when most of the time he had to watch ball players but he admired her for tending to business and he wished it run in the family. He says "You should ought to be thankfull that your Mrs. is what she is as most wifes is a drug on their husband but your Mrs. makes more jack then you and if she give up her business it would keep you hustleing to make both ends meet the other, where if you missed a meal some time and died from it your family would be that much ahead." So I said "Yes and that is because your cheap skate ball club is only paying me a salary of $2400.00 per annum instead of somewheres near what I am worth." So he said "I have all ready told you that if you keep working hard and show me something I will tear up your contract and give you a good one but before I do it I will half to find out if you are going to win ball games for me or just use up 1 lower birth like in old times." So I told him to shut his mouth.

Well Al I thought the war with Germany was all over but Joe Jenkins joined the club here and now the whole war is being played over again. He is 1 of the catchers on the club and he was in France and if they was any battles he wasn't in its because he can't pronounce them but anybody that thinks the U. S. troop movements was slow over there ought to listen to some of these birds that's came back and some of them was at Verdun 1 evening and Flanders the next A. M. then down to Nice the next day for a couple hours rest and up in the Oregon forest the folling afternoon and etc. till its no wonder the Germans was dazzled. If some of these birds that was in the war could get around the bases like they did around the western front all as the catchers would dast do when they started to steal second base would be walk up the base line towards third with the ball in their hand and try to scare them from comeing all the way home.

Well its Detroit tomorrow and 3 more days after that and then home and I haven't been there since the middle of March and I guess they's 2 kids that won't be tickled to death to see sombeody eh Al? Your pal, JACK.

DETROIT, April 28.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal I suppose you read in the papers what come off here yesterday and I guess Gleason won't have no more to say after this about me being afraid of Detroit. The shoe points the other way now and Detroit is the one that's afraid of me and no wonder.

I didn't have the stuff that I had down to St. Louis for the opening but I had enough to make a monkey out of Cobb and Veach and I couldn't help from feeling sorry for this new outfielder they have got name Flagstaff or something and I guess he was about half mast before I got through with him.

Well its a cinch now that I will open in Chi Thursday and I will give St. Louis another spanking and then I will make Gleason come acrost with that contract he has been promiseing me and if he trys to stall I will tell him he must either give me the jack or trade me to some other club and he has got good sence even if he don't act like it sometimes and they's a fine chance of him tradeing me though they's 7 other clubs in this league that would jump at it and Detroit is 1 of them though the Detroit club would be takeing a big chance if they got a hold of somebody that could realy pitch as the fans up here would die from surprise.

Well I had a letter from Florrie today and it was just like the most of her letters when you got through reading it you wondered what she had in mind and about all as she said was that she had a surprise to tell me when I got home and I use to get all excited when she wrote about them surprises but now I can guess what it is. She probably seen a roach in the apartment or something and any way I guess I can wait till I get home and not burn up the wires trying to find out before hand. Your pal, JACK.

DETROIT, April 30.

FRIEND AL: Well Al we leave for home tonight and open up the season in Chi tomorrow but I won't be out there pitching unless Gleason apologizes for what he pulled on me last night. It was more rotten weather yesterday just like we been haveing ever since the 1st. day in St. Louis and I near froze to death setting out there on the bench so when we come back to the hotel they was a friend of mine here in Detroit waiting for me here in the lobby and he come up in the room with me and I was still shivering yet with the cold and he said how would I like something to warm me up. So I said "That's a fine line of talk to hand out in a dry town." So he said I could easy get a hold of some refreshments if I realy wanted some and all as I would half to do would be call a bell hop and tell him what I wanted.

Well I felt like a good shot would just about save my life so I called a boy and told him to go fetch me some bourbon and he said O. K. and he went out and come back in about a half hr. and he had a qt. with him and I asked him how much did we owe him and he said $15.00. How is that for reasonable Al and I guess it was the liquor men themselfs that voted Michigan dry and you can't blame them. Well my friend seemed to of had a stroke in his arm so as he couldn't even begin to reach in his pocket so I dug down and got 15 berrys and handed it to the kid and he still stood there yet like he expected a tip so I told him to beat it or I would tip him 1 in the jaw.

Well I asked my friend would he have a shot and his arm was O. K. again and he took the bottle and went to it without waiting for no glass or nothing but he got the neck of the bottle caught in his teeth and before he could pry it loose they was about a quarter of the bourbon gone.

Well I was just going to pore some of it out for myself and all of a sudden they come a rap at the door and I said come in and who walked in but Gleason. So I asked him what did he want.

So he said "Well you wasn't the 1st. one in the dinning rm. so I thought you must be pretty sick so I come up to see what was the matter." Well it was to late to hide the bottle and he come over to the table where I was setting and picked it up and looked at it and then he pored out a couple drops in the glass and tasted it and said it tastes like pretty good stuff. So I said it ought to be pretty good stuff as it cost enough jack so he asked me how much and I told him $15.00.

So he said "Well they's some of the newspaper boys has been asking me to try and get a hold of some stuff for them so I will just take this along."

So I said I guest the newspaper boys could write crazy enough without no help from the Michigan boot legs and besides the bottle belongs to me as I payed good money for it. So Gleason said "Oh I wouldn't think of stealing it off of you but I will take it and pay you for it. You say it cost $15.00 but they's only about $11.00 and a half worth of it left so I will settle with you for $11.00 and a half." Well I didn't want to quarrel with him in the front of a outsider so I didn't say nothing and he took the bottle and started out of the rm. and I said hold on a minute where is my $11.00 and a half? So he said "Oh I am going to fine you $11.00 and a half for haveing liquor in your rm. but instead of takeing the fine out of your check I will take what's left in the bottle and that makes us even." So he walked out.

Well Al only for my friend being here in the rm. I would of took the bottle away from Gleason and cracked his head open with it but I didn't want to make no seen before a outsider as he might tell it around and people would say the White Sox players was fighting with their mgr. So I left Gleason get away with $11.00 and a half worth of bourbon that I payed $15.00 for it and never tasted it and don't know now if it was bourbon or cat nip.

Well my friend said "What kind of a bird are you to let a little scrimp like that make a monkey out of you?" So I said I didn't want to make no seen in the hotel. So he said "Well if it had of been me I would of made a seen even if it was in church." So I says "Well they's no danger of you ever haveing a chance to make a seen in church and a specialy with Gleason but if you did make a seen with Gleason you would be in church 3 days later and have a box right up close to the front."

Well Al I have told Gleason before this all ready that I would stand for him manageing me out on the old ball field but I wouldn't stand for him trying to run my private affairs and this time I mean it and if he don't apologize this P. M or tonight on the train he will be shy of a pitcher tomorrow and will half to open up the home season with 1 of them other 4 flushers that claims they are pitchers but if Jackson and Collins didn't hit in 7 or 8 runs every day they would be beating rugs in the stead of ball clubs.

Well any way we go home tonight and tomorrow I will be where it don't cost no $15.00 per qt. and if Gleason walks in on me he can't only rob me of $.20 worth at a time unless he operates.

Your pal, JACK.

CHI., May 3.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I have just now came back from the ball pk. and will set down and write you a few lines before supper. I give the St. Louis club another good trimming today Al and that is 3 games I have pitched and win them all and only 1 run scored off of me in all 3 games together and that was the 1 the St. Louis club got today and they wouldn't of never had that if Felsch had of been playing right for Tobin. But 1 run off of me in 3 games is going some and I should worry how many runs they scratch in as long as I win the ball game.

Well you know we was to open up here Thursday and it rained and we opened yesterday and I was waiting for Gleason to tell me I was going to pitch and then I was going to tell him I would pitch if he would apologize to me for what he done in Detroit but instead of picking me to pitch he picked Lefty Williams and the crowd was sore at him for not picking me and before the 1st inning was over he was sore at himself and Lefty was enjoying the shower bath. Gallia give us another beating and after it was over Gleason come up to me in the club house and said he was going to start me today. So I said "How about what you pulled on me in Detroit?" So he says "Do you mean about grabbing that bottle off of you?" So I said yes and he says "Look at here Jack you have got a great chance to get somewheres this yr. and if you keep on pitching like the way you started you will make a name for yourself and I will see that you get the jack. But you can't do it and be stewed all the wile so that is the reason I took that bottle off of you." So I said "They's no danger of me being stewed all the wile or any part of the wile when bourbon is $15.00 per qt. and me getting a bat boy's salery." So he said "Well you lay off of the old burb and pitch baseball and you won't be getting no bat boy's salery. And besides I have told the newspaper boys that you are going to pitch and it will be in the morning papers and if you don't pitch the bugs will jump out of the stand and knock me for a gool." So as long as he put it up to me that way I couldn't do nothing only say all right.

So sure enough it come out in the papers this A. M. that I was going to pitch and you ought to seen the crowd out there today Al and you ought to heard them when my name was gave out to pitch and when I walked out there on the field. Well I got away to a bad start you might say as Felsch wasn't laying right for Tobin and he got a two base hit on a ball that Felsch ought to of caught in his eye and then after I got rid of Gedeon this Sisler hit at a ball he couldn't hardly reach and it dropped over third base and Tobin scored and after that I made a monkey out of them and the 1st. time I come up to bat the fans give me a traveling bag and I suppose they think I have been running around the country all these yrs. with my night gown in a peach basket but I suppose we can give it to 1 of Florrie's friends next xmas and besides it shows the fans of old Chi have got a warm spot for old Jack.

Speaking about Florrie Al when we was in Detroit she wrote and said she had a surprise for me and I thought little Al had picked up a couple hives or something but no it seems like wile I was on the road she met some partys that runs a beauty parlor down town and they wanted she should sell her interest in the one out south and go in pardners with them and they would give her a third interest for $3000.00 and pay her a salery of $300.00 per mo. and a share of the receits and she could pay for her interest on payments. So she asked me what I thought about it and I said if I was her I would stick to what she had where she was makeing so good but no matter what I thought she would do like she felt like so what was the use of asking me so she said she didn't like to make a move without consulting me. That's a good one Al as the only move she ever made and did consult me about it was when we got married and then it wouldn't of made no differents to her what I said.

Well she will do as she pleases and if she goes into this here down town parlor and gets stung we should worry as I will soon be getting real jack and it looks like a cinch we would be in the world serious besides, and besides that the kids would be better off if she was out of business and could be home with them more as the way it is now they don't hardly ever see anybody only the Swede nurse and 1st. thing as we know they will be saying I ban this and I ban that and staying away from the bldg. all the wile like the janitor.

Your pal, JACK.

So She Said "I Thought They Was Only the 2 Babys in This Apartment But It Seems Like There Is 3"

CHI, May 6.

FRIEND AL: 4 straight now Al. How is that for a way to start out the season? It was Detroit again today and that is twice I have beat them and twice I have beat St. Louis and it don't look like I was never going to stop. They got 2 runs off of me today but it was after we had 7 and had them licked and I kind of eased up to save the old souper for the Cleveland serious. But I wished you could of heard the 1 I pulled on Cobb. You know I have always kind of had him on the run ever since I come in the league and he would as leaf have falling archs as see me walk out there to pitch.

Well the 1st. time he come up they was 2 out and no one on and I had him 2 strikes and nothing and in place of monking with him I stuck a fast one right through the groove and he took it for a third strike. Well he come up again in the 4th. inning and little Bush was on third base and 1 out and Cobb hit the 1st. ball and hit it pretty good towards left field but Weaver jumped up and stabbed it with his glove hand and then stepped on third base and the side was out. Well Cobb hollered at me and said "You didn't put that strike acrost on me." So I said "No why should I put strikes acrost on you when I can hit your bat and get 2 out at a time?" You ought to of heard the boys give him the laugh.

Well he hit one for 3 bases in the 7th. inning with Bush and Ellison both on and that's how they got their 2 runs but he wouldn't of never hit the ball only I eased up on acct. of the lead we had and besides I felt sorry for him on acct. of the way the crowd was rideing him. So wile he was standing over there on third base I said "You wouldn't of hit that one Ty only I eased up." So he said "Yes I knew you was easeing up and I wouldn't take advantage of you so that's why I bunted."

Well 1 more game with Detroit and then we go down to Cleveland and visit Mr. Speaker and the rest of the boys and Speaker hasn't been going any to good against them barbers that's supposed to pitch for Detroit and St. Louis so God help him when he runs up against Williams and Cicotte and I.

Your pal, JACK.

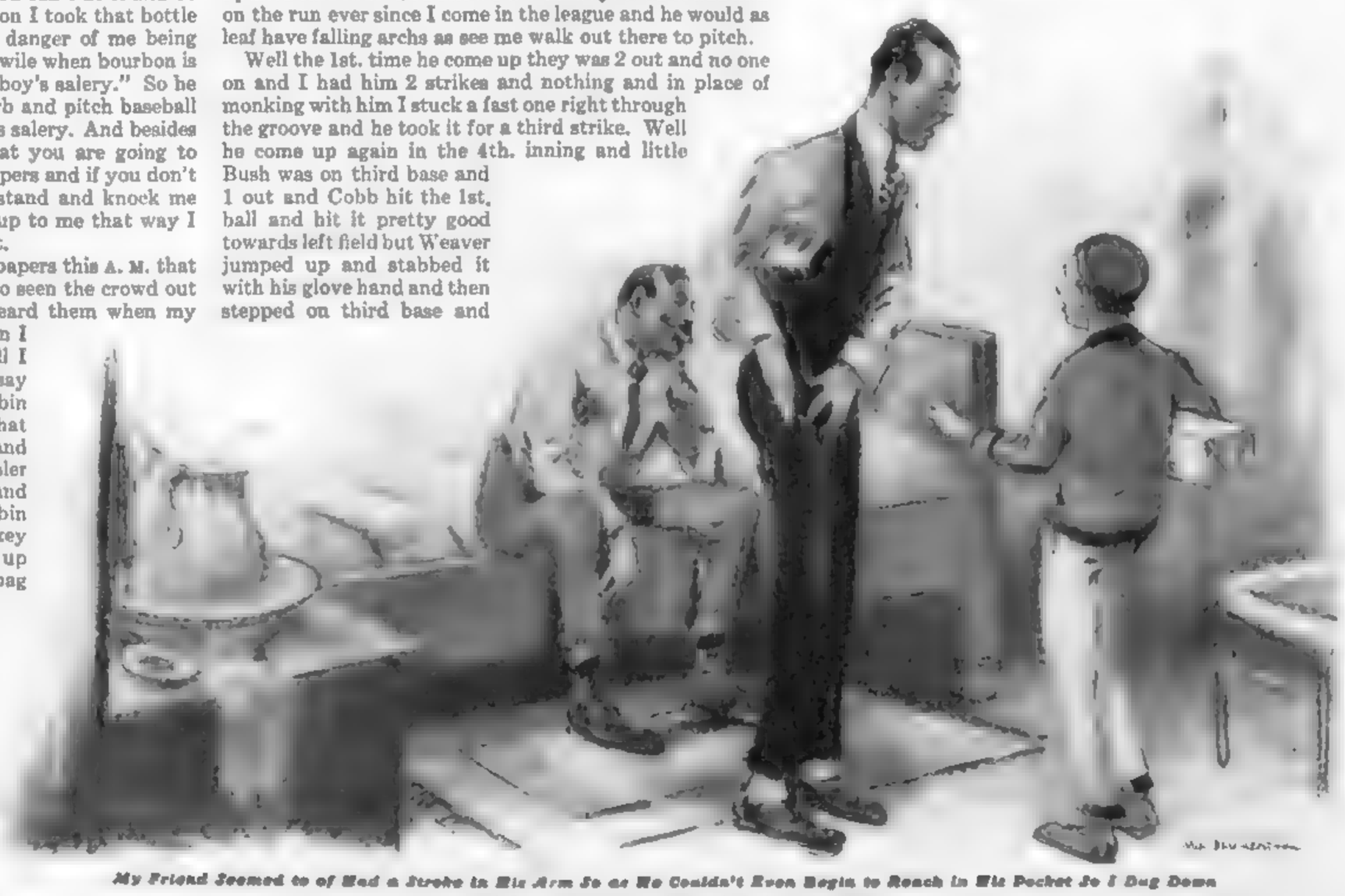
CLEVELAND, May 9.

FRIEND AL: Well Gleason told me today he wasn't going to pitch me here till the Sunday game to get the crowd. We have broke even on the 2 games so far and ought to of win them both only for bad pitching but we can't expect to win them all and you really can't blame the boys for not pitching baseball when we run into weather like we have got down here and it seems like every place we go its colder then where we just come from and I have heard about people going crazy with the heat but we will all be crazy with the cold if it keeps up like this way and Speaker was down to our hotel last night and said the Cleveland club had a couple of bushers from the Southren league that's all ready lost their mind and he told us what they pulled off wile the St. Louis club was here.

Well it seems like Cleveland was beat to death 1 day and they thought they would give some of the regulars a rest and they put in a young catcher name Drew and the 1st. time he come up to bat they was men on first and second and 1 out and Sothoron was pitching for St. Louis and 1 of the St. Louis infielders yelled at him "Don't worry about this bird as he will hit into a double play." Well Drew stood up there and took 3 strikes without never takeing the bat off his shoulder so then he come back to the bench and said "Well I crossed them on their double play."

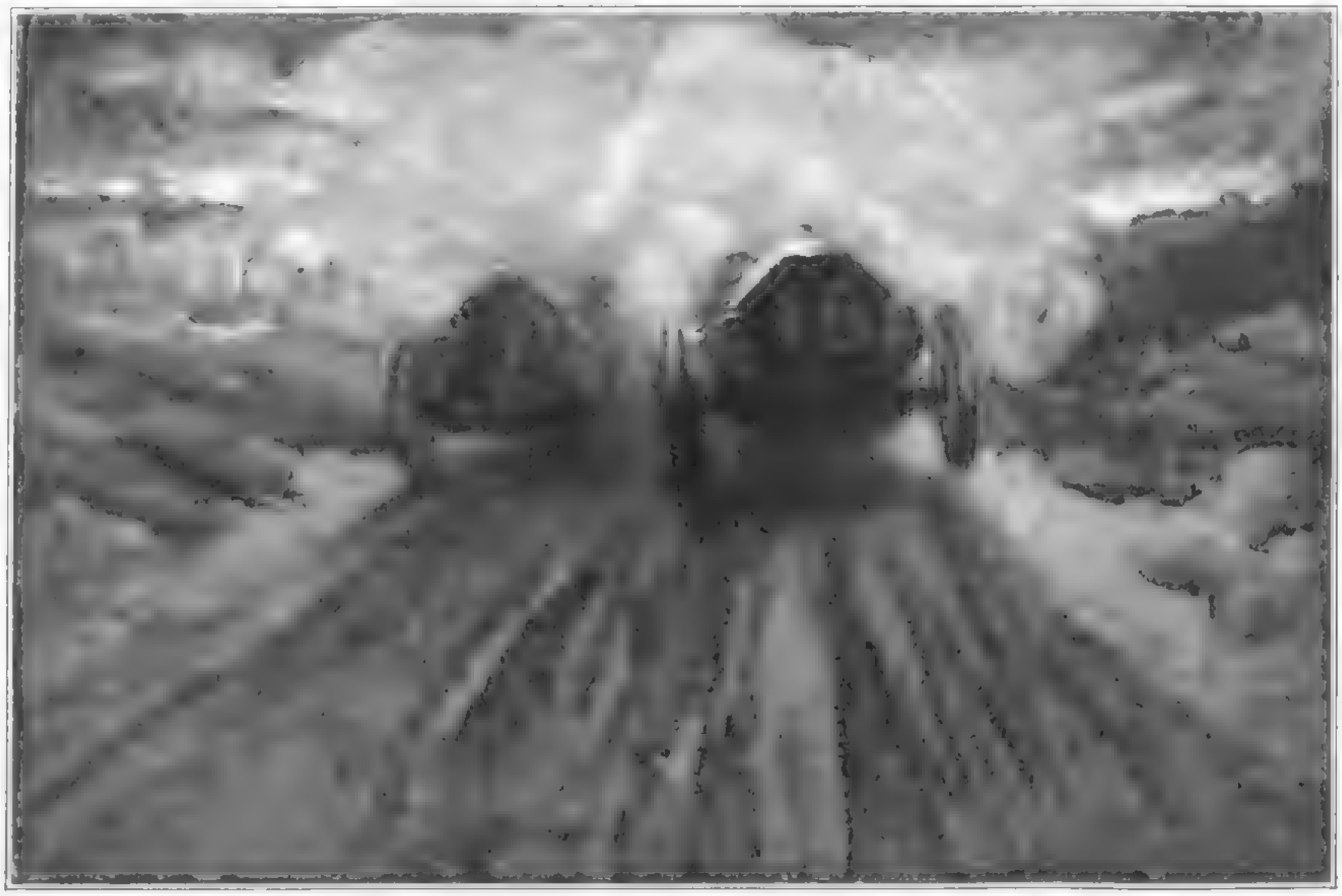
Well in another game Bagby was pitching and he had them licked 8 to 1 in the 7th inning and he had a bad finger so they took him out and sent in a busher name Francis to finish the game. Well he got through 1 inning and when he come up to hit they was a man on 3d. base and 2 out and Davenport was pitching for St. Louis and he was kind of wild and he throwed 3 balls to Francis. So then he throwed a strike and Francis took it and then he throwed one that was over the kid's head but he took a

(Continued on Page 120)



My Friend Seemed to of Had a Stroke in His Arm So as We Couldn't Even Begin to Reach in His Pocket So I Dug Down and Got 16 Berrys and Handed it to the Kid

THE BEAR TRAP



Only Ritz Remained. The Thundering Road Song of the Darco Motor Seemed to Take On an Exultant Note

By Byron Morgan

ILLUSTRATED BY E. P. WARD

I KNEW you'd come back, J. D.," chided Fred Wheeler. "Got the speed fever again, eh?"

Old J. D. Ward shook his grizzled head decisively.

"Right number but the wrong street, Fred," he rumbled. "My Darcos are through with the racing game."

Fred Wheeler, former manager of J. D.'s Western Branch, smiled knowingly. He felt, as thousands of other racing enthusiasts did, that the Darco's retirement from the speedways was but temporary.

"Can't bluff me, J. D. What about this new motor of yours? Every manufacturer in Detroit is talking about it. They ——"

"Guessing, you mean, don't you?"

Old J. D.'s facial muscles tightened into his well-known bear grin. For in a factory swarming with spies, highly trained draftsmen, skilled mechanics and a legion of lesser informants, Old J. D. Ward had achieved the unprecedented coup of motor history; had built a new motor without his competitors' learning one single detail of its marvelous construction.

"Look here, Fred," Old Bruin stiffened suddenly. "If the Rexton Company brought you all the way from Los Angeles to try and wheedle ——"

"Forget it, J. D.," brusquely ordered Wheeler. "You know better."

The Bear's grim posture relaxed. "Thunder!" he growled. "I'm getting so I suspect even my friends."

"Must be something big on the fire. I thought certain of your competitors looked worried."

"Worried? Say, this new motor of mine has got 'em hopping like toads on a hot pavement. Listen here, boy." Old J. D.'s tone grew gruff with suppressed enthusiasm. "I'm going to give the man with a moderate income a car that'll trim any college sport's fancy contraption and won't bankrupt him to run. Hitherto, speed has been an expensive luxury. But the new Darco stock car, Fred, will do better than seventy miles an hour and do it on less gas. It'll weigh less, be economical on tires, and sell for under two thousand. Some reason for my competitors' fretfulness, eh?"

"Great Christmas!" ejaculated Wheeler. "If the Fargot Company learns half what you've told me they'll stop at nothing to keep you from marketing that car. Why, it'll put their model on the junk pile."

Old Bruin grunted assent.

"Had my factory packed with their damn spies. But I've licked 'em. Got the new motor mounted in a short wheel-base racing chassis ready for test work. Now I'm going to try to break it up. If there's a weak spot in that car I'll find it."

Then Old J. D.'s voice dropped to a confidential murmur:

"Not for publication, Fred, but I got close to a hundred miles an hour out of that motor yesterday."

The Rexton agent whistled in amazement.

"Still you insist you haven't the speed fever, J. D.? Say, that's good. Why, man, that motor developed into a special racing engine would sweep the tracks. And you're going to throw it away? Waste it in an ordinary stock car?"

"No more racing, Fred."

"But, for heaven's sake, why?"

"Dorothy," explained the Bear, his tone low and soft as it always was when speaking of his bewitching Cub. "Promised Dorothy I'd quit."

Then his weather-beaten countenance expanded into a wide grin.

"I'll let you in on something, sonny," he beamed. "The first new Darco car through the factory goes to Los Angeles as a modern gocart for a certain young man who 'bout that time will be sticking his inquisitive nose into the California sunshine. Get me, Fred?" One huge paw crashed down on the visitor's shoulder.

"Great Scott!" groaned Wheeler. "I hope it isn't twins if you're going to take it that way, grandpa." He shrugged his shoulder to ease the pain and pushed his chair to a safe distance. "Going to L. A. soon?"

"Test car goes to-morrow," rumbled J. D. "And with Tom Darby in the same express car. Believe me, I'm not going to give anyone a tailor-made chance at that machine."

For a moment Wheeler stared at the carpet.

"I wonder, J. D.," he mused, "if your shipping the test car to the Coast has anything to do with some of the stories that are being spread?"

"What's that?" asked J. D., straightening up aggressively. "What stories?"

"Oh, somebody's started a lot of gossip about your Los Angeles-San Francisco stock-car record. The way the talk goes you framed with the highway board, lowered the time, and then they closed the road to further racing. Sort of a protected record. Furthermore, they're insinuating you retired from the speedways because your cars were not fast enough. I hear that your scrappy son-in-law, Toodles Walden, is getting pretty hot under his collar. The air is full of fight talk and ——"

"Holy love of Mike!" exploded Old J. D. "Another one of that kid's dad-blasted schemes to get back in the racing game. Just wait ——"

"I don't think so," put in Wheeler. "I ——"

"Certainly it is! Hasn't he tried everything he could think of? Didn't he frame up with that movie crowd last summer? Didn't he try to kid me into thinking it was only a scene for one of their gol-durned pictures? Didn't he do that? Didn't he, at the time, have a thousand-dollar bet with Ritz that he could trim his Fargot in a fifty-mile match race?"

Wheeler grinned reminiscently. He himself had had a two-hundred-dollar bet on the Darco in that almost famous event.

"Well, you must admit the idea was clever, J. D."

"Clever, nothing! Say, I'll bet you're in on this one too!"

"Not guilty. Neither is Toodles, this time. No, sir, J. D. But somebody in Los Angeles is trying durned hard to bait you back into the racing game. Better do a little gumshoe work."

"Not necessary," snorted Bruin. "I know that kid's tricks. But it takes two cars to run a race, and my Darcos are through. I'll look you up in Los Angeles, Fred."

With Wheeler's departure Old J. D. settled thoughtfully back in his chair. The time had arrived when Toodles' speed habit—that age-old inheritance of mortals brought to so high a pitch in the modern space-devouring racing automobile—must be broken.

"Dorothy, child," murmured the old man, as though his soft-spoken words would carry through space to echo again in the far-off land that was California—to whisper its pledge into a flower-covered bungalow where his brown-eyed Cub awaited life's greatest adventure, "I promised you. I'll cure your frisky husband, hon, or"—his cigar glowed threateningly—"or I'll break his good-natured head."

II

THE Western Branch of the Darco Motor Company was chugging drowsily through a typical California spring morning. Salesmen running speculative eyes through their prospect lists searched hopefully for a suburban customer preferably a beach-city one. An ocean dip was exactly what one needed, each assured himself. It was indeed agreed that the new switchboard girl, though nodding over a magazine, was earning her first day's salary.

In one corner of the salesroom Whipple, prodded by the enticing prospects of a long country demonstration, was putting whole-hearted pep into his sales talk to an Eastern tourist. Up in the Bear Den on the mezzanine floor Old Bruin was hibernating in dreamy blissful silence. For his new Darco test car was safely locked behind a stout oak barricade erected across one corner of Tom Darby's neat garage. Another seven months and the first new Darco car ——

Suddenly the serene Western Branch was rocked by three terrific explosions that seemed to jar upward from its very foundations.

"Earthquake!" gasped the Eastern customer, turning a strange greenish hue.

His flight for the street door was speeded by the piercing scream of the switchboard girl.

Above, a door crashed and Old J. D. charged downward.

"Shall—shall I call the fire department?" shrieked the girl.

"Hell, no!" bellowed the Bear, plunging for the garage. "Get an ambulance!"

Another jarring blast marked his exit.

The basement elevator shaft was vomiting lead-colored smoke. The Bear lunged for the back stairway and skated down.

A rapid series of fiery streaks, each followed by an explosion, stabbed through the pungent smoke haze that filled the basement.

"I knew it!" snorted J. D., his voice lost in the bedlam. "I knew it!"

In the center of the floor, dimly discernible through the smoke, stood one of the Bear's former champion racing cars, its huge iron throat intermittently spouting flame and smoke in vivid contrast to its silent team mates snugly blocked and tarpaulined in a far corner. Over the sputtering back-firing motor, his figure incased in a suit of grimy overalls and his grease-streaked face wreathed in a contented smile, leaned Toodles Walden, the irrepressible young manager of the Western Branch. Opposite was Benny Griggs, one of J. D.'s former racing drivers.

"Cut down the air!" yelled Toodles. "Another shot like that and we'll blow the exhaust pipe clean through the roof."

Griggs twisted a carburetor screw and the motor steadied to a thunderous roar. Then Toodles reached over the cowl and turned the ignition switch.

"She's right," he grinned. "Just as good as the day she won at Santa Monica. Boy, won't we show that Ascot bunch some speed?"

"Yep," agreed Griggs. "But what about J. D.? Told me only yesterday that the Darcos were ab-so-lutely through racing."

"Papa Bear's mistake," laughed the manager. "The old Darco is going to win one more race whether he likes it or not. Didn't I tell you he was going back to Detroit next week? Now, let's look at those plugs."

As he turned to pick up a wrench his eyes fell on the Bear. In the semidarkness and smoke Old J. D.'s figure looked unusually foreboding.

"Oh—oh, hello, J. D.," stammered Toodles. "I—I thought you were in Santa Barbara?"

"Luckily I'm not," grunted the Bear. "What's the idea? Going to take another motion picture, sonny?"

"Why, we—I—we were just warming up one of the old cars, J. D."

How much had he heard, Toodles wondered.

"Glad to hear it," growled Bruin. "Now get busy, young fellow, and get the other two off the blocks."

"The—the other two?"

"You understood me," rumbled J. D. "There's going to be a freight car spotted at the Santa Fé this afternoon. You see that these cars are loaded."

"But—but where are they going, J. D.?"

"To the factory," flung back Bruin. "I've got a mighty good offer for 'em; and, by gad, I'm going to take it!"

"Oh, be reasonable, J. D.," pleaded Toodles, following the Bear toward the salesroom. "You're not really going to sell the cars, are you? Let's win just once more! That race at Ascot will be a walk away for the old Darco. Let's show the knockers we weren't scared into quitting!"

"Knockers, nothing! It's your speed fever. The whole plant's caught it. That's all I've heard. Racing! Speed! So-and-So said this and that. Rot! Isn't there anyone round this shebang who thinks a motor car should be driven at anything less than a hundred per?"

Toodles gripped his courage firmly and met the Bear's eyes. "I don't know, J. D. Is there anyone?"

Old Bruin bristled.

"Confound you," he growled, "you think I've got the speed bug, too, don't you? Wheeler, Griggs, Darby—the whole crowd figures the same way. Just because I've kept those racing machines packed away in the basement everyone thinks that some day the Darcos are going back on the speedways. Well, by thunder, they're not! I told Wheeler it took two cars to make a race. I'll sell those cars and squash ——"

He broke off and his face took on a half-puzzled expression. From up Figueroa Street sounded the heavy clang-clang of a bell.

"Fire!" yelled Toodles, welcoming the interruption.

"Like hell!" gasped Old J. D., a sudden recollection gripping him. "That's an ambulance. Great Christopher! Can't you hire a girl that has some common sense?"

He hurried into the salesroom, followed by the bewildered Toodles. Directly in front of the plant a large motor ambulance was checking its heavy flight. Abruptly Old J. D.'s lined face settled into a speculative grin.

"You square it, sonny," he chuckled, diving for the safety of his den. "It's your funeral."

"What—what'll I tell 'em?" floundered the helpless manager.

"Tell 'em anything," rumbled Bruin. Then as an afterthought he called down: "Tell 'em they're too late, sonny. Tell 'em to send a hearse for Old Man Speed."

(Continued on Page 81)

There Was an Upheaval in the Cyclone. Rodman Climbed Out. Another Crimson-Garbed, Begoggled Figure Wriggled Through the Crowd and Scrambled Into the Driver's Seat

OUR FORGOTTEN SOCIALISM

By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATION BY WILMER S. RICHTER

IT IS a curious fact that in these days when the American people are being so eagerly urged into what are called socialistic experiments they should have completely forgotten or never heard of those tremendous and kindred adventures of their great-grandfathers which resulted so disastrously.

Nearly a hundred years ago almost all the states of this Union except New Jersey and a few of the New England States embarked upon an elaborate and complicated series of ventures into state-controlled railroads, banks, canals and other similar enterprises. Only one of more than a dozen states was conspicuously successful. Most of them failed so dismally that there is to this very day a bitter heritage of unpaid and actually repudiated debt.

Long before the Civil War numerous states not only in the South but in the Middle West had defaulted upon and repudiated millions of dollars of bonds issued in aid of what to-day would be called state socialism. For these purposes they created in a comparatively short period of time about $225,000,000 of bonds. This was more than the Federal Government had ever owed and was the first large funded debt incurred by the government of any country for industrial purposes.

There remains at the present time about $50,000,000 of unpaid and repudiated state bonds, not to mention forty to seventy years of interest in arrears. Most people who have ever heard of these bonds mistakenly suppose them to be part of the debt created by the Southern States during the Civil War. Not one cent of the amount was incurred in connection with the war, and among nearly a dozen states portions of whose debt are still in repudiation are two of the richest in the North. Even the great commonwealths of Pennsylvania, Indiana and Illinois came perilously near being unable to meet the bills due to their orgy of state enterprises, and in Indiana, Illinois and Michigan the ventures were wilder if anything than in the South.

Down in the lower, mustier stack levels of the more extensive of our great libraries may be found the worn yellowed volumes of Niles Weekly Register, and other chronicles of the earlier days of the republic. The pages smell like the attic in great-grandmother's home; the type is painfully small; the news would bring a smile of derision to the lips of a modern city editor. Four or six small pages a week are enough to cover the nation.

States Gone Mad

A PLEASANT occupation, you say, for some dry-as-dust student, unconcerned with the throb and thrill of these absorbing reconstruction days.

But out of those yellowing pages from the unremembered past leap strange and vivid pictures, some startling in their similarity to the very latest sensation of the moment, others peculiar and characteristic of an earlier day. But whether in the old colonies of Pennsylvania, the uplands of North Carolina, the cotton fields of Alabama and Mississippi, the prairies of Indiana and Illinois or the woods of Michigan—these picturesque, colorful experiments in extending the activities of the state into the field of industry are remindful in a hundred ways of far more recent attempts and projects.

Many states went literally crazy on the subject of government aid to railroads, canals and banks. They almost thought the millennium had come. Magic seemed to attend any new enterprise in which the state was interested. Let it but lend its credit to a new bank—and presto, here was a panacea for every ill. When the first spadeful of earth was removed in one combined railroad and canal undertaking that soon proved an utter and dismal failure the orator of the day said that he looked down "avenues of future glory for the Commonwealth"!

Legislatures were called wise and good solely in proportion to the completeness or inclusiveness of the system of public enterprises for which they planned and voted bond issues. Everyone spoke of what was being done as "the system," though no one knew exactly what was meant by the word.

All manner of enterprises were tied up not only with the states but with each other. It was thought that banks could add to the credit of the state, that the state could create banks, that banks could float railroads, that railroads could exercise banking functions, that the state could own railroads, that both banks and railroads could successfully float bonds of the state, that farmers could subscribe to stock in the banks by mortgaging their real estate, that banks could lend to the farmers to the extent of their subscriptions, and so on. All went down together in the crash—that is, all except the states, which could not fail, being constitutionally able then and now to repudiate their debts. But while the delusion lasted men literally fought for a chance to get in on any new undertaking.

"Four individuals hired two hundred men to block all other subscribers off," said a disgusted observer of the opening of a bank in the early '30's. "One hundred and fifty-three commissioners had the first choice. It is said to have cost from $500 to $700 to be a commissioner. Then they opened three windows for public subscription. Some of the men had only trousers and some had shirts.

"They were constantly passing in this indecent costume in front of the hall in full view of ladies in opposite houses. Bloody faces, bruised limbs, shirts torn to tatters and untimely desperate fights resulted from this disgusting scramble. The scene resembled the boarding of a ship by pirates rather than the competition of capitalists for the investment of their funds.

"Some had scarlet bands tied round their right wrists, for what purpose we cannot say.

"There were pickpockets in the crowd of course, and one gentleman was robbed of promissory notes, which, however, can be of no use to the thief. Respectable men were so torn they could go home only in carriages. One man with brawny chest went away muttering because he said he had held up the carcasses of three others for five hours and had got no stock himself.

"These extraordinary things are well worth a record. Symptoms of madness have often been shewn of late years, to obtain stock; and this is not the first time that bullies have been employed to make investments of money. The fights were as severe when the books for subscription to the stock of two or three of the railroads was lately opened."

Old Warnings

MOST of us think of this country as the land of private enterprise *par excellence*. Here is the home of individual initiative in its highest, its supreme degree, here in the good old U. S. A. Certainly we should consider it the last place in the whole world where state-controlled business has been a prominent, much less a leading feature. Yet the era of internal improvements of the '30's and '40's was just as prominent an example of state enterprise in its day as were the experiments in Australia at a later time.

I do not mean to imply that history necessarily repeats itself in the same way. It does not follow that because the whole scheme of state owned and operated banks and railroads went down in collapse eighty years ago similar results will follow from present attempts to have the "state operate everything for the public good," as the leader of the most conspicuous movement in that direction expresses it.

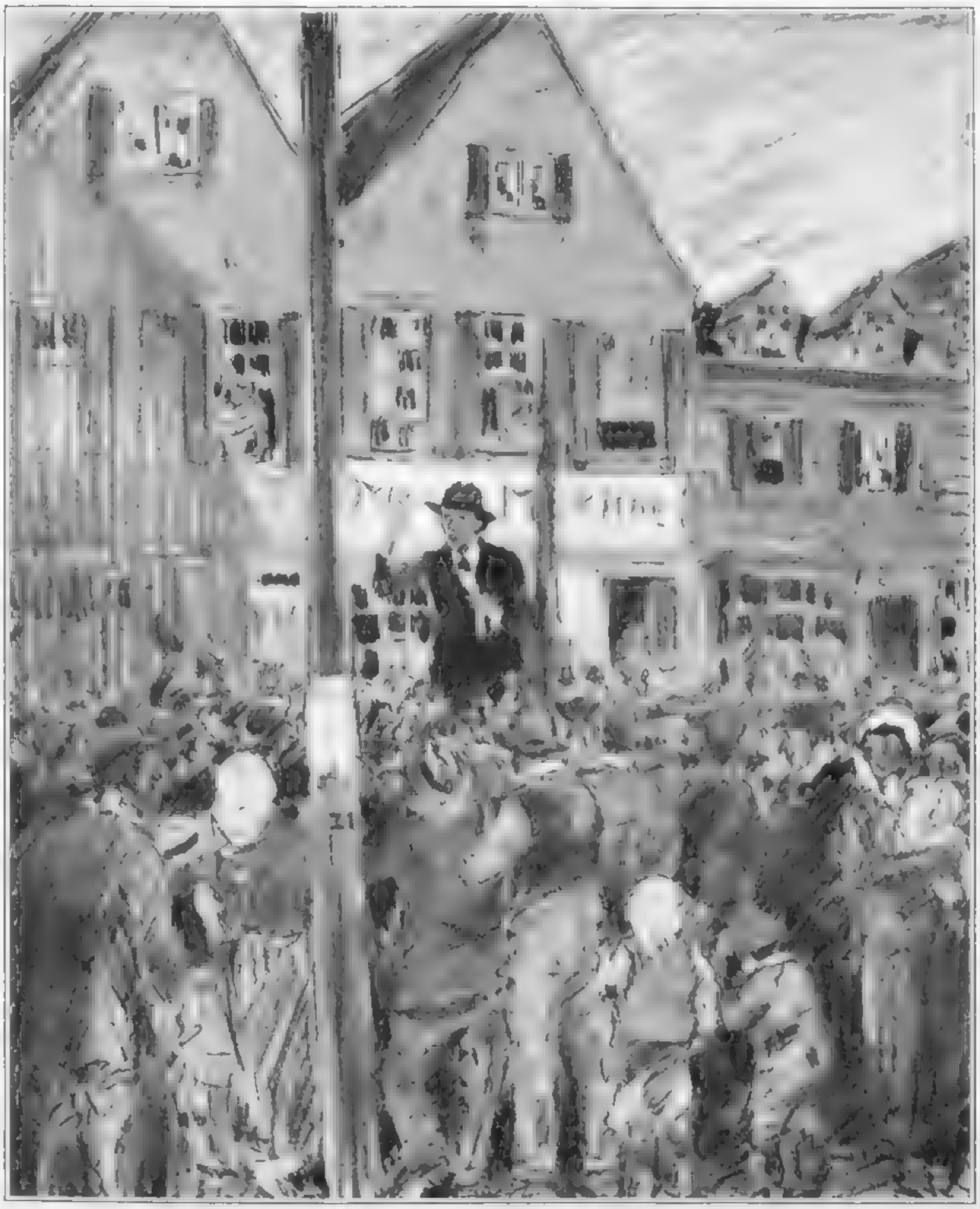
It is highly improbable in fact that the same combination of circumstances will occur again. The causes were very different. People in those days had no populistic or socialistic prejudice against private enterprise. That came later. They had never heard the word "socialism" when they plunged their governments into the wild impractical schemes which put a blight on whole sections of the country for nearly a century after.

(Continued on Page 138)

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON



Chance Gatherings of Heedless Persons, Stirred by the Bombast of Self-Exploiting Orators, Merely Proved How Easily Men are Led When Taken in Droves and Stirred by Partyism

THE futility of political as well as of other human reckoning was set forth by the result of the presidential election of 1884. With a kind of prescience, as I have related, Mr. Blaine had foreseen it. He was a sagacious as well as a lovable and brilliant man. He looked back affectionately upon the days he had passed in Kentucky, when a poor school-teacher, and was especially cordial to the Kentuckians. In the House he and Beck were sworn friends, and they continued their friendship when both of them had reached the Senate.

I inherited Mr. Blaine's desk in the Ways and Means Committee room. In one of the drawers of this he had left a parcel of forgotten papers, which I returned to him. He made a joke of the secrets they covered and the fortunate circumstance that they had fallen into the hands of a friend and not of an enemy.

No man of his time could hold a candle to Mr. Blaine in what we call magnetism—that is, in manly charm, supported by facility and brain power. Clay and Douglas had set the standard of party leadership before his time. He made a good third to them. I never knew Mr. Clay, but with Judge Douglas I was well acquainted, and the difference between him and Mr. Blaine in leadership might be called negligible.

Both were intellectually aggressive and individually amiable. They at least seemed to love their fellow men. Each had been tried by many adventures. Each had gone, as it were, "through the flint mill." Born to good conditions—Mr. Blaine sprang from aristocratic forebears—each knew by early albeit brief experience the seamy side of life; as each, like Clay, nursed a consuming passion for the presidency. Neither had been made for a subaltern, and they chafed under the subaltern yoke to which fate had condemned them.

II

IN GROVER CLEVELAND a total stranger had arrived at the front of affairs. The Democrats, after a rule of more than half a century, had been out of power twenty-four years. They could scarce realize at first that they were again in power. The new chieftain proved more of an unknown quantity than had been suspected. William Dorsheimer, a life-long crony, had brought the two of us together before Cleveland's election to the governorship of the Empire State as one of a group of attractive Buffalo men, most of whom might be said to have been cronies of mine, Buffalo being a delightful halfway stopover in my frequent migrations between Kentucky and the Eastern seaboard. As in the end we came to a parting of the ways I want to write of Mr. Cleveland as a historian and not as a critic.

He said to Mr. Carlisle after one of our occasional tiffs: "Henry will never like me until God makes me over again." The next time we met, referring to this, I said: "Mr. President, I like you very much—very much indeed—but sometimes I don't like some of your ways."

There were in point of fact two Clevelands—before marriage and after marriage—the intermediate Cleveland rather unequal and indeterminate. Assuredly no one of his predecessors had entered the White House so wholly ignorant of public men and national affairs. Stories used to be told assigning to Zachary Taylor this equivocal distinction. But General Taylor had grown up in the army and advanced in the military service to a chief command, was more or less familiar with the party leaders of his time, and was by heredity a gentleman. The same was measurably true of Grant. Cleveland confessed himself to have had no social training and he literally knew nobody.

Five or six weeks after his inauguration I went to Washington to ask a diplomatic appointment for my friend, Boyd Winchester. Ill health had cut short a promising career in Congress, but Mr. Winchester was now well on to recovery, and there seemed no reason why he should not and did not stand in the line of preferment. My experience may be worth recording because it is illustrative.

In my quest I had not thought of going beyond Mr. Bayard, the new Secretary of State. I did go to him, but the matter seemed to make no headway. There appeared a hitch somewhere. It had not crossed my mind that it might be the President himself. What did the President know or care about foreign appointments?

He said to me on a Saturday when I was introducing a party of Kentucky friends: "Come up to-morrow for luncheon. Come early, for Rose"—his sister, for the time being mistress of the White House—"will be at church and we can have an old-fashioned talk-it-out."

The next day we passed the forenoon together. He was full of homely and often whimsical talk. He told me he had not yet realized what had happened to him.

"Sometimes," he said, "I wake at night and rub my eyes and wonder if it is not all a dream."

He asked an infinite number of questions about this, that and the other Democratic politician. He was having trouble with the Kentucky Congressmen. He had appointed a most unlikely scion of a well-known family to a foreign mission, and another young Kentuckian, the son of a New York magnate, to a leading consul generalship, without consultation with anyone. He asked me about these. In a way one of them was one of my boys, and I was glad to see him get what he wanted, though he aspired to nothing so high. He was indeed all sorts of a boy, and his elevation to such a post was so grotesque that the nomination, like that of his mate, was rejected by the Senate. I gave the President a serio-comic but kindly account, at which he laughed heartily, and ended by my asking how he had chanced to make two such appointments.

"Hewitt came over here," he answered, "and then Dorsheimer. The father is the only Democrat we have in that great corporation. As to the other, he struck me as a likely fellow. It seemed good politics to gratify them and their friends."

I suggested that such backing was far afield and not very safe to go by, when suddenly he said: "I have been told over and over again by you and by others that you will not take office. Too much of a lady, I suppose! What are you hanging round Washington for anyhow? What do you want?"

Here was my opportunity to speak of Winchester, and I did so.

When I had finished he said: "What are you doing about Winchester?"

"Relying on the Secretary of State, who served in Congress with him and knows him well."

Then he asked: "What do you want for Winchester?"

I answered: "Belgium or Switzerland."

He said: "I promised Switzerland for a friend of Corning's. He brought him over here yesterday and he is an

(Concluded on Page 134)

"ÇA NE FAIT RIEN"

A Sergeant Gray Story

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

III

GRAY knew exactly what was happening inside the house when Tommy took the general's niece in to see him. She would go upstairs and speak to the general from the door, and they would stand round bored and hardly talking until she came down. And then they would all become animated and tell anecdotes; and the chief of staff would sit at the piano and sing wistfully; and an aide-de-camp would bring him some canary seed; and the chaplain would give his imitation of Harry Lauder making a speech; and Tommy ——

"Get the hell out of here!" he snarled at a cow ambling gently along the street.

The general entertained vicariously at dinner that night for his niece. There was her visiting escort and part of the staff and the general's own household. And before dinner the chaplain, who had had the mumps, came and sat with him.

"Well?" said the general.

The chaplain lighted one of the general's cigarettes.

"She has seen him," he observed. "He was, as you arranged, in charge of a detail cleaning out the town well. He was game all right. I thought he'd probably hide, but he didn't. I'm bound to say, however, that he's been in a fighting state of mind ever since."

"But he didn't hide. That's the point. What's she doing now?"

"They are having tea," said the chaplain. "There are eight of them—and at least seven are planning to sit beside her at dinner."

The general chuckled. Lying there in the high bed, his face gave rather the impression of a small barrel needing to be hooped.

"I'm going to have him wait at table to-night, Chaplain," he rumbled. "If there's any nonsense about either of 'em, that'll cure it."

"I don't know," observed the chaplain in a doubtful voice. "I like Gray and I don't believe that you'll do any good by humiliating him. He enlisted to fight. It isn't his fault that he isn't fighting now."

The above space represents what the general said just there about the division not getting forward. But when he became calmer:

"Got to offset the idea she's got about Gray," he justified himself. "She knows that story about him roping me over a fence, and like a fool I spent a whole evening telling about the mischief he's been up to at different times. She's got to see him with his claws clipped."

The chaplain differed and said so:

"Life," he pronounced in his best pulpit manner, "life clips all our claws eventually. But why not leave to the young their illusions and their dreams?"

"Piffle!" said the general rudely.

Now Peggy took off her uniform that night, which was forbidden in the little book she carried round with her, and came down to dinner to meet the waiting household in something rather unwarlike and very pleasing to behold. Not real evening dress, you understand, for the war was still on though dying fast. And had her hand kissed by a French officer who had invented an errand so as to meet her. Then they all went in to dinner; and there were commissary chocolates on the table; and four candles standing in saucers; and on a side table a box of the general's most cherished cigars, which he had thought were safely hidden away in one of his kit bags.

The chief of staff sat at the head of the table and Peggy sat on his right.

The rest drew lots out of an army cap to see who should sit next to her—and Tommy won.

"How nice!" she said when he sat down. She would have said the same thing to anyone, but Tommy grew quite lyric.

"It is Fate," he said. "Kismet. Even though the rest of them fall on me afterward and rend me, this hour is mine."

"Think of it!" said Peggy in the exact words used by every girl who got to France and met someone she knew over there. "Meeting here like this so far from home!"

"If one wants a thing badly enough," said Tommy, "it just naturally comes."

"Soup, sir?" said a deep bass at his elbow.

Tommy glanced up hurriedly, but all he saw was Sergeant Gray's rather fine profile as he placed the soup plate.

There was a very quiet little game played at dinner that night. Only Peggy and the players knew about it. It consisted mainly of most obsequious and zealous service on the part of Sergeant Gray, so that Tommy had not a moment for any real conversation. Between courses Gray stood firm and silent behind Tommy's chair, and when he disappeared kitchenward Tommy would try hastily to make up for lost time.

"If you could only know what this glimpse of you means to me, Miss Peggy. You know, when you are thinking a lot about one particular person ——"

"More chicken, sir?"

"No!"

Gray would move on and Tommy would begin again, the light of desperation in his eyes.

"It's been hard to keep my mind on war, I can tell you. Ever since I heard you were coming ——"

"More potatoes, sir?"

"Look here," Tommy said finally in a low and furious voice, "when I want more food I'll ask for it. D'you understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Gray in the tone of a well-bred butler.

After that he offered Tommy nothing whatever and left him conspicuously without dessert. Peggy, who had been rather flushed and silent during the meal, smiled somewhat grimly at that. But she ate very little. The plain truth was that Miss Peggy was having to reassort quite a number of ideas, and among them was that mental picture of Sergeant Gray in a steel helmet leading a forlorn hope across No Man's Land and later being decorated by her uncle, the general. Getting accustomed to having the greatest military figure in the Army in bed upstairs with the mumps and the devil of the Headquarters Troop carrying round the mashed potatoes was rather a strain.

Her escort left that night and Peggy slept at a Red Cross hut in the village, but before she left she had a few words with the general.

"I do think," she began spiritedly, advancing into the sick room, "I do think ——"

"Go on out!" roared the general. "Do you want to go round with a face like a balloon? Go on out!"

"Don't waste that military tone on me," said Peggy severely. "I don't care whether I get it or not. I'm going to tell you exactly what I think about you."

She then sat down on the general's bed and stared at him coldly.

"Don't you think," she said, "that when you have gentlemen round you ——"

"Get off the bed, Peggy," begged the general in a different tone. "Don't you know there is always some fool inspector or other looking for things to take back to G. H. Q.? Do you want to ruin me?"

"You ought to be ruined. Let me tell you, you haven't fooled me for a minute. And if you think it is funny to take a friend of mine and just because you have the authority ——"

Here—to the general's horror—she curled up on the foot of his bed and began to cry. He was really awfully disturbed. He sat up in his blue-silk pyjamas—he was president of the pyjama club the aides had got up, because he had a monogram on his left cuff; but he did not know he was president—and patted her and in his anxiety revealed a great deal he had not meant to reveal—vocally, not physically.

"Good heavens," he said at last, "what do you want me to do, anyhow? Kiss him?"

"He ought to be an officer and you know it," she said in a smothered tone. Her face was buried in the eiderdown comfort. "He'd be a good officer, too, and you know that. He wants it more than anything."

"I dare say," said the general rather grimly. "Well, if you'll get up and behave according to the regulations and not have me court-martialed, I'll see what I can do."

She sat up then and gave every evidence of being about to kiss his inflated face, but he held her off.

"May I tell him?" she asked.

"You may not," said the general sternly. "I may have my weak moments and submit to being bullied when I'm sick. But the time hasn't come yet when I allow the women of my family to make my promotions, thank heaven! Now run and have the chaplain take you home. And for heaven's sake, remember that he's a married man and susceptible."

Peggy left at the crack of dawn the next day. If she had expected to be seen off with the éclat of her arrival she was disappointed. Not an aide showed up; but a tall young man with a sergeant's chevrons and a pair of hungry eyes was standing outside the general's doorway.

"I had to see you," said Sergeant Gray rather huskily. I hope you don't mind?"

"Well, if you hadn't ——" said Peggy.

"I made a fool of myself last night, you know. I was nearly crazy. Not," he added hastily, "that I cared a

snap about what I was doing. That's all in the day's work. But to have to listen to that —— Am I ever going to see you again?"

"I don't see why not," said Peggy briskly. But there was a shake in her voice. Because after all there was a rather considerable chance against it. Sooner or later they would move up, and then —

"Of course we're going to meet again," she said determinedly. And because that was an emotional sort of subject she added: "Isn't it queer there is nobody up? I thought the Army rose at the crack of dawn."

There was a scarcely perceptible twitch of Sergeant Gray's upper lip and inside the house the general's bell was ringing furiously.

"Great luck for me they're not here," he said. "I'll carry any message you care to leave. I'm a sort of cross between a nursery maid and a messenger boy, anyhow."

"I shan't leave any messages," said Peggy coldly.

"You'll—do you mind letting me know your address when you're located?"

Of course this was only surface talk, because the car had come up which was to take her back, and the chauffeur, who was from the troop, was staring straight ahead and listening hard. Also, the general was now beating a tattoo with his bell and the noise was horrible. What Sergeant Gray was really saying with his eyes was that he worshiped her.

"I'll be very glad to let you know," replied Peggy primly, and got into the car. It is entirely significant of the sort of girl Peggy was that Sergeant Gray ran true to form and tucked her in.

"Are you sure your feet will be warm?" he asked tenderly.

Even Peggy, who was feeling awfully slighted by Tommy and the others, smiled at that. It was so exactly the tone the maudlin captain had used coming down. Gray gave a final pat to the rug, a tender pat because it covered Peggy, and lowered his voice.

"I had a lot of things to say to you," he said hurriedly. "But every time I think of something I remember that he said it to you last night. The only thing he didn't say was ——"

"Yes?" said Peggy expectantly.

But the chauffeur had planned that by starting early and going very fast he could get four hours in Paris, and so moved off. Long after the car had disappeared down the crooked little street, and while the general's bell gave evidence of hysteria, Sergeant Gray stood looking after it.

At least he had seen her alone. There would be a price to pay for it, but it had been worth any price. As to punishment:

"*Ça ne fait rien*," muttered Sergeant Gray. Which is army French for not giving a tinker's dam.

Exactly one hour late that morning, a shaking William took the general his coffee.

"Clock an hour slow!" the general shouted in a frenzy. "Are you going to tell me that every clock in this whole house is crazy?"

"'Pears like they are, sir," quavered William. "The cook's clock and mine—they're both off an hour. I just called the aides-de-camp, sir, and Captain Trowbridge's like he's out of his head."

The general put four lumps of sugar in his coffee and stirred it reflectively.

"Who saw my niece off, William?"

"'Pears like nobody did, sir."

"I see," said the general thoughtfully. "William, find Sergeant Gray and send him here."

When Gray arrived, somewhat breathless, the general let him stand at attention for some time. The feeling Gray had now and then that a touch of spot remover would take him out entirely returned very strongly.

"For some curious reason, sergeant," said the general, "two clocks in this house lost an hour last night. Do you know anything about it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Humph!"

The general looked away. Drat the boy, anyhow! He wondered if he had ever had such desperate eyes when he fell in love for the first time. He had been in love in a perfectly nice way so many times since. But he rather hoped he had never looked like a cross between a sheep and a Bengal tiger.

"I'll give you one minute to explain," said the general coldly.

"I wanted a word alone with Miss Peggy, sir. I'm sorry if it caused any trouble."

"Trouble!" bawled the general and sank back among his pillows. "The plain truth is, Gray, that I've got to get rid of you. You're making an old man of me. I'm going to turn you over to somebody else."

"Yes, sir," said Gray, growing even paler.

"You will have a week's C. B. and K. P.," said the general. "Which sounds rather like the conferring of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, but is not. "And after that I'm going to send you to an officers' training school. And," added the general grimly, "if you don't behave yourself may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

So Sergeant Gray pared potatoes and did various menial duties for a week in the headquarters kitchen and sang as he worked, mostly about wanting a belt just like the belt that all the shavetails wore. He irritated the cook considerably. And now and then he encountered Tommy and saluted him according to the regulations and without any particular rancor. Because very soon now he, too, would be clattering about in a belt and spurs, and so on—and Tommy's single advantage would be gone.

Now and then Tommy addressed him rather sharply, and at those times Sergeant Gray bore himself with admirable humility and muttered: "*Ça ne fait rien*." He was unbelievably well behaved those days.

Then the time came to leave, and the general gave him a little talk on the responsibilities of being an officer and the spirit that lay behind service to his country and pretty nearly brought him to tears. After that he went away, and with him from the general's household went something of gayety and youth and irrepressible spirits. The division drilled and waited, and outside his military family the general was his rigid and soldierly self. He made rounds on horseback, accompanied generally by Tommy, and discovered a number of things he wasn't meant to see; and then rode back to divisional headquarters and searched his dispatches for the orders to move forward. But none came and the Germans were breaking.

In his secret heart Tommy was a bit relieved. He was willing enough to fight, but after all the end of the war would have its advantages. On the long rides through the French lanes he took again to visualizing the little house somewhere and Peggy in it and golf for two on Saturday afternoons. After all, if the Germans gave up it would be not only because of the army in the field but of those—like themselves—who waited behind the lines. He offered that to the general one day and the general was unappreciative.

"Don't talk like a jackass, Tommy," was what he said.

So through all the early fall the Germans slowly retreated; and the division waited, growing more and more down-spirited; and the girl in a seaport French town poured innumerable cups of coffee and cut innumerable sandwiches; and Candidate Gray worked for his commission. He worked doggedly night and day. He sat up at night studying and dragged his tired young body out of bed at reveille and shaved and made his bed and ate his breakfast hurriedly, and was all that a candidate should be.

Now and then he got a very brief letter from Peggy. It would detail her work carefully, but it would say very little about herself, and after a time he grew jealous of her work. She seemed to be obsessed with it, and the slow and painful fact dawned on him that she loved the whole Army.

"She doesn't give a hang for me," he said to himself more than once. "She was nice to me because of the uniform and what it meant. And she's being just as nice to about six hundred a day right now."

The sad part of it was that he was nearly right. The girl had just discovered service and was enamored of it. She went back at night to her dreary room in a cold French house, and heated water and soaked her tired feet in it and then crawled into bed to keep warm. But at daylight she was up again, putting on all the extra clothing she had and drinking a cup of execrable coffee sweetened with saccharin before starting on her tramp through the incessant rain to the canteen.

She was too busy to think about Gray or Tommy in the daytime and too tired at night. She began to feel old and matronly and rather like a mother to all the world. And when the hospital trains arrived all the love in her went out to the cheerful boys who were so grateful to her for what she sometimes felt was so pitifully little.

So her letters grew detached and impersonal, and Candidate Gray, studying them carefully, found no hope in them and set his teeth doggedly. If only the Germans didn't break entirely! If only he'd get his chance!

Then the Germans broke.

It was too cruel! Too incredible! The thing was over and he had had no part in it. The division had had no part in it. The day of the armistice, that brought so much joy with it, brought to about two million men a sickening sense of futility; of lost opportunity and wasted effort.

Candidate Gray sat in his barracks and gloomed. After all the commission had been only a means to an end. He wanted to fight. If he had had a boyish feeling that he wanted to lead instead of being led—well, he was very young. And he wanted terribly to prove that he was a man.

After a time, however, he brightened up. The fellows in the trenches would have a rest, anyhow. Of course he felt that the armistice was a blunder. The Hun ought to have been licked to a finish. But at least the war

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"Every Morn I Bring Thee Violets," He Said in English. And Then in French: "I, Too, am Laying a Tribute at Mademoiselle's Feet"

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

AFTER having spent most agreeably about a month in Washington, having been initiated at the old Metropolitan Club into the mysteries of the seductive but slightly uncertain game of poker, and lastly, at a Christmas Eve party at Sir Edward and Lady Thornton's, having witnessed a performance of the Spanish dance known as *cachucha* by my old lamented friend and colleague, Victor Drummond, then First Secretary of the British Legation, as well as a remarkable stunt executed by the German Minister, the very learned Doctor von Schlözer, which consisted of his turning his white waistcoat inside out without taking off his dress coat—I very reluctantly bade good-by to all my newly made friends in America and embarked once more on the waves of my beloved Atlantic Ocean, which I am happy to say I have crossed thirty-seven times, the last crossing that brought me here having rendered me happier than all previous ones.

I arrived in St. Petersburg in the very height of the season, and was naturally drawn into the vortex of all the gayeties in which the great world, unconscious of the subterranean rumblings of discontent and unrest, indulged as freely as ever, and which I enjoyed up to the hilt, being then young, free of care and happy in the possession of the laurels which are usually bestowed upon young diplomats when, having been left to their own devices as temporary chiefs of missions, they have accidentally failed to embroil their country in serious complications and to put themselves, as well as their government, into some undesirable hole. Soon, however, an event of ominous import was to turn my thoughts away from the gayeties of the season and direct them toward the most serious condition of affairs created by the government's domestic policy.

The Drive at Tsarskoe Selo

It so happened that one evening, either in January or in February, 1880—I am unable to fix the date, as on the day of my flight from Bolshevist Russia I had to leave behind all my earthly possessions, including my papers and notes of every description—in the drawing-room of a lady, a near relative of my chief, whose house in those days used to be the habitual resort of some of the leading members of our government and of the knowing ones among the foreign ambassadors, such as Lord Dufferin and the Chevalier Nigra, I was engaged in a game of whist with the hostess, the Italian Ambassador and one of our ministers of state, when we were startled by a distant report, as of a discharge of a piece of heavy ordnance. A servant was sent immediately to find out what had happened, and he soon returned with the news that, according to the statement of the policeman on duty near the house, which was not very far from the Winter Palace, an explosion had taken place in the palace and that a number of soldiers on guard had been killed, but that the members of the imperial family were all safe.

Later in the evening our party was joined by Count Loris-Melikoff, a general of Armenian origin, who had commanded our victorious troops in the late campaign in Asia Minor, and Count Adlerberg, the minister of the imperial household and an intimate friend and great favorite of the Emperor, who both had just come from the palace. They related the story as follows:

The imperial family were expecting the arrival, in time for the seven o'clock dinner, of the Empress' brother, Prince Alexander of Hesse, but the prince's special train having been delayed at some way station the dinner hour had been changed from seven to eight o'clock. This circumstance was evidently unknown to the conspirators, who had prepared a formidable mine in the cellar directly underneath the guard room, where some twenty or thirty soldiers of the Palace Guard, free from sentry duty, were resting. This room, in its turn, was situated directly under the imperial family's private dining room. It had evidently been the intention of the conspirators to explode the mine at the time when the imperial family would be at dinner in the dining room.

Thanks to the fortunate circumstance of the prince's delayed arrival no one was present in the dining room at the time when the explosion took place, and the only damage done was suffered by the parquet floor and the dinner table. But in the guard room underneath the dining room the greater number of the soldiers who happened to be present were killed outright and the rest severely wounded.

The consternation among the statesmen present in my friend's drawing-room was very great and led to an exchange of views between them as to what had best be done in order to save or at least improve the situation. The prevailing view seemed to be that the great defect of the government's domestic policy consisted in the absence of the necessary unity of action between the different branches of the administration, and that therefore it was primarily necessary to devise some means of securing such unity of purpose and action. They talked very freely and unreservedly, and as an accidental listener to their conversation I was struck by the shallowness of the view they seemed to take of the deeper causes of the discontent and unrest, one of the alarming symptoms of which they had just had an occasion to observe. Whether the plan they had vaguely outlined underwent any further discussion in the council called by the Emperor, and what considerations influenced His Majesty's ultimate decision, I do not know.

As a matter of fact, two or three days later Count Loris-Melikoff was, by imperial decree, appointed Supreme Chief of the Executive, with the subordination to him of all ministers and heads of departments of the government. By this delegation to him of part of the Emperor's sovereign power a kind of dictatorship was established, which, Count Loris-Melikoff took pains to explain in his public utterances, was to be "a dictatorship of the heart."

Whether this distinguished general possessed all the qualifications needed that would go to the making of a great statesman capable of dealing with a momentous crisis in a nation's history is a question I shall not undertake to decide. But he was unquestionably a most loyal patriot, a thoroughly well-meaning man, of fairly liberal views, and he

The Royal Bath at Tsarskoe Selo

evidently realized fully that the reactionary policy adopted by the Emperor was a most illogical sequel to the great reforms—the liberation of the serfs, the establishment of the institutions of local provincial and municipal self-government, and the reform of the judiciary which constituted the undying glory of his reign reforms which could not possibly be pursued any further without endangering the safety of the dynasty and of the state.

Though he displayed great energy in the suppression of disorders that had occurred in different parts of the country in connection with an epidemic of the Asiatic pest, he did not cling to his functions of dictator any longer than he thought was absolutely necessary in order to restore confidence in the unshaken power of the government. Before the year was out he obtained the Emperor's consent to his renunciation of these functions and his appointment simply as Minister of the Interior. At the same time he undertook, with the strong support of some of the most liberal statesmen of those days, to devise a plan for the reform of the Council of the Empire—that is to say, the legislative branch of the government—by the adjunction to its membership of a certain number of elected representatives of the nobility, of the provincial institutions of local self-government and of the municipalities of the larger towns, as well as of commerce and industry and institutions of learning.

The plan worked out by Count Loris-Melikoff and his associates was destined never to see the light of day, and I am therefore unable to speak of its details with any degree of certainty. I only know, as this was a matter of public notoriety, that the fundamental idea of the projected reform contemplated the converting of the purely bureaucratic Council of the Empire into a more or less representative consultative assembly; in short, the creation of a stepping stone to further developments in the direction of the gradual introduction of a moderate constitutional régime. As I look back now on the history of my time and of my own country, from the point of view of a long, varied and matured experience in studying political conditions in a number of widely different countries, I feel convinced that had this plan been adopted and carried through with unwavering firmness the destiny of the Russian people would have been a different one. But it was not to be. The inscrutable design of providence had decreed the failure of this attempt at directing the course of the nation's history into a safer channel.

It is a well-established fact that the Emperor, after some hesitation, had fully approved the plan of reform submitted to him by his minister, had caused its main features to be embodied in a manifesto to his people, and had signed that manifesto in March, 1881, just before he left the palace for his last drive, from which he was to be brought back a bleeding mass of quivering inanimate flesh. And when the last flickering flame of life had left the martyred body of him who had been the liberator of tens of millions of his people, with it was extinguished, perchance forever, the hope of a peaceful development of the destinies of the Russian nation. And this awful, unspeakable crime against the people of Russia was committed in the sacred name of Liberty by one of her unfortunate, deluded sons, one of those sinister maniacs in whose unbalanced minds dwells the insane notion that they are called upon to secure the felicity of their people or even of mankind by the murder of some human being whom they conceive to be an obstacle to the realization of their dreams.

Dowager Empress Marie, Mother of Czar Nicholas

The Summer Residence of the Russian Emperors at Tsarskoe Selo

It is not my intention, nor am I qualified, to undertake in these pages a profound and exhaustive study of the sociological, historical and psychological causes to which was due the existence of a political party whose aim professedly was the ultimate good of the Russian people, but which in the pursuit of this aim could consider it necessary to destroy the life of the very sovereign who, by the great and fundamental reforms undertaken and carried through by him, had proved conclusively his deep solicitude for and devotion to the cause of the progress and advancement of the nation. Still there is one fact, standing out in bold relief, which cannot but strike even the most superficial observer of the conditions of Russian life. That fact is the existence of a seemingly impassable gulf of noncomprehension which separates the still very backward bulk of the nation—that is to say, the peasantry, the mainstay of her power and prosperity—from the extremely thin layer of high-grade civilization represented by the educated classes, or what is called the "intelligentzia," which includes the enlightened statesmen who worked out the great reforms determined upon by the Emperor, as well as the deluded fanatics who destroyed the life of their originator.

The existence of this mutual noncomprehension between the people and the intelligentzia seems to account for the fact that both the extreme wings of the latter, though honestly striving for what they consider to be for the good of the nation, find themselves frequently out of touch with the masses of the people, and for the further fact that when the Socialist parties endeavored to secure the support of the masses by appealing to their lowest instincts the result was merely the destruction of the whole social fabric without any lasting benefit to anyone, and the turning of these very masses against their would-be benefactors, as demonstrated by the events of the recent revolution.

It was the everlasting deadly feud between the two extreme wings of the intelligentzia, the bureaucracy on one side and the Revolutionary Socialistic Party on the other, the beginning of which must be traced back to the second half of the reign of Alexander II, that presumably caused the Emperor to put a brake on the reforming activity of the beginning of his reign, with the fatal result that he paid with his life and Russia with the arrest of her peaceful progress and development. His having yielded, against his better judgment, to the pressure of the moderate part of the intelligentzia, adepts of the "great Slav idea," and having engaged in the war for the liberation of Bulgaria, perhaps in the hope of rallying the elements of discontent to the support of his government as having adopted a supposedly truly national policy—did not only not have the hoped-for effect, but the disillusion bred by the final result of the war created an atmosphere which the revolutionary parties thought to be favorable to the realization of their nefarious plans, and it therefore merely hastened the approach of the crisis to which he was to fall a victim.

Having dwelt so long on the tragic end of the Emperor Alexander II's reign I have forestalled the course of events, and I must now take up again the thread of my narrative.

Already long before my return to St. Petersburg the relations between Russia and China had become somewhat strained on account of the demand for the restitution to China of Kuldja having been pressed by the Chinese Government. This demand rose from the following circumstances: In the year 1864 an insurrection had broken out in that region and kept it in a condition of chronic disorder, with which the Chinese Government did not seem to be able to cope successfully. These continuous disorders affecting injuriously the neighboring part of Russian Turkestan, our government had caused Kuldja to be occupied by Russian troops in the year 1871, at the same time promising to return the occupied territory to China as soon as order had been reëstablished. Since then almost ten years had elapsed and the Chinese Government considered that the time had come for demanding the evacuation of the occupied territory by the Russian troops and its restoration to China.

Though the Chinese claim was not disputed by our government in principle some difficulty had risen in regard to the conditions under which the restitution of the occupied territory should take place. What these conditions were I do not at present remember. This, however, is of no importance, as the disputed question was in the following year settled peaceably to the satisfaction of both parties concerned. But at the time of which I am writing now—that is to say, in the spring of 1880—the strain on the relations between the two governments had nearly reached the breaking point and it was deemed necessary to make all due preparations for a possible armed conflict with China. With this end in view it was, among other things, decided to dispatch to the Far East a fresh squadron to reënforce the few war vessels habitually stationed in those waters.

Czar Alexander III

I must confess that the wisdom of this particular way of preparing for a war with a neighboring Power with which we had a common frontier of about three thousand miles on land appeared to me rather

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DUDS

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

XII

PHINEAS and Miss Melton landed on the bank of a creek in the outskirts of a town, fastened the painter to a stake, rigged the tarpaulin tent and made their way to the railroad station. A New York train arriving presently they got aboard, reaching the city about half an hour later. Here they parted, Phineas going directly to his hotel.

Patricia was going to Washington for a day or two and Phineas had promised her not to breathe a word to anybody about their discovery and achievement, not even to Rosenthal. This he felt to be only fair as it had been the result of the girl's close work and she had financed it, while he was sufficiently paid for his assistance by getting information that otherwise he might never have obtained. But he considered his suspicions of Durand Brothers to be his own affair and decided to tell Karakoff as much about them as he had himself discovered, withholding what he had learned from Patricia. The dealer was the person who had engaged his services and under whose orders he was working. Phineas wished him to know that he had not been idle, and he thought also that Karakoff might be able to give him some assistance.

He therefore called up Karakoff on the telephone to say that he would like to see him, and was asked to dine at the dealer's apartment that night. He then changed into an old blue-serge yachting suit, which was rather stained and wrinkled from being a long time packed away, removed the yacht-club insignia from his visored cap, and looking, thus dressed and with his tanned face and hands, the perfect type of a ship's junior officer, went round to the rooming house next door to Durand Brothers.

The landlord proved to be a slovenly man with a bleary eye and an alcoholic aura.

"Sure," said he in answer to Phineas' inquiry, "I can give ye a nice front room on the top floor fer a dollar a day. Seafarin' man?"

"Yes. I'm lookin' round for a billet."

"Uh-huh. Had the flu?"

"No. Got it in the house?"

"Say, I've had the house full of it, and I don't want no more. I 'bout made up my mind not to take no more lodgers that ain't immuned. There's nobody had it in the room I can give you, but there's a young feller down with it in the room just below. He's goin' to the hospital to-morrow mornin' and then I'll disinfect everything with them formalin candles. I guess you don't run no more risk here than you would anywhere else. Besides, everybody that's apt to catch it has had it by this time. B'lieve me, mate, it's kep' me busy here!"

"As long as you disinfect thoroughly there ought not to be much danger," said Phineas. "Anyhow, I must be immuned, as a couple of weeks ago I was spending two or three hours a day with a friend that had a bad case, and it never touched me."

"Oh, you're all right then. It passed me up too. I was careful not to sit in no drafts and always kep' a little liquor circulatin' in my system. They can say what they like but whisky's a preventive, all right. Look how it kills off these here young women and fellers that never touch nothin'. When do you count on movin' in?"

"To-morrow morning."

"All right. Come right up and I'll show you your billet."

He led the way somewhat unsteadily up the dingy stairs to the top story. Stopping in front of a door in the rear of the house he unlocked it and motioned to a large dark closet about eight by ten feet in dimensions with a scuttle by which one had access to the roof. The ladder was lying against the wall with bedding hung over it.

"Here's where I fumigate. Them things has all been cooked. It's cost me a bunch o' kale in candles, but that's better'n havin' a sick lodger on my hands."

The front room was the full width of the house and as clean as might have been expected. Phineas engaged it therewith and paid a week's advance. It occurred to him that it might be worth while to cultivate acquaintance with his bibulous landlord a little later. Possibly over a friendly glass in the corner saloon some information might be obtained as to the business and personnel of Durand Brothers.

XIII

KARAKOFF welcomed Phineas that night in his usual gracious manner, and Olga infused her own greetings with a certain hidden warmth which may or may not have escaped the notice of her father. There was a clinging pressure in the clasp of her hand, that hard intense expression only to be seen in the eyes of a woman who is infatuated before she loves; and her fingers were cold.

Phineas though far from vain could not help recognizing the symptoms, and they disturbed him inwardly. He had no wish to become the object of an inconvenient passion, and something told him that whatever of this sort might develop in Olga's system was apt to prove rather more than inconvenient. The potentialities held by Patricia for this sort of excitement were quite enough, and Olga's bore such a relation to these as steam to electricity. As a choice Phineas preferred electrocution to being blown up. It was silent, painless and attended by no mutilation.

The simple dinner was delicious, as always at Karakoff's, and during its course no mention was made of their affair. They went afterward into the salon and rather to Phineas' vexation, for he had hoped to get rid of Olga, Karakoff said:

"Well, captain, surely you haven't got anything by the tail already? Don't mind my daughter. She's one of us. In fact, I suspect her of working on her own hook."

"In that case I'd better get good and busy," Phineas answered, smiling. "Do you know anything about Durand Brothers, importers of antiques, Mr. Karakoff?"

The dealer had just raised his demi-tasse, which was brimming full. A drop or two of the coffee spilled on his shirt front. He set down the cup with a look of annoyance.

"You shouldn't put a meniscus on the rim of our cups, Olga. See what a mess I've made. That's what comes of priding oneself on a steady hand. Why, yes, I know the house you speak of, captain. It's quite an old one and supplies principally the smaller dealers, though on several occasions I have picked up something there for my own shop."

"Do you know anything about the Durand brothers themselves?"

"Not much. They are American born, I believe, though of French parentage. As you probably know, the name itself is like Smith or Jones here in America. It seems to me that I've heard some gossip about the brothers' having quarreled and their relations being purely commercial; in fact, I doubt if they still do business together, as the one here in New York, Herbert Durand, spends about half his time abroad. The other brother—Paul, I think his name is—has a shop in Paris."

"They might stand a little looking into," said Phineas. "Their window is chock-a-block with old and valuable French clocks and watches and the sort of stuff you see in the vitrines of wealthy French families."

Karakoff lighted a cigarette.

"Of course a good many such folk are pretty hard up just now, and might be raising a little cash on nonessential junk."

"Quite so," Phineas admitted. "But I've found a little French clock just like a lot of those in Durand Brothers' window; and it's got bloodstains on it."

Karakoff inhaled a lungful of smoke and let it eddy slowly from his mouth and nostrils.

"Where did you find that?"

"In my room. I have taken a room on the top story front of the lodging house next door to Durands'."

Karakoff raised his black eyebrows and smiled. "Indeed? That can't be very luxurious. The Durands would be about the last people I would suspect in this connection. But a clock with bloodstains is certainly significant. What sort of a clock is it?"

Phineas described the timepiece minutely In spite of Karakoff's casual manner the glow in his fine eyes showed that he was intensely interested.

Phineas Looked Up From the Show Case, to See a Dapper Well-Groomed Man, Whose Square Muscular Figure Was Disguised by a Suit of Ultra-Parisian Fashion

"It's not much to go on," said he, "but still it is a clew of sorts. You intend to sleuth Durand a little?"

"Yes, sir. If I discover anything that seems to warrant it I may run across and overhaul his brother too." He proceeded to explain his plan of securing a billet as a junior ship's officer. "My family have been clients of the French Line for years and years," said he, "and I know the agents very well. They might be willing to help me. Of course I don't need to tell them my actual object. Meanwhile I shall try to find out what I can about Herbert Durand."

He glanced at Olga. Her light gray eyes were fixed upon him with a singular intensity, and her face was quite pale.

"Well," said Karakoff after a moment's thought, "you've got to have something to start on, and it might as well be in this way as any other. Your plan is by no means a bad one. To tell the truth I've been wondering if you would manage to get any start at all. Go ahead then, by all means, and if I can learn anything in an indirect way I'll let you know. What is your address?"

Phineas jotted it down on a scrap of paper and handed it to Karakoff. At that minute a telephone bell tinkled faintly and a moment later the butler came to say that Mr. Karakoff was being called.

When her father had excused himself and gone out Olga leaned forward toward Phineas.

"I'm sorry now that I got you into this, my dear," said she.

"Why?" Phineas asked, not much startled at her form of address.

"It's going to be a lot more dangerous than I had thought. If anything happened to you I'd be broken-hearted."

"No more dangerous than the Front, and I was broken-hearted myself at not getting there."

"That's different. Something that a man like you couldn't bear to miss. It had to be done. Oh, I do wish you would give it up, and—and do—something else."

Karakoff returned at this moment, an expression of annoyance on his handsome face.

"I say, captain, will you excuse me if I run out and leave you with Olga? Just had a phone to say that I'm wanted at a business meeting of a concern I'm interested in. Something came up to-day that has to be discussed immediately. Beastly bore."

"Of course. Go by all means, sir," Phineas answered with a sinking heart.

He felt that he would prefer to have a wild-animal trainer take him in to see his performing tigress, then excuse himself and leave him in the cage. He had faced one such feral creature the night before and was in no hurry to repeat the act. But there seemed to be no help for it.

Karakoff said good night and went out. Phineas drew a deep breath and braced himself for what might follow.

In all honesty the simile of the tigress could not be applied to Olga. There was nothing stealthy about her offensive. It came as a direct and vigorous frontal attack unpreceded by any gas, though two streams of liquid fire poured from the light gray eyes, which were in such startling contrast to her dark hair and eyebrows.

In justice to the girl it should be stated that she sprang from an untempered stock, pure Finnish, though with a wide difference of social caste between her parents. Karakoff was indeed a noble, exiled from his country many years before. His wife had been of peasant origin, a dancer more distinguished for her beauty than her talent and—until Karakoff had married her—conventional behavior. He had found her in a Montmartre cabaret, married her with the impetuosity of his race, shortly after which they had gone to America, where Olga had been born.

The girl's mother had died of pneumonia before the child was old enough to be colored by her temperamental personality, but she had inherited it, combined with a good deal of her father's power of self-restraint. Karakoff had saved some remnants of a considerable fortune and become an independent jewel broker of mysterious transactions which had taken him all over the world. Olga had always accompanied him, and thus her education had been fragmentary in its academic features and practically negative in its social, this latter picked up from chance acquaintances in hotels, aboard ships, in musical and other courses.

Thus talented, beautiful from babyhood and supposedly rich, she had been pampered and petted and variously entertained until her social perspective was merely a blur. Karakoff did not appear to notice it; or if he had he did not particularly care. He had renounced his caste, thrown in his life with merchants and dealers of more or less repute, concentrated on acquiring a big fortune, enjoyed the exercise of his finished knowledge of jewels and art objects, which he turned to its full commercial value, lived the life of a Sybarite, but never for a moment lost sight of his ambition to acquire really great wealth. He desired this a good deal as the Oriental desires it, not for ostentatious display but in order to surround himself with an atmosphere of luxury and beauty which none but his intimates might ever see.

And he was working toward this end on a large and dangerous scale of speculation.

It is doubtful if in all her life Olga had ever really wanted anything in vain, but then she was still very young and had never been actually in love. Men had begun to pay her attention so early in her life that she had come to take it as a matter of course. She had been sentimentally inoculated at such frequent intervals that she was no longer susceptible. What she felt for Phineas was not sentiment. Neither was it love. It was a sudden and violent infatuation started by his prompt response to her appeal for protection and swiftly intensified by his cheerful thoroughbred personality.

Phineas had entirely a wrong idea about Olga. He thought that because she was so traveled and sophisticated she must be an experienced and dangerous coquette. As a matter of fact the utter lack of any instruction in personal conduct and behavior had left her in the position of one whose manners have never been taught but are merely copied. They were not ingrained. She might play the grand lady for a few moments, then forget and become in a twinkling the savage or the child. She was, in fact, scarcely more than a temperamental child, and she regarded Phineas as the finished product of worldly experience. She was herself less worldly than any girl of his own set.

Finding herself now alone with this young man of her choice Olga lost her head. She did not know how to flirt. She was about as capable of flirting with Phineas as a keg of gunpowder is of flirting with a lighted match. Leaning even farther forward she laid her hand upon the back of his as it rested on the arm of the chair.

"I got you into this thing, and now I shall not rest until I have got you out of it again."

"But I don't want to be got out, Miss Karakoff!"

"Don't call me Miss Karakoff. Call me Olga. And I want to call you Phœbe, as your friends do. Why shouldn't I? You haven't any better friend than I am."

"Do, by all means! But why are you so set on my chucking my job? Have you heard of some scheme to scrag me? Have you?"

"Of course not! If I had I should tell you so."

"Then it's all nonsense."

"It is not nonsense! I don't want you to do this sort of work. If it were for the Government—official service—it would be different. But being a private detective employed by a crowd of jewelers and having to live in dirty lodging houses and having to stand all night in dark area ways and sneak round after low-down smugglers is not a gentleman's job. You are too good for that sort of thing."

"Nobody else seems to see it that way. I don't, myself. There's nothing else I can do. I've hunted high and low for some sort of a position, and got turned down everywhere, even by my old friends."

"Then try your new ones—this one."

"My dear girl, don't be foolish. That's precisely what I'm doing. You got me this job and I'm working for your father and I want to make good. Besides, if I succeed I shall be rendering service to the country too."

"The Government wouldn't thank you. It would say that you had no business to butt in; that you were a meddler. Oh, Phœbe, dear, I don't want you to do it!"

"But I've got to do it. I've taken it on. I like it."

"Do you like me?"

"Of course I do."

"Are you"—she caught her breath and Phineas looked nervously at the rim of her corsage, then glanced away—"in love with any girl?"

Phineas made a fatal mistake. Had he answered "Yes" it would have left open to him a route for orderly retreat. But he was very tired and a little confused, so he answered the truth.

"No. Even if I were I'd put it out of my head. What license has a man in my position got to be in love?"

"You don't need any license to be in love. And there's nothing to be ashamed of about it. Oh, Phœbe dear, what's the use of beating about the bush? I love you, and you must know it."

"I know nothing of the sort. Neither do you. You are an impulsive girl and just because I happened along in time to save you from a nasty mess, as any other decent fellow would have done, you've gone and lost your head. Be sensible, Olga. Anyhow, what if you did, and I felt the same? That wouldn't get us anywhere."

"But it would, Phœbe! And why shouldn't you, dear?" She held out her arms appealingly. "Can't you care a little bit?"

He took her hands in his and drew them down firmly to the carved panther heads of his chair. She wrenched free her hands, sprang to her feet, and stood for a moment staring at him with eyes which had a sightless, stricken

(Continued on Page 123)

"If You are Not in Love With Anybody Else There is No Reason Why You Should Not Marry Me"

THE GIBSON UPRIGHT

By Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Act III

THE scene is the same as the first, the factory office—with a difference. It is now littered and disorderly. Files have been taken from the cases and left heaped upon the large table and upon chairs. Piles of mail are on the desk and upon the table. The safe stands open, showing papers in disorder and hanging from the compartments. Hanging upon the walls, variously, are suits of old overalls and men's coats and hats. The chairs are irregularly about the large table; a couple of old soft hats are on the water filter. The former posters have been replaced by two new ones. One shows a brawny workman with whiskers, paper cap and large sledge hammer leaning upon an upright piano. Rubric: "The Freedom and Fraternity Coöperative Upright. The Piano You Ought to Support." The other poster shows a workman with a banner upon which is printed: "No Capital! The Freedom and Fraternity Coöperative Upright. The Only Piano Produced by Toiling Labor Not Ground by Capital. BUY ONE TO HELP THE CAUSE!"

Nora is busily engaged at Gibson's desk. Her hat and jacket hang on the wall.

Carter enters, smoking a pipe; he wears overalls and jumper. He carries a heavy roll of typewritten sheets. Tosses this upon the table, glances at Nora, who does not notice him, divests himself of overalls and jumper, and puts on the black frock coat which he wore in Act II. He looks at his watch and at the clock on the wall.

CARTER [straightening out his coat]: I thought it might look better to get on my Sunday clothes for the meetin', Miss Gorodna. Being as I'm chairman it might look more dignified; kind o' help give a kind of authority, maybe.

NORA [absently, not looking up]: Yes.

CARTER [looking at his watch and at the clock again]: It ought to be wound up for meetin's.

[He steps upon a chair; moves the hands of clock.] There, dog-gone it, the key's lost! I believe Mrs. Simpson took that key for their own clock.

[He goes to the table; sits, unrolls the typewritten sheets, puts on his spectacles, and studies the sheets in a kind of misery, roughing his hair badly and making sounds of moaning.] Miss Gorodna, can you make this figure out here for me? Does that mean profits or what?

NORA: Oh, no; that's only an amount carried over.

CARTER: They's so many little puzzlin' things in this bookkeeper's report. I don't believe he understands it himself. I don't see how he expects me to read that to the meetin'. Some parts I can't make head nor tail of. Others it looks like he's got the words jest changed round.

NORA: Oh, we'll work it all out at the meeting, Mr. Carter!

CARTER: My, we got a lot to work out at this meetin'.

NORA: We'll do it, comrade!

CARTER [cheering up]: Sure! Sure we will! It's wonderful what a meetin' does; I'm always forgettin' all we got to do is vote and then the trouble's over.

[Instantly upon this a loud squabbling and women's voices are heard outside, in the factory.]

NORA [troubled]: I was afraid this would happen. Of course after Mrs. Simpson came other wives were bound to.

CARTER [uneasily moving toward the door to the street]: Well, I guess I better ——

[The door into the factory is flung open by Mrs. Simpson, in a state of fury. Another woman's voice is heard for a moment, shouting: "Old cat! Old she-cat! Wants to be a tomcat!"]

MRS. SIMPSON: See here, Carter, if you still pretend to be chairman you come out here and keep order!

CARTER: Now, Mrs. Simpson, you better go on home!

MRS. SIMPSON [raging]: Me! My place is right here, but I'm not going to stand this Commiskey woman's insults. She come down here this morning with her husband and started right in to run this factory. My heavens! Ain't she got five children at home? As long as you still pretend to be chairman I demand you come out and tell this woman to go on about her busines.

SHREWISH VOICE: It is my business!

MRS. SIMPSON: I'll show you! I was here first; everything was going all right. Carter, are you going to come out here and do your duty like I said?

CARTER [attempting sternness and failing]: You shut that door! I got to get this report in order before the meetin'. I'm not comin'.

MRS. SIMPSON: Then I won't be responsible for what happens! She ain't the only one. Mrs. Shomberg is out here messin' things up too. If you won't do your duty there'll be direct action took here! [She goes out violently.]

CARTER: That's got to come up in meetin'. It certainly has. These here wives! For example, my wife's an awful quiet woman, but you s'pose she's goin' to stand it when she hears about all these others? I'd like to keep her at home.

NORA: I just wonder ——

CARTER: What was you wondering, Miss Gorodna?

NORA: Well, if that's something the meeting can settle.

CARTER [doggedly]: Well, it's got to vote on it.

NORA: We did vote on Mrs. Simpson last meeting.

CARTER: Well, we got to vote on her and all the rest of 'em this time.

NORA: It didn't seem to settle Mrs. Simpson, did it?

CARTER: Well, it hadn't got so bad then. Now it's got to be settled! We got to git everything fixed up now.

[A frightful dispute is heard in numerous male voices; some speaking Italian, some Yiddish and some broken English. This grows louder as Frankel rushes in, throwing the door shut behind him and leaning against it, wiping his forehead.]

FRANKEL: Life ain't worth livin'! Life ain't worth livin'!

CARTER: Serves you right, Frankel!

[At the filter Frankel pours water from the glass upon a dirty handkerchief and passes the handkerchief over his forehead.]

FRANKEL: I got to git some peace! I got to collect myself.

CARTER: That shows you ain't got no rights like you claimed. You can't control your labor element.

FRANKEL [bitterly]: I'll control 'em all right! I'll show 'em who's their master!

[A man's head with shaggy hair and ragged whiskers is thrust in at the factory door. This is Polenski.]

POLENSKI [ferociously]: Are you goin' to come out here like a man?

FRANKEL: You bet I'm comin' out there, Polenski! I'll show you who's the man here! You Hunnyacks try to browbeat me!

[As he goes out, babbling fiercely, the howls of a Roman mob are heard greeting him.]

CARTER: I don't feel no sympathy with him.

NORA: No; I should think not!

[A more distant outbreak of the mob is heard, brief but fierce, and just a moment before it ceases Mifflin enters, beaming. He is dressed as usual, with his umbrella, and the same old magazines and newspaper under his arm.]

MIFFLIN: Everything is lovely! How do you do, Miss Gorodna! Carter, old fellow! It's a great morning, a great morning! Mr. Gibson drove me down in his car. It's wonderful to feel the inspiration it's going to be for an ex-capitalist to see this place and its harmony. My phrase for it is "harmonized industry." It will mark an epoch for him.

[Gibson comes in. Mifflin greets him.]

MIFFLIN: Ah, Mr. Gibson! You'll see a difference! You'll see a difference!

GIBSON: Yes, I do. Good morning, Miss Gorodna!

NORA [just barely looking round]: Good morning, Mr. Gibson.

"Capitalists, Parasites, Bloodsuckers, Bourgeoisie! Do You Think We Expect Any Justice Out of You?"

MIFFLIN: I was just saying what an inspiration it's going to be for you to see what we're doing down here. [Pats Carter's shoulder.] These noble fellows are teaching us intellectuals a lesson. I keep going among them; what they're doing here keeps flowing into me. You'll get it, Mr. Gibson. You'll get it too!

[Beamingly he goes out into the factory.]

CARTER [cordially]: Take a chair, Mr. Gibson. Make yourself right at home!

GIBSON: Thanks!

[He makes a grave tour of inspection of the place, his expression noncommittal; goes about casually without making a point of it; he writes his initials in the dust on a filing case. He turns and looks at Nora thoughtfully; she has not seemed to notice him.]

Do you think I will, Miss Gorodna?

NORA [not looking up]: Do I think you will what?

GIBSON: That I'll get what Mifflin meant? That it will be an inspiration to me to see this meeting?

NORA: I don't know what will be an inspiration to you.

GIBSON: I know one thing that is—a brave woman!

[The only sign she gives is that her head bends over her work just a little more.]

Carter, do you think this meeting is going to be an inspiration to me?

CARTER: Well, Mr. Gibson, since the time you give up our rights to us, as Mr. Mifflin says, we're an inspiration to the whole world. All the time! Yes, sir; and we *would* be, too, if we could jest git these dog-goned inequalities straightened out. We got this Frankel trouble on our hands, and them wives, and one thing and another, though they ain't botherin' me so much as my own rights. But they're goin' to git brought up in the meetin'. You'll see!

GIBSON: Is the safe usually kept open?

CARTER [heartily]: Why, yes, sir; open to each and all alike.

GIBSON: Oh, yes, of course! Seems to be some business mail left over here.

CARTER: Oh, yes. But you'll find every one of 'em's been opened; we never miss opening a letter. You see they's checks in some of 'em.

GIBSON: I see. Then everything is running right along, is it, Carter?

CARTER: Oh, sure! Right along, right along!

[The uproar breaks out again. Frankel bursts in, wiping his forehead as before. He hurries to the water filter for more water.]

FRANKEL: By golly! The bloodsuckers! They want my life! They don't get it! Hello, Mr. Gibson! Well, I am pleased to see you! Say, Mr. Gibson, lemme say something to you. Look here a minute. [He draws Gibson aside.]

GIBSON: What is it, Frankel?

FRANKEL [hastily, in a low voice]: Mr. Gibson, keep it under your hat, but I got a pretty good interest in this factory right now. What date I'm goin' to own it I won't say. But what I want to put up to you: How much would you ask me to manage it for me?

GIBSON: What?

FRANKEL: I wouldn't be no piker; when it comes to your salary you could pretty near set it yourself.

GIBSON: I'm afraid I've already had an offer that would keep me from accepting, Frankel.

FRANKEL: When the time comes I'll git a manager somewhere; no place like this can't run itself; I seen that much.

GIBSON: Even if I didn't have an offer, Frankel, I doubt if I'd accept yours. You know I used to have some little trouble here.

FRANKEL: You got my sympathy now! I got troubles myself here.

[Hastily drinks another glass of water.]

Well, where's that meeting? They're late, ain't they?

CARTER: If they are it's your fault. Them wops of yours won't hardly let a body git by out yonder.

[Salvatore and Shomberg come in from the factory, Salvatore pausing in the doorway to shout in the direction of an audible disturbance in the distance.]

SALVATORE: Oh, shut up; you'll get your pay!

[Following Salvatore come Simpson and his wife and Riley. They all speak rather casually but not uncordially to Gibson. Mifflin is with them, his hand on Simpson's shoulder. The outbreak outside subsides in favor of a speech of extreme violence in a foreign language. Italian, Yiddish or whatever it is, it seems most passionate, and by a good orator. It continues to be heard as the members of the committee take their seats at the big table. Mifflin beams and nods at Gibson; and takes his seat with the committee.]

SHOMBERG [hotly, to Mrs. Simpson]: Here, you ain't a member of this committee! Git her chair away from her there, Salvatore! She's got no rights here!

MRS. SIMPSON: Oh, I haven't?

SHOMBERG: Already twice this morning I got hell from my own wife the way this woman treats her, tryin' to chase her out the factory. You think you're on this committee?

MRS. SIMPSON [taking a chair triumphantly]: My husband is. I was here last time, and I'm goin' to keep on.

CARTER [referring to the speech in the factory]: My goodness! We can't do no work.

RILEY: Frankel, that's your business to shut 'em up.

FRANKEL: Talkin' ain't doin' no harm. Let 'em talk.

RILEY: Yes, I will!

[Goes to the door, and roars]:

Cut that out! I mean *business!*

[Shuts the door and returns angrily to his seat.]

CARTER [rapping on the table with a ruler]: The meeting will now come to order! Minutes of the last meeting will now be read by the secretary.

MIFFLIN [to Gibson, beaming]: You see?

NORA [rising, minute book in hand]: The meeting was called to order by Chairman Carter, Monday, the ——

SALVATORE: Aw, say!

FRANKEL: I object!

SIMPSON: What's the use readin' all that? It's only about what we done at the last meeting.

SALVATORE: We know that ourselves, don't we?

SHOMBERG: What'd be the use? What'd be the use?

RILEY: All we done was divide up the money.

SALVATORE: Cut it out, cut it out! Let's get to that!

CARTER: All right, then. I move ——

MRS. SIMPSON shrilly]: You can't move. The chairman can't move. If you want to move you better resign!

CARTER: Well, then, somebody ought to move ——

MRS. SIMPSON: Cut out the moving. She don't *haf* to read 'em, does she?

CARTER: All right, then. Don't read 'em, Miss Gorodna.

SALVATORE: Well, git some kind of a move on.

CARTER: I was thinkin'

NORA [prompting]: The next order ——

CARTER: What?

NORA: The next order of business ——

CARTER: Oh, yes! The next order of business ——

NORA: Is reports of committees.

CARTER [in a loud confident voice]: The next order of business is reports of committees.

[Takes up some papers and goes on promptly.]

The first committee I will report on is my committee. I will state it is very difficult reading, because consisting of figures written by the bookkeeper, and pretty hard to make head or tail of, but ——

MRS. SIMPSON: Oh, here, say! We got important things to come up here! 'Fore we know how much we're goin' to divide amongst us we got to settle once for all and for the last time how it's goin' to be divided and how much each family gets.

SALVATORE: Family?

CARTER and SHOMBERG [together]. Yes—family!

RILEY: You bet—family!

CARTER: Yes, sir!

SIMPSON: You bet we'll settle how it's goin' to be divided!

SALVATORE: Why, even, of course; just like it has been. Ain't that the principle we struggled for all these years, comrades?

MRS. SIMPSON: Well, it's not goin' to be divided even no longer.

SALVATORE [violently]: Yes, it is!

SIMPSON and CARTER [hotly]: It is not!

SALVATORE: You bet your life it is!

SHOMBERG: I'd sooner wring your neck, you sporty Dago!

SALVATORE: Now look here, comrade ——

SHOMBERG: Comrade! Who you callin' comrade? Don't you comrade me!

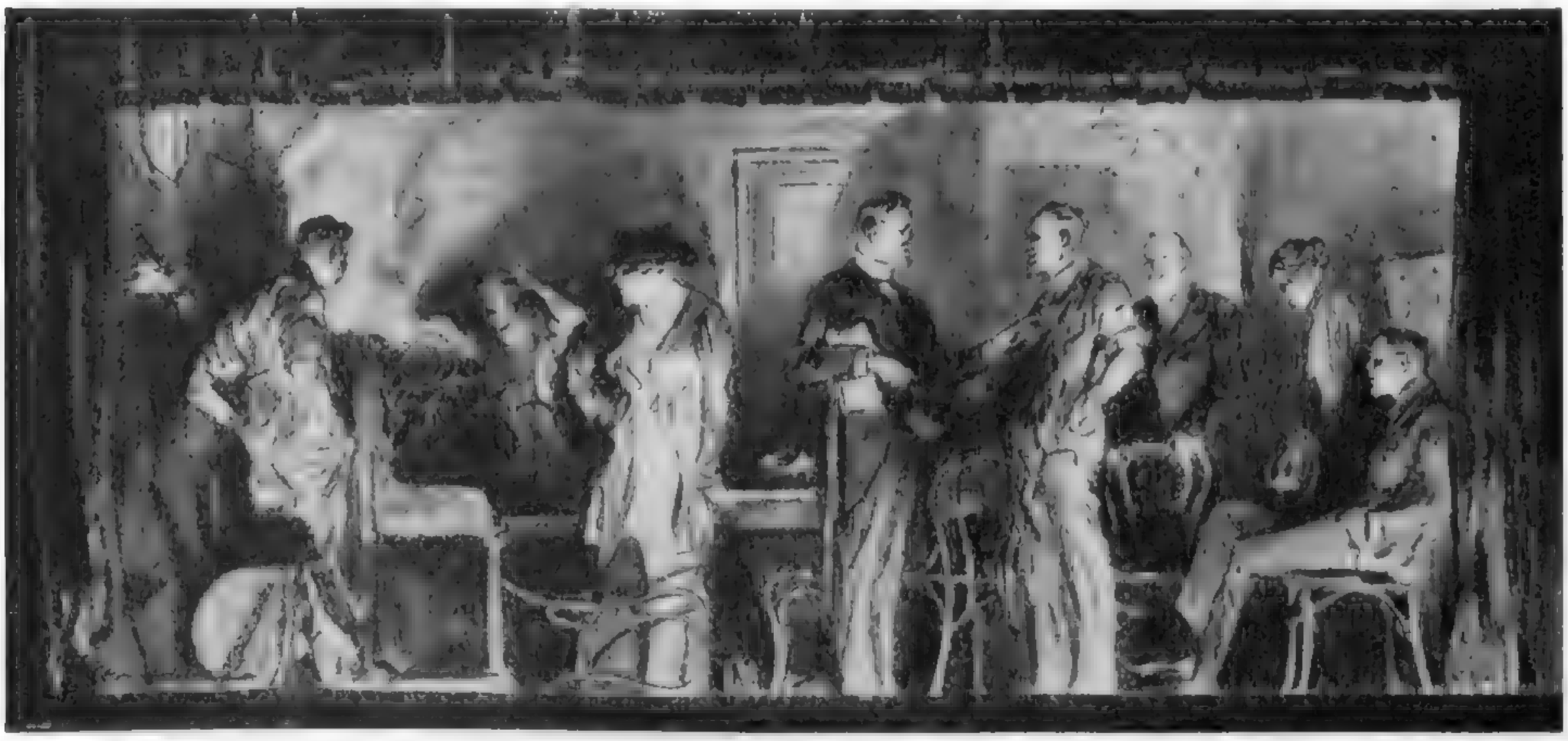
MRS. SIMPSON: You dirty little Dago! You got no wife to support! Livin' a bachelor life of the worst kind; you think you'll draw down as much as my man does?

SALVATORE [fiercely]: Simpson, I don't want to hit no lady, but if ——

SIMPSON [roaring]: Just you try it!

MIFFLIN [rising in his place, still beaming, and tapping on the table with his fountain pen]: Gentlemen, gentlemen! This is all healthy! It's a wholesome sign, and I like to see these little arguments. It shows you are thinking. But, of course, it has always been understood that in any such system of ideal brotherhood as we have here we

(Continued on Page 98)



"They are Comrades in the Best Sense of the Word. I am in Touch With All the Groups. A Moment's Reasoning From One They Know to be Sympathetic ——"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 26, 1919

Railroad Guaranty

NEXT to the relations between capital and labor, disposition of the railroads is the most important domestic question. Not only is there eighteen or more billion dollars of property, inextricably interwoven in the country's whole credit structure, so that a blow to it is a blow to national credit, but there is the transportation agency upon whose efficiency the whole industrial machine depends. Crippled railroads inevitably mean a crippled country. Discussion of that problem is always in order. Railroad labor, as represented by the principal organizations, has opposed a guaranty, or assurance, of minimum return upon the capital invested.

The argument is that the purpose of government regulation of freight and passenger rates was to protect the public against railroad extortion, not to protect railroad investors against loss; and if capital invested in railroads gets a guaranty, or assurance, of minimum return capital invested in rolling mills, grocery stores and farms will be asking Congress for a guaranty, or assurance, of five per cent or so.

That is easily answered. If Government fixed the price at which farm products are sold, as it fixes railroad rates, and if it had used that power in a way that made the future solvency of farming a decidedly debatable question, as the future solvency of railroads under government regulation has been made a decidedly debatable question, then farmers might very well ask Congress to declare that the regulatory power should not be used so as to reduce the return on the capital invested in farming below a certain minimum. Such a declaration by Congress in respect of railroads is necessary in the light of experience to assure the railroads that command of capital upon which their growth and efficiency depend. If railroads were to be put in the position of rolling mills and groceries—*free* to sell their product at whatever price they could get—they would not be asking for an assurance of minimum return.

Verbal Bomb Throwers

THE dearest wish of a good many obscure foreign-language publications in the United States—and of some in English—is to overthrow this Government. As this is a government freely elected by the people and changeable by the people at any time, they cannot exactly say what they wish and claim any kind of toleration under democracy's laws. But they are industrious and more or less ingenious in insinuating it. Comparatively few people see or know of these publications, yet they do reach a positively large number—mainly foreign-born and foreign-reared, often densely ignorant of America beyond the confines of their own community. An outright traitor by legal definition can easily be dealt with; but what to do with teachers of sedition and sappers of democracy by constant insinuation is no easy problem.

One phase of the problem is perfectly clear, however. We want no arbitrary power anywhere to prevent publication. It can confidently be asserted that no such power has ever existed without being abused. It is an abuse in itself, for it inevitably comes round in the end to one man setting up his opinion as the standard for other people's opinions.

Police regulation of public assemblages is necessary and accepted by all sensible people. It is implied in mere regulation of street traffic. So there is a big common-sense difference between the power to prevent delivery of a certain speech at a mass meeting and power to prevent the printing of the same speech. For one thing, the former must be exercised openly, under public notice, while the latter may be applied in secret; a full-fledged censorship may screen its own operations.

Nobody, of course, will propose a full-fledged censorship. No outright censorship would be tolerated. But the subject is one with which this session of Congress will probably deal, for repeal of the Espionage Act will be brought up. No arbitrary power anywhere to prevent publication, but strict answerability for seditious teaching, in open court with a fair trial, ought to be the rule. Suppressing an obscure publication does little good. The publishers put their plant in a suitcase, walk round the corner and start up under another name. If the publication merits suppression the publishers merit prosecution, which is a better deterrent.

Keeping the Wheels Turning

FIGHTING practically stopped in October; the armistice was signed in November; thereupon orders for war goods ceased. But in the first six months of this calendar year exports from the United States amounted to nearly four billion dollars—a new record for the period, exceeding exports for the corresponding time last year, when war was at its height, by six hundred million dollars or more. Far the greater part of these exports went to Europe, and that tremendous European consumption of American goods keeps production here at top notch.

We want to retain that market for our surplus wheat, cotton, copper and manufactures. The prospective demand over there is fairly unlimited. The problem is to arrange sound bases of credit, so that we shall neither forgo Europe's trade nor be exchanging good products of American labor and capital for dubious pieces of paper. It is a national problem, but one for banking statesmanship rather than political statesmanship.

Mr. Davison's proposal that business men on both sides organize and coöperate to handle it, with as little governmental intervention as possible, looks in the right direction. Business men understand the conditions, understand each other, understand that if the United States is ready to adopt extraordinary means to meet an extraordinary situation there must be reciprocal readiness on the other side. European paper passed and recommended by a competent committee of American bankers ought to find a market here, for it is a national problem.

One Big Union

AMERICAN Bolsheviki have a new doll to play with—stuffed with dynamite. They call it the One Big Union. But they do not mean the One Big Union that Lincoln meant, in which men of all conditions and interests shall have equal representation, and the majority shall rule. They mean a Lenine dictatorship by an organized minority to be achieved through a general strike—in other words, by holding a gun to the community's head.

The general strike is an invention of syndicalism for the purpose of overthrowing established government and reducing society to complete helplessness under the hands of revolutionary wage earners. Revolution and dictatorship are what it means, as the people of Winnipeg discovered when they found that the ordering of their daily lives had passed out of the hands of their elected government into the hands of an irresponsible strike committee by whose favor alone they were to move and eat.

General strike is not collective bargaining or bargaining of any sort. It is an attempt at revolutionary dictatorship and must be dealt with as revolution by a counter organization of all the members of the community who are not willing to submit to dictatorship, which is what finally happened in Winnipeg.

The people who are talking One Big Union now do not want collective bargaining or democracy. They want dictatorship through complete industrial paralysis. It would turn out to be not even a dictatorship that fairly represented the body of wage earners, but one by a few of the most reckless blatherskites, for when you cut away from democracy it is the most reckless hand that seizes the tiller. This One Big Union and general strike stuff is Bolshevism. The records of those who are most zealous in advocating it show the idea behind it.

A Model Senator

SOME words get shockingly abused. "Radical" is one of them. We should like to rescue that word, give it a bath and a haircut, get the dope out of its system, restore the light of reason to its phrenetic eyes and put it usefully to work again. There is a lot of noise in this country that calls itself radical thinking. It puts on the word with the glee of a small boy who by donning his father's coat imagines he achieves maturity. Of course father does not think so when he sees the muddied coat tails. It tries to be a minatory noise, ever pointing the finger of denunciation. If a man recommends axle grease as an article of diet we naturally incline to form a favorable opinion of what he dislikes.

When those possessed by a singular and more or less secret itch to feed Uncle Sam on Bolshevism disclose a pretty unanimous dislike of anybody or anything we naturally incline to the assumption that the person or thing they dislike must be rather admirable. On closer investigation it almost always turns out that way.

We have found that men in Congress, hugely admired by themselves and by fellow radicals on account of their radicalism, were among the most disserviceable members of that branch of the Government. When we find a member of that branch who is a stock object of denunciation by the noise that calls itself radical thought we assume he is a useful member. If we find, in addition, that he is remarkably well informed, especially industrious in forwarding the necessary work of Congress, studious, sensible, never speaking unless he has something of real weight to say and some clear light to shed upon the subject under discussion, so that his speeches have the extraordinary merit of being well worth reading by any student of public affairs, that his whole record shows he would rather do a useful piece of work than jump into the spotlight—why, then we say we have found the pattern of a proper member. And there are men of that sort in Congress.

Exploiting

THERE was petroleum in Mexico when Cortez came, and long before. In all probability it would have been of no more use to any human being to-day than it was in Cortez's time but that some adventurous Americans, with the restless energy of their race, with pluck and with special skill and experience in mining petroleum, went down there, hunted until they found the oil and made it commercially available. They took the risks. They invested a good many million dollars. What is much more important, they invested their energy, skill and experience. They bought the land on which they operated and conformed to all the requirements of the law. Their enterprise improved the position of the United States in regard to trade with Mexico, making new markets for American goods. It helped to supply the world with oil through the crucial years of war. It enriched the Mexican treasury by its largest dependable source of revenue. It gave many Mexicans, first and last, an opportunity to improve their material condition. Not a soul was poorer because of their enterprise. The world was richer. It is exactly by such enterprise, and in no other way, that the world grows materially richer.

But according to silly radical patter the Americans are exploiters. Roman economy consisted largely in raiding Eastern temples and palaces and carrying the spoils bodily back to Italy. Some radicals, while using modern terminology with the wisest air, have never been able to get beyond that point in their understanding of economics; to them gains and spoils are synonymous. The Americans who found and developed the petroleum did more for Mexico than the entire muster of doctrinaire radicalism could accomplish in ten centuries.

That is true of a majority of American business ventures in Mexico. It is true of foreign business ventures generally. Trade has been the great civilizer, and will be. To exploit means to develop. In that right sense, more power and success to the exploiters—and encouragement and support wherever they have a good case.

Proof of the Pudding

THE Federal Reserve Board's Bulletin for June observes: "The month has seen significant developments in connection with the progressive elimination of government control from business." There follows a list of such developments, one of them being the failure and abandonment of the attempt to fix iron and steel prices; another the President's statement that the railroads will be returned to private management at the end of the year; and early prospective relinquishment of government control of telegraph and telephone lines.

Two years ago, when the Government, as a war measure, was extending its hand over business in every direction, a great many theoretical persons said it was only the beginning of a permanent régime of paternalism. As a theory, government ownership and operation and plenary supervision of business might have been debated indefinitely. Because of war the country actually ate the pudding, and did not like it.

Some public supervision, regulation and intervention there will certainly be. After this experience the country will accept it, not as a good thing in itself but only where it clearly seems to be the less of two evils.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By Floyd W. Parsons

Fighting Blazes

IN THE past fire protection was viewed as a purely engineering matter, but to-day there are many who believe that the psychological phase of the subject is of greatest importance. This change in opinion was brought about by definite proof that the primary fire cause is carelessness. Final returns are not yet available, but a careful estimate indicates that the total loss from fires in the United States last year was approximately $290,000,000. In this case the per capita cost was $2.63, which is a bad record as compared with a fire loss of $1.71 per capita in 1915.

While the earth revolves once on its axis we in the United States are busy trying to save all we can in fifteen hundred blazing buildings. The charred remains of one year's fires in this country would line both sides of a highway of desolation one thousand miles long. Every three-quarters of a mile along this road there would be a ruin in which some human being had perished, and every mile of the way would represent five other people burned and injured. Of all this frightful loss nearly eighty per cent might have been partly or wholly prevented. In this matter of fires we are the one and only prodigal people—the champions of all the earth. In France the per capita fire loss is 49 cents, and in England it is only 33 cents. Even these losses are large compared with the thrifty Dutch, in Holland, who burn up only 11 cents' worth of property per person each year. The average of all Europe is less than 30 cents, which compares with our $2.63.

The New York State Capitol in Flames. The Building Was Probably Destroyed by Someone's Throwing a Lighted Match or Cigarette Into a Waste-Paper Basket

We Americans talk of thrift, and yet through pure carelessness we burn up a property value in twelve months that amounts to more than the total production of gold in the United States and its possessions in two and a half years. Everyone knows that the United States produces an enormous tonnage of iron—last year the output was nearly forty million tons—and to make each ton of this metal we use up more than one ton of coke. Yet the total value of all the coke manufactured in the United States in 1918 was less than the loss of the nation in preventable fires. If we could stop the fire loss for a single day we could build several large hospitals with the money saved.

It is not possible to eliminate all the fires that are listed as strictly preventable. To do so we should first have to change human nature. But we can travel a long way on the road to improvement. If we fixed our chimneys and flues we should cut down the loss six per cent. If we were careful in disposing of lighted matches we should save a further three and a half per cent. Carelessness in handling cigars, cigarettes and pipes causes more than four per cent of our blazes, and the improper use of electricity and electrical devices adds eight per cent to our fire hazard. The shingle roof is not so popular as it once was, but it is sufficiently common in many localities to cause more than three per cent of all fires. The question is no longer one of mere economics; it is a vital problem requiring national attention.

Now that the rush of war is no more, every commercial and industrial concern in America should take the time to study the situation and reduce the likelihood of a preventable fire. Uncleanliness and fire hazard go hand in hand; and this applies to the outside as well as the inside of a building. Any factory or business that provides an example of poor housekeeping also furnishes evidence that discipline is slack. An inspection of the plant where disorder rules generally reveals piles of litter in every out-of-the-way corner; there are usually an insufficient number of fire escapes, workmen are permitted to smoke on duty and stairways are blocked. The first rule of fire prevention is to clean up, and the second rule is to stay clean.

In every plant, packing materials should be kept in a box or bin lined with tin and fitted with an automatic door. Waste cans should be placed at convenient points and carefully emptied daily. Discard stoves. Forbid the use of matches except those lighting on the prepared surface of the containing box. Keep oils outside the main buildings except the small quantity needed for daily use. Catch oil in metal drip pans; never use boxes of sawdust. Keep the sidewalk vault lights and window panes whole. Keep plastering and sheathing in repair so that nothing can be thrown into the hollow spaces in the walls. Organize a fire brigade and see that there are plenty of casks and pails of water handy, as well as chemical extinguishers. Dry sand is fine for extinguishing fires in oils, varnish and other inflammable fluids. As for fire hose, it may be interesting to know that the loss of head due to friction in the ordinary quality of hose may reach twenty-five or more pounds per hundred feet, while the loss in a good quality rubber-lined hose will amount to no more than fourteen pounds per hundred feet.

It would be easy to continue suggestions of this kind to great length, but those given are sufficient at least to start a train of thought that may cause the reader to increase his present efforts along this line. And while on the subject, let us give a moment's consideration to the watchman. One of the evils of the whole situation is the prevailing custom of employing as night watchman some aged decrepit workman who is no longer able to earn a living as an active employee. The many fires that have been caused by inefficient watchman service bear witness to the need of employing picked men for this work. They should not only be intelligent, active and courageous, but should be engaged in sufficient numbers to do the work properly, and be paid salaries in keeping with the responsibility they assume. Guarding must be thoroughly done to be effective; halfway measures are a waste of time and money. Plenty of other less dangerous jobs can be found for the old fellows who have earned the grateful remembrance of their employers.

Fire Caused in Jersey City by a Careless Smoker Who Threw a Lighted Cigarette on a Floor Littered With Chlorate of Potash

In the matter of incendiarism, the rate of progress in this country is unsatisfactory. Most incendiary fires are for the purpose of financial gain. The men who practice this crime lack the courage of the burglar and the skill of the pickpocket. They are the worst possible members of society, for they usually work at night and often destroy life.

The amateur incendiary, who is simply hard up and who decides to sell his place to the insurance company, forgets that he is committing a crime against thousands of policyholders who, through their premiums, must pay all the losses incurred. The professional incendiary known as a "torch" is usually the tool of an organized gang with a leader who maintains an outward appearance of respectability. The brain of one such organization was a politician who was able to influence the governor of his state so that he nearly succeeded in landing his own candidate for fire marshal. In another case the gang leader was a bank president, who used his high position to further his criminal ends. A crooked fire-insurance agent and a scheming lawyer are also common members of many of these lawless crowds. Nearly every large city in the country has had to contend with one or more such gangs.

Sometimes the fire bug works alone. One of this species operating on a large scale will often move into a grand house, sumptuously furnished with supposedly rare articles of great value. Before long he has a fire and proceeds to collect thousands of dollars of insurance on his household effects. Frequently the man's apparent prominence and wealth protect him for the moment, but he generally repeats and finally is caught.

Though about eighty per cent of the incendiary fires are for profit, many blazes are the work of the pyromaniac. He may be educated and is often sane in every other respect, and sometimes is able to conceal his obsession even from his relatives for many years. Psychiatrists tell us that a few such people are always found among the inmates of insane asylums, and these cases have to be watched continuously. In one institution a patient who appeared normal at other times would become so agitated at the sight of a lighted match that he would seize it and march round as though on dress parade. In another asylum a man similarly afflicted was rendered harmless by being allowed to tend the furnace. Pyromaniacs are queer humans. Many have confessed. One said that fires were the only things that quieted his nerves; another liked to see the engines go by; a third admitted that he had done it to relieve severe headaches to which he was subject. Then there are other fires; some for revenge, some for spite, and a few to cover the evidences of crime—all adding to the sum total of the nation's loss.

However, the one great cause that deserves the largest share of our attention is carelessness. Were it not for this vice there would be only a dozen fires an hour in the United States, whereas now there is one each minute. Vienna and Chicago have about the same population. The fire losses in Vienna in 1913 were $303,200. In Chicago that year they were $5,513,237. Of course most fires occur in homes. Information on prevention is easily available. Here are just a few thoughts:

Three-quarters of a billion matches are used in this country each day. More than half a million flames are struck every minute. Here is an immense source of danger. No match should be thrown away until every spark is out. They should not be carried loose and should be kept out of the reach of children. Break the match before throwing it away. Look out for hot coal ashes; put them in a metal can and never in a wooden box. Get the soot out of stovepipes. When cooking don't pour water on burning fat; use earth, sand, flour, salt or a metal cover. Never leave an electric device even for a moment without making sure that the current is turned off. Don't allow rubbish to accumulate. Bury leaves; don't burn them. Take no chances with gasoline. Do not use it for cleaning if you can get a safe cleaning preparation. Keep it in closed cans; never in glass bottles. Don't look for a gas leak with a naked light; use an electric flashlight or your sense of smell. Watch where the careless smoker throws matches, cigars and cigarettes.

This Accumulation of Logs Prevented the Fire Boats From Getting Near Enough to Save a Large Saw Mill Located on the Bank Near By

In fighting a fire act quickly and keep cool. The first five minutes are worth more than the next five hours. Always have your plans formed in advance. Small fires can sometimes be beaten out with a coat. If you use water throw it on in small quantities. Do not aim at the flames but at the place where the flames start. Fire extinguishers, of course, are best. Know where to find the nearest fire-alarm box and study the directions in advance. If your door is closed put your foot behind it and open it cautiously. If there is smoke and no flame tie a wet cloth round your mouth and nose and crawl on your hands and knees if the smoke is dense. Always save life before property.

Last, but not least, there is our dear old Uncle Sam, who is accused of setting a bad example for the nation to follow. Down in Washington there are a lot of big buildings which house many governmental departments. During the war one of these historic structures was the center of boiling activity. In it sat the busy Secretaries of War, State and Navy. A fire inspector happened along, and after looking about for some time returned to his office and made a report. This interesting paper is now Senate document No. 344 of the Sixty-fifth Congress. It states that the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States with all amendments are kept in this building, locked in an ordinary steel safe that would probably not stand a severe fire more than twenty minutes. The safe is surrounded on all sides by highly combustible material. Other documents in the building include: The original laws drafted by the Continental Congress, all of our original treaties, all records of national disputes, all the original proclamations and executive orders of all the Presidents, and all of our declarations of war and conclusions of peace.

After reading the report the Daughters of the American Revolution became alarmed for the safety of the nation's most precious papers and passed a resolution urging that conditions threatening the safety of the American historical records be promptly removed.

Let us all get busy and supplement much talk with some really constructive work.

Monuments of Dead Houses in Atlanta. Above—The Beginning of the Fire

Industrial Facts

COAL miners handle yearly two and a third times as much material as was taken out of the Panama Canal in sixteen years.

The railroads are showing an operating deficit of $768,000,000 a year under present Federal control. If we exclude the postal service this enormous transportation loss is nearly two million dollars more than it cost the Government to run the whole United States in 1916. If all our industries were to be placed under Federal control with no better success the loss to the Government would be twelve billions of dollars a year. Advocates of government ownership are having their day in court.

Down in Alabama a large coal and iron company, in an effort to eliminate malaria and typhoid, has fought the fly and mosquito with great success. However, the campaign has brought about one result that was not anticipated. The absence of the insect pests has rendered life so easy for the company's horses and mules that it has been necessary to cut down the feed of these animals materially in order to keep them in working condition.

According to figures for the latest five-year period covered by the last census, the death rate in cities is 21.6 per cent greater than in the country districts.

That the airplane will soon be an actual business utility is reasonably assured. If the necessary precautions are observed flying is a comparatively safe means of travel. Army records show that there has been only one fatality for 235,000 miles of travel in the air. Out of 298 fatalities only ten deaths were due to structural or engine defects.

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No easy stunt!

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Or served with cold meat, it gives the satisfaction of a fresh-cooked meal without the labor or heat.

Order a dozen or more, and have it handy.

Have you tried Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup?
A rich meat stock combined with choice vegetables and selected beef.
You could make your whole luncheon of this hearty and satisfying soup.

21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Enemy Property in the United States

By A. MITCHELL PALMER

Attorney-General of the United States—Formerly Alien Property Custodian

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

WHEN Germany undertook the industrial conquest of the world she did not limit her activities, her financial resources and her genius for organization to the chemical industry, a line of business in which she unquestionably conquered the American market, holding it firmly within her grip until shaken off by the circumstances of war. Instead she carefully and calculatingly forced herself into a score of world industries. She hungered for power as well as mere wealth, the power which proceeds from either the open or the subterranean control of another nation's vital resources. It was her dream that the day might come when she could sit at the throttle directing the play of those forces which make for the prosperity of peoples upon every continent where there was productive energy to be harnessed.

And in carrying forward her program of systematic trade aggression Germany did not confine herself by any means to the marketing of the output of her own factories or the sale of the products of her own mines and mills. She reached far beyond that. She undertook the development, then the monopoly of the sources of wealth of other nations. She sought to dominate the metal market of the world just as she actually dominated the chemical market. She reached out for control of the world's supply of furs. Her hand was found deep in the textile industry. She engaged in high-class manufacturing in most of the civilized countries on both hemispheres. Her steamship lines, operated with the aid of handsome government subsidies, reached into every port, invested in magnificent foreign terminals and made their bid for maritime supremacy. She encircled the earth with her own wireless facilities. She dealt heavily in Florida lumber, in Hawaiian sugar, in Mexican mines and in American machinery.

The German Metal Octopus

THE full sweep of this industrial program may have been suspected by the great competing interests; but it was not spread upon an open record until the searching investigations undertaken by the Alien Property Custodian after America's entrance into the war had disclosed the extent to which enemy investments and enemy properties had projected themselves into the industrial life of this country. These investigations were designed to uncover German holdings upon our own soil, but in following their ramifications were necessarily led far afield and in many instances the results of our inquiries were astounding.

This was particularly true of the so-called German "metal octopus," of whose influence it was necessary to rid this country at the very outset. We found that this combine dominated the metal markets not only of practically all Europe but of Australia as well, and we found it a potential factor in other great productive centers of the world. It should be stated in the beginning, however, that as vast as were enemy metal holdings in the United States the Germans never at any time controlled the metal market of this country. They were a potential factor in this industry and their hold upon the business was undoubtedly growing; but they neither dominated American production nor dictated American prices. And the chances are that they never will. The Alien Property Custodian has taken over all German-owned metal concerns within the jurisdiction of this Government, and by disbanding some and Americanizing others it is confidently believed that the German influences in our metal market have been completely eliminated.

It should be pointed out in this connection that Germany herself has never been a great producer of metals. Her output of copper, for example, is but three per cent of the world's total against about sixty per cent by the United States. Her production of refined zinc is about twenty-eight per cent of the world's output, and of lead she produces sixteen per cent of the total. Yet unquestionably Germany has controlled the zinc and lead markets of Europe and of the rest of the world except the United States.

The secret of her power in these directions lies in the fact that her great metal firms act in concert in their dealings in zinc and lead ores, cooperate in the control of smelters and refineries, and by the free use of unlimited credit extended to them by German banks, which participate also in such enterprises, they are able to buy and sell huge quantities of metals, thereby fixing to a large extent market prices.

All told there are but three powerful metal concerns in Germany: The Metallgesellschaft, of Frankfurt; Aron Hirsch & Sohn, of Halberstadt; and Beer, Sondheimer & Co., of Frankfurt. These gigantic organizations are engaged in operations that encircle the globe. The Metallgesellschaft is by far the largest and most powerful metal concern in the world. It has worked in coöperation with the great English firm of Henry R. Merton & Co., of London, for world dominion in the metal industry. The Hirsch firm is a copartnership founded by Aron Hirsch and has remained always in the same family. It is engaged in metal manufacturing as well as metal trading. The Beer-Sondheimer concern, which is an offshoot of the Metallgesellschaft, has confined its activities principally to zinc smelting and refining.

At the outbreak of the European War this metal triumvirate was in complete control of the world's supply of zinc except that produced in the United States. They had extended their influence even to the Australian deposits in the early '90's, and some years later, about 1909, they organized the German Zinc Syndicate. Even the Belgian zinc concern, the Société Vielle Montagne, with extensive works all over the world, had entered into a working agreement with the Germans.

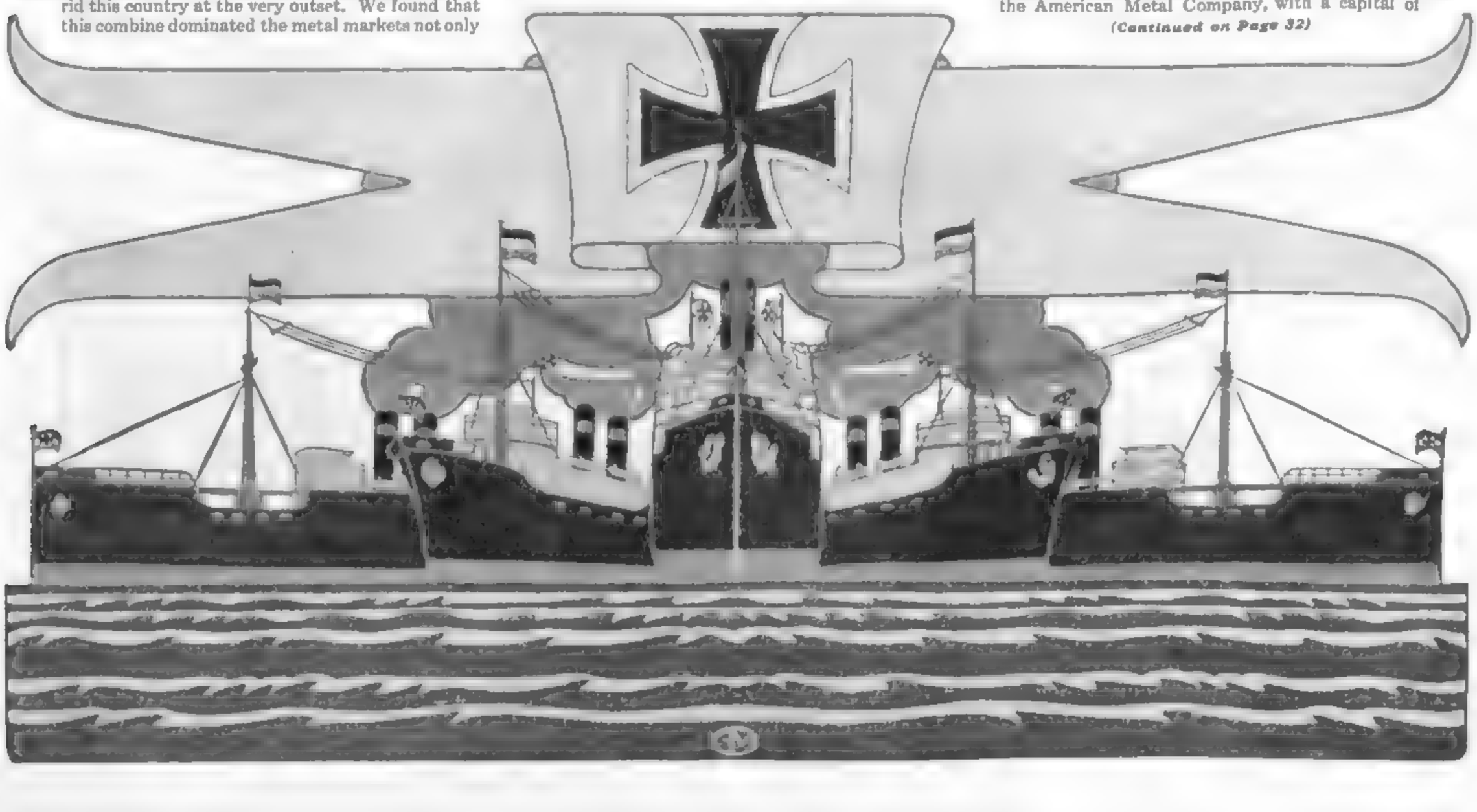
The output of lead was likewise in the hands of the German combine. This embraced the principal lead producers of Australia, Belgium, Spain and at least two American concerns, the American Smelting and Refining Company and the American Metal Company. Some of the Mexican mines also were within its control.

American Copper Not Involved

THE Germans, however, were never quite able to gain control over the copper production; but they found means of influencing the market price. This inability to secure control was due to the independence of the American copper-mining industry, an industry which produces more than sixty per cent of the total output of the world. The important American producers like Anaconda, American Smelting and Refining Company, Calumet and Hecla Company and Phelps, Dodge & Co., had branch offices of their own in London, Berlin and Paris, and dealt directly with foreign consumers.

Branches of the three great German houses were maintained in the United States. The Metallgesellschaft was represented by the American Metal Company; Aron Hirsch & Sohn by L. Vogelstein & Co.; and Beer, Sondheimer & Co. had an office under its own name. These branches had headquarters in New York and all three of them were heavily engaged in developing vast interests in the United States, Mexico and South America, including the control of mines, smelters and refineries. It was back in 1887 that the Metallgesellschaft sent Jacob Langeloth and Berthold Hochschild to establish a branch of their business in this country. At that time the present banking house of Ladenburg, Thalmann & Co. was doing an extensive metal business and had connections with the German corporation. An arrangement thereupon was made resulting in the organization of a corporation called the American Metal Company, with a capital of

(Continued on Page 32)



New Jersey talks it over with Nebraska

"HAIL, Western Friend, and welcome to the East. Light up this mutual friend of ours, this Owl Cigar, in honor of your wealth of cattle and grain—and your growing industries."

And Nebraska puffed away and made reply:

"All's well in the West, my friend. But you, New Jersey, it's true you are small in size, but you're big in manufacturing and real accomplishment. Your phonographs have spread your fame around the world. And the Nebraska boys of the A. E. F. say that nothing ever looked so fine as the docks of Hoboken."

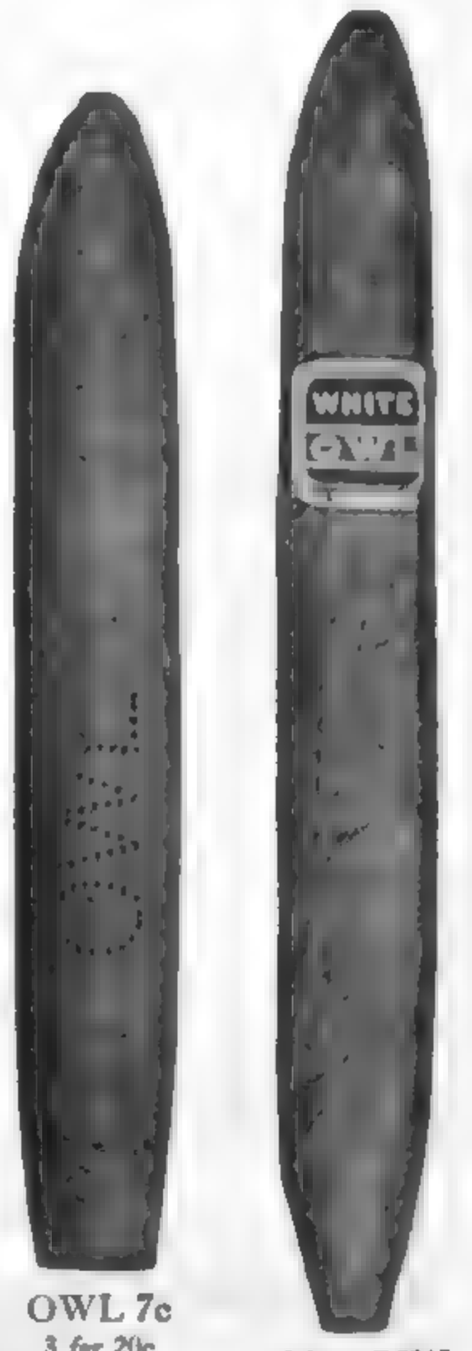
❦ ❦ ❦

At first it may surprise you that these two dependable cigars, Owl and White Owl, should be good friends to *all* the States. But try them. The dependability of their mellow fragrance will give you the mighty pleasant reason why. For their always-the-same goodness thank the great resources of the General Cigar Co., Inc., and the $2,000,000 Owl leaf reserve.

DEALERS:
If your distributor does not sell these dependable cigars, write us.
GENERAL CIGAR CO. INC., 119 West 40th Street, New York City

TWO DEPENDABLE CIGARS

OWL 7¢ | white OWL 8¢



OWL 7c
3 for 20c

white OWL
8c — *2 for 15c*

(Continued from Page 30)

$200,000, of which the Metallgesellschaft held 600 of the 2000 shares; Henry R. Merton & Co., 595; and Ladenburg, Thalmann & Co., 710 shares. The two German houses were at all times in control.

This infant corporation was destined to become one of the most powerful holdings in America. Its capitalization was increased to $7,000,000 by 1917. Though at first the company confined itself to trading in metals in the domestic as well as the foreign markets, it soon began acquiring interests in smelters and refineries, not only in this country but in Mexico and South America. Through the ownership of the stock of other companies it controlled copper, zinc and lead mines all over the continent. Among the companies which it took over in this country were the American Zinc and Chemical Company, Bartlesville Zinc Company, American Metal Transport Company, Metallurgical Company of America, Langeloth Coal Company, Langeloth Mercantile Company, Langeloth Townsite Company, Chanute Spelter Company, Clarksburg Clinkering Company and Ohio and Colorado Smelting and Refining Company. Two subsidiary holding companies likewise were formed, one for Mexico and the other for South America. They are the South American Metal Company and the Compania de Minerales y Metales. The latter owned outright smelters and mines in the state of Nuevo León, mines in Zacatecas, Durango, Chihuahua, oil leases in Vera Cruz, railroad equipment and machine shops and a vast area of real estate. It controlled other large properties in the same general localities.

The Metal Situation Cleared Up

THE Hirsch interests were ten years behind the Metallgesellschaft in establishing a branch in America, but in 1897 they invaded the field by setting Ludwig Vogelstein up in business as their agent. Later the Vogelstein house was incorporated, and from the first to the last the Hirsch and Vogelstein houses divided their profits. The business of the New York concern was restricted to trading in metals. It contracted for the entire output of mines, principally copper. It also imported a great deal of metal, mainly from South America, where it took over the output of many mining operations. It had an interest in a copper refinery at Chrome, New Jersey, where the imported ores were refined.

In 1901 Vogelstein entered into an agreement with the late Capt. J. R. De Lamar for the erection of an electrolytic copper refinery at Chrome with a capacity of 3,000,000 pounds a month. Vogelstein's original interest in this plant was only one-fourth; but in 1905 he bought De Lamar out, selling a part of his holdings, however, to the United States Mining Company, the predecessor of the present United States Smelting, Refining and Mining Company. The capitalization of the plant was increased to $3,100,000, of which the United States corporation held two-thirds and Vogelstein one-third. Vogelstein took a contract for ten years for the exclusive selling agency of the refinery and for the financing of its operations. In order to facilitate this the International Metals Selling Company was formed, Vogelstein and the United States corporation each taking half of the stock. The mining company later sold out to Vogelstein, who now owns all of the Metals Selling Company. Vogelstein also had the sole selling agency of the American Zinc, Lead and Smelting Company, and had contracts for the output of the South American syndicate, both the Peruvian and Chilean companies, Bunker Hill Smelter, San Francisco, the Arkansas Zinc and Smelting Company and the Butte and Superior Mining Company.

Beer, Sondheimer & Co. established their New York branch in 1906 under the name of Beer, Sondheimer & Co., American Agency, first; then as Beer, Sondheimer & Co., American Branch, under which name it was conducted until 1915. The New York business was owned at all times by the Frankfurt house. Like the parent company the American Branch confined its activities mainly to dealing in zinc. It made contracts with various ore producers for their entire output and in 1907 acquired a controlling interest in the National Zinc Company, which owned a zinc smelter at Bartlesville, Oklahoma, and had under lease another zinc smelter in Springfield, Illinois, and an acid plant in Argentine, Kansas. In 1908 these interests obtained control of the old El Cobre Copper Mine in Santiago, Cuba, and organized a corporation known as Copper Leasing Company, to operate the Cuban properties. A little later a long lease was taken on a copper smelter in West Norfolk, Virginia, and a corporation was organized known as the Norfolk Smelting Company, through which it has been operating this plant. In recent years the Sondheimer interests took over the development of zinc mines in the Butte district.

With the outbreak of the war in Europe the three American branches of the great German houses found themselves cut off from their German principals. Germany was in great need of metals, especially copper, and at first the branches, as well as other large American selling agencies, undertook to supply that need by making shipments to neutral countries, destined for Germany. The British blockade, however, soon intervened, and after a number of consignments had been seized by the British an agreement was entered into between the American selling concerns and the British Admiralty whereby the American copper agencies bound themselves not to ship any copper to any country except those allied with Great Britain, without express authority from the British. After the passage of the Trading With the Enemy Act and the appointment of the Alien Property Custodian I caused investigations to be made of the American Metal Company, Vogelstein & Co. and Beer, Sondheimer & Co., as a result of which I took over the entire business of Vogelstein & Co. and Beer, Sondheimer & Co. and forty-nine per cent of the stock of the American Metal Company.

Our investigations showed that Benno Elkan and Otto Frohnknecht, who were the agents of Beer, Sondheimer & Co., formed in 1915 an American corporation capitalized at $1,000,000 and transferred to it without the knowledge or consent of the parent house all the assets in this country of the Frankfurt house. The evidence shows that the sole purpose of this move was to make it impossible for the Government, in case of war between the United States and Germany, to exercise its belligerent rights and take control of enemy property in this country. As for Vogelstein & Co., it was found that for years they had made regular settlements with the Hirsch interests; but in 1916, when it became impossible to make further remittances, Vogelstein personally bought out the interests of the Vogelstein firm and forming a $5,000,000 corporation transferred to it all the assets of the old partnership.

This looked like a subterfuge to escape the seizure of the enemy holdings in the business. In 1917, on the last increase of the capital stock of the American Metal Company, the Metallgesellschaft and other German interests—not including Henry R. Merton & Co.—held 34,644 shares of the 70,000 shares of stock outstanding. The Merton interests held 16,736 shares and the balance of 18,620 shares was held by Americans. I demanded and received all of 34,644 shares owned by Germans and appointed five out of the fifteen directors of the company.

All the stock owned by the German interests, along with that owned by the American interests, has now been deposited under a voting trust, thus placing in the hands of Joseph F. Guffey, Henry Morgenthau and Berthold Hochschild, as trustees, 53,264 shares, or clear control of the American Metal Company. The voting trust certificates representing the shares formerly held by the enemy will be sold at public sale to American citizens, and the company will hereafter be operated under the general supervision of the voting trustees by the American interests which now own a minority, and the new American interests which will be substituted for the old German interests, thus guaranteeing for all time to come a strict American character of this great industrial enterprise.

The business of Beer, Sondheimer & Co. is in process of liquidation. This includes not only the corporation, Beer, Sondheimer & Co., Inc., but also its subsidiaries, the National Zinc Company, the Norfolk Smelting Company and the Cuba Copper Leasing Company. The Alien Property Custodian, after taking over the business of L. Vogelstein & Co., Inc., placed in control of it a board of directors designated by him. Subsequent investigation disclosed that Vogelstein, who was a naturalized American citizen, had a preponderating interest in the assets of the corporation and, inasmuch as it has as yet been impossible to obtain from Aron Hirsch & Sohn an accounting so as to determine that concern's exact interest in the American house, an arrangement has been entered into whereby all the stock of the corporation has been put into a voting trust for a period of five years, the custodian naming three of the voting trustees.

In dealing with the German interests in the American Metal Company, L. Vogelstein and Beer, Sondheimer & Co., the Alien Property Custodian sought not only to take possession of all such alien property but also to eliminate as far as possible and for all time German interests and German influences which had theretofore existed in the affairs of the corporations and had been actively exercised in this country through the control of these three companies. And it is firmly believed that the disposition made by the custodian of the German interests has been such as to remove all present and future German control of the metal market and the metal industry of this country.

Taking Over German Wireless

GERMANY laid her plan for trade dominion with great skill and foresight. Nothing better illustrates this perhaps than the development of her system of wireless communication. She early realized the importance of this in connection with her mercantile marine and her penetration of foreign markets. This applied with particular force to America. Her militarists as well as her industrialists quite understood that in the event of war with Great Britain her cable connection with this country would be cut, leaving her isolated from the one powerful neutral that could contribute heavily toward her triumph or her defeat, as the case might be. In America was an almost bottomless reservoir of men, money and munitions. Also here was a great body of German-born citizens upon whose devotion to their native country great dependence might be placed both in influencing American opinion and in giving Germany that financial aid which she would need in a prolonged struggle. From America, moreover, must proceed communication to all other neutral nations on the Western Hemisphere.

And in considering these things the war plotters as well as the trade conspirators found in a transatlantic wireless station the sole means of overcoming British control of the seas and of the means of cable communication. Accordingly the Germans undertook between 1910 and 1914 the erection of two high-powered wireless plants, one at Sayville, Long Island, and the other at Tuckerton, New Jersey. The Sayville station was built by the Atlantic Communication Company, a New York corporation that had no ostensible connection with Germany. The Tuckerton plant was built by Hochfrequenz Maschinen Aktiengesellschaft für Drahttose Telegraphie, a Berlin company managed by a retired admiral of the German Navy, Rudolph Goldschmidt. The Sayville outfit used the so-called "Telefunken" system and was designed to connect with the plant at Nauen, while the apparent rival company connected with Eilvese on the German side. So it came to pass that German funds were expended for the establishment of two stations, side by side, but using different systems of communication, thus insuring contact if either should prove effective.

The affairs of these two corporations were inquired into by the Alien Property Custodian early in the war, notwithstanding the fact that the Navy had taken over both American stations. When my office investigated the Atlantic Communication Company it learned that practically all the stock stood in the names of Hans Bredow and Gesellschaft für Drahttose Telegraphie. A very small allotment stood in the name of an American citizen who had large interests in Germany. In due course I caused the seizure of the controlling shares of this company's stock as enemy-owned, and after installing directors began a more thorough inquiry into its affairs. The payment of rent by the Navy Department was promptly stopped and the entire plant and all its equipment were sold to the United States Government. The German interest in the Tuckerton plant likewise was taken into the possession of the Government.

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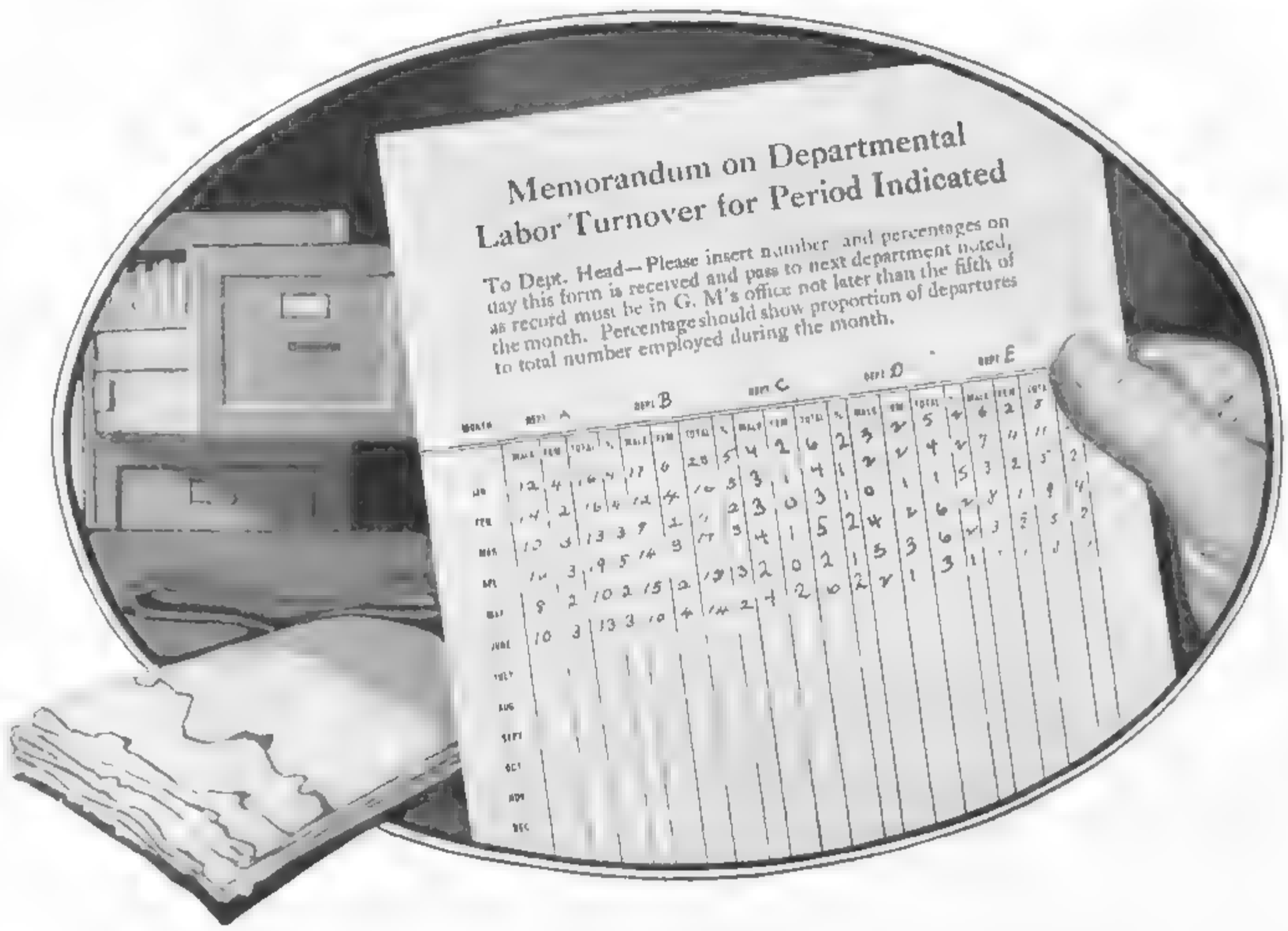
Memorandum on Departmental
Labor Turnover for Period Indicated
To Dept. Head—Please insert number and percentages on
day this form is received and pass to next department noted,
as record must be in G. M's office not later than the fifth of
the month. Percentage should show proportion of departures
to total number employed during the month.

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(Continued from Page 32)

The wisdom of the German wireless policy was evident at the very outbreak of the general war. The heavy expenditures made on these establishments were justified many times over. The plants functioned efficiently and Germany was enabled to keep in intimate touch with every ship she had afloat, notwithstanding the Allies' supremacy of the seas. Germany made the most effective possible use of the Sayville plant particularly. The German Ambassador used it to keep in touch with his government and Doctor Albert, Doctor Schweitzer, Hugo Schmidt and many other German agents received detailed orders through it governing their transactions in this country. The file of radiograms kept by the navy officials proved to be a mine of valuable information to the Government. Other departments of the Government have since learned that through the wireless propaganda and sabotage instructions were transmitted to German agents and spies in this country; millions of German war loans were sold and the funds dispatched, and American public opinion for a long time was influenced through this means of communication.

A Report and a Confession

Another striking illustration of German business practices in America is found in the systematic fashion in which enemy interests sought to gain insidious control of the combustion-engine industry, the engine used in the operation of airplanes, automobiles, tractors, motor boats and sundry other lines of motive power. This control, or attempted control, lay in supplying the ignition mechanisms of magnetos, which all gas motors must have. At the outbreak of the war in Europe American combustion-engine manufacturers were securing these magnetos from approximately twenty houses, though five of them were battery-ignition systems. Of all the magnetos used in America at the time fully half were produced by the Bosch Magneto Company and the Eisemann Magneto Company. These two companies were practically supreme in the domestic field, as only one other was important enough to be regarded as a serious competitor. This single American house did about 25 per cent of the country's magneto business.

At an early date after the establishment of the office of Alien Property Custodian we discovered that both the Bosch and the Eisemann companies were chartered in New York and that the officers and directors of each were either American citizens or German aliens resident in this country. The stock ownership of the Bosch company on its face appeared to be in American hands, while of the 2000 shares of Eisemann stock only 600 shares were in the hands of Ernst Eisemann, of Stuttgart, Germany. The Bosch certainly and the Eisemann probably appeared at that time to be in the hands of domestic interests and beyond the Government's reach.

We found, however, that the Bosch company practically dominated the American market. We found that it not only owned a modern plant at Springfield, Massachusetts, with offices in Detroit, Chicago and San Francisco, but that it had taken effective steps to secure control of various other concerns whose product was important to the industry at large. In 1912, for example, it purchased for the benefit of Robert Bosch, its real German owner, enough of the stock of the Boonton Rubber Manufacturing Company of New Jersey to dominate that company completely. It was at the time the largest producer of molded insulation, a commodity essential to the magneto industry. In 1914 it acquired outright the Rush Dynamo Works, also of New Jersey, which it dismantled and closed down, though $750,000 was paid in cash for this business. A still more direct step toward monopoly was taken when 900 shares of the Eisemann Company's 2000 shares were purchased.

The case of the Bosch company presented unusual difficulties. It was considered very significant that the Bosch Magneto Company refused to enter into any substantial contracts for the furnishing of its important materials to the Allies, the reasons being generally a desire to observe neutrality throughout the war. When the real motive of this conduct became apparent the suspicion of the German ownership of the company became a conviction. That motive was disclosed in a report made by Otto Heins, manager of the Bosch Magneto Company, to Dr. Heinrich Albert, then a commercial attaché of the German Empire in the United States—afterward, by the way, the Alien Property Custodian of Germany. In that report Mr. Heins said:

Honored Mr. Albert: In connection with the obstruction policy upon which we agreed at the beginning of the war in matters concerning deliveries of our products, especially the special magneto apparatus, I should like in the following to make several statements from which one will clearly see that the accomplished obstruction policy has in every way been successful. In short, we had great difficulty at the beginning of the war in withholding the much-needed special aëroplane apparatuses from the Allies, and in preventing the Allies, especially the English, from immediately attempting to manufacture them for themselves. Special apparatuses are involved in flying machines, airships and speed boats. These apparatuses are very different from the normal apparatus used on automobiles and motorcycles.

We have freely supplied them with ordinary apparatuses; but in accordance with our agreement we have entered into apparent negotiations with the representatives of the Allies, creating in their minds the impression that they would receive also the special apparatuses at the present time. These negotiations began immediately after the first declaration of war, and it was possible, on account of their technical character, to extend them many months into the war. Our policy lulled them into the certainty that they would receive the special apparatus, and only now, November 30, fifteen months after war began, have they realized our duplicity.

He goes on to state that this policy has been carried out despite the fact that these contracts were in many instances subcontracts with American firms; and he gloatingly continues that as a result of his activities in this country England in October, 1915, found herself unable to defend London against their air raids, and states that France was in a much better position to protect herself against air raids because of her confiscation of the Bosch factories in Paris at the beginning of the war.

We, of course, expected to find the real ownership of the company concealed, even though at the outset we discovered that a majority of the stock was in the name of one of the resident officers of the company, who insisted steadfastly that he was the rightful owner of the shares. Our patient but unrelenting investigation eventually developed the fact that the record owner of most of the stock was a mere dummy. This was confirmed by confession from two of the active officers of the company. The corporation was actually owned by Robert Bosch and one Klein, both Germans and in Germany. The same was true of the Eisemann stock and that of the Boonton company.

The Eisemann case was less difficult. It was admitted that thirty per cent of the stock was German-owned, and the effort of Eisemann to transfer his shares to an American citizen was prevented by the entrance of America into the war. The two companies were finally taken over by me, new directorates were named and the magneto industry in this country was placed wholly in American hands. It is unfettered, moreover, by patents held by or for the benefit of enemies.

The German-Owned Fur Trade

One rather remarkable result of the war with Germany has been the elimination of German capital and German influence in the American fur industry. It may not be generally known, but this line of business for many years prior to the war was almost wholly dominated by German interests. There were two classes of this business: One dealt chiefly in furs caught on the North American continent, and the other confined itself exclusively to the importation of foreign furs. The great importing houses did business through Leipzig and dealt in Russian and Siberian furs. These goods were first brought to Leipzig and dressed and dyed. The American fur market was controlled by Leipzig even in the case of American-caught furs. These were sent to Germany to be dyed and dressed, then to London, to the sales, then sold back to Leipzig and finally, with all costs added, they were sold to the American trade plus a profit and duty.

With the entrance of this country into the war and the passage of the Trading With the Enemy Act, German capital invested in the American fur trade became a subject of our investigations. We were determined that this influence should be eliminated and all traces of it wiped out. The result was easy of attainment in comparison with other problems which the Alien Property Custodian faced. The American branches of the German houses were practically all in the hands of Americans, who assisted greatly in liquidating the German interest in their business. In some cases the Americans had earlier arranged to buy out the Germans and had in 1915 and 1916 delivered the documents effecting the change. In two of these cases I approved the agreements entered into and the payments due the Germans were made to my office. In many other cases it became necessary to liquidate the businesses. Certain of the enemy interests in the industry were not so easy to discover, as is shown by the increase in the number of reports filed after the time fixed by the Government for original filing.

But it is asserted with confidence that German money and German influence in the American fur trade are now things of the past, and that there is little chance that the Germans will reappear to any appreciable extent in our fur market. Concrete results of our dealings in this connection are: First, that American furs are dressed, dyed, manufactured and sold in America; second, that Russian, Chinese, Japanese and Siberian markets have been taken from Germany and direct connection established with the United States; third, the sale through American auctions of the raw catch, both foreign and domestic, and the consequent creation of the American fur market of the world.

Steamship Terminal Facilities

Immediately after our declaration of war upon Germany the United States Government not only seized every German steamship of whatever sort interned in American waters but it commandeered the great system of docks at Hoboken, New Jersey, used by the German government-controlled steamship lines, the Hamburg-American Line and the North German Lloyd Line. These properties are the most improved and most extensive docking facilities in America, and in some respects are unsurpassed by any in the world. During the long period of neutrality the officers and crews of the fleet of German ships lying idle in these docks organized themselves into veritable nests of spies and propagandists. Their headquarters became the meeting place of all the German agents in this country and it is impossible even now to know to what extent the peace, the persons and the property of Americans were plotted against by these hostile forces.

After these docks had been held for almost a year the President by proclamation took over the title to them and determined and declared the compensation for the North German Lloyd Line to be $4,831,705, and for the docks of the Hamburg-American Line, $2,314,877. The compensation in both cases was turned over to the Alien Property Custodian. The importance of this move is found in the fact that the Government has closed this avenue of trade to Germany. She will never be able to acquire title to these docks again or to any other in New York harbor approximately as valuable. She may undertake another commercial invasion of America, but she will find raised against her barriers that will be almost insuperable. Her great fleet of merchant ships is now in the hands of her enemies. America has a greater share of them, and though the old Wilhelms and Der Grosses and the Prinzes may continue to dock for decades at the old piers of the German companies they will be flying the American flag and will be fastening their lines to the docks of American companies. And what is true of New York is true also of Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston.

That the German-owned merchant marine was one of the enemy's most powerful industrial and military factors is indicated by our experience in dealing with certain properties of the Hamburg-American Line down in the Virgin Islands. That company had built in the harbor of St. Thomas a splendid system of modern piers and warehouses. This terminal was equipped with cisterns, lighters, motor boats, loading and coaling facilities; in fact, the plant had all the elements of a naval base, and it is a rather significant circumstance that its principal building commanding the harbor was of reënforced concrete, the plaza in front of it having an eight-foot concrete foundation admirably arranged for a gun emplacement. And when we consider the fact that any Hamburg-American ship at any time was in a position to unload long-range guns and place them at a point commanding the entrance to the Caribbean Sea we do not have much further to go in order to gain the reason why Germany held up the sale of these islands to the United States for perhaps twenty-five years.

Americanizing the Sugar Trade

When we came to investigate the ownership of these properties we found that the title apparently was held by a Danish lawyer of St. Thomas by the name of Jorgensen, who insisted that on January 22, 1917, five days after the purchase of the islands by this country, he had purchased the terminal from the business agent of the Hamburg-American Line. The sole consideration in this pretended sale was Jorgensen's note for $210,000, which he had given to the Hamburg-American line, payable in three months without interest, with the interesting provision that it should be renewed every three months until after the war. Jorgensen held both the deed to the property and the note, while the German consul at St. Thomas had a copy and was in charge. I took over both the note and the deed after Jorgensen quit-claimed his title to the Alien Property Custodian, by whom the property was then sold for the same amount, $210,000, to the Government of the United States. It will now become an American naval base.

Nor were Germany's commercial offensives confined to continental United States. They spread far wider than that. A very interesting case may be cited in the effort of German interests to control the great Hawaiian sugar industry and the bold and brazen way in which they sought to elude us when we proceeded against their properties. As it was, thirty per cent of the sugar output was dominated absolutely by Germans, and little by little they were reaching out for the remainder. H. Hackfeld & Co. accomplished this invasion of the Hawaiian field, operating through its holding company, J. F. Hackfeld & Co. The former was an operating concern and one of a chain of industrial enterprises that German banks had established throughout the world. The head of the Hackfeld interests was the German consul in Hawaii. J. F. Hackfeld, the son of H. Hackfeld, founder of the business, incorporated himself, retaining ninety-nine per cent of the stock of his company. H. Hackfeld & Co., the operating concern, held large blocks of stocks in the local sugar companies, controlling most of those in which it was interested. In the name of J. F. Hackfeld there were carried on the books of H. Hackfeld & Co. 12,647 shares of the latter's authorized issue of 40,000 shares. With this block of stock, combined with the shares owned by other Germans on the island, the J. F. Hackfeld company was about to control the operating company.

About the time I was preparing to take over these two companies, however, a plan was devised and attempted by their officers under which it would appear that 11,000 shares of the 12,647 had been sold to six Americans. These Americans, resident of the islands, were to form a pool or voting trust with the ostensible purpose of Americanizing H. Hackfeld & Co., thereby placing it beyond the reach of the Alien Property Custodian. The actual control remained in the hands of J. F. Hackfeld, Ltd., the Americans merely giving promissory notes for the 11,000 shares. There was, however, in the hands of the Alien Property Custodian a total of 14,724 shares of H. Hackfeld & Co. belonging to enemy aliens. Besides this, ninety-nine per cent of the stock of J. F. Hackfeld being enemy-owned, the custodian had the right to demand the 12,647 shares standing in the name of that company, thus giving him a clear majority of the 40,000 shares.

After considerable negotiation the officers of J. F. Hackfeld, Ltd., and the six Americans who sought to impose upon the custodian their own ideas of the method of Americanizing the Hackfeld properties, rescinded the purchase of the 11,000 shares and the custodian demanded and took over those shares, assuming complete control of

(Concluded on Page 137)

IT is easy to understand why the Hupmobile has become known, in this country and abroad, as an extraordinarily *good* car.

The reason is simply the ability of *The Comfort Car* to remain at its best for months at a time, without the need for expert attention.

People have learned that this unusual quality means *faithful* service from the car itself. They also find it a source of gratifying and really exceptional economy.

THE FROST ON THE PEACH

By Everett Rhodes Castle

And That Night, Like a Good General, Miss Glaub Prepared for the Big Drive. It Was to be a Triumph of the Lilies of the Field

IT WAS one of those very rare occasions when the two members of the firm of August & Rosewater sat down together and discussed the manufacture of waists collectively. In the past the production of printed voiles and Kelly-green Georgettes had always remained exclusively in the capable hands of Mr. Herman August, while the sales and office were carried on exclusively by Mr. Nathan Rosewater.

It was a close, muggy day in early summer. Mr. August, coatless and warm, scrubbed his wide face with heat-producing vigor in a futile effort to keep up with his pores.

"Well," he snorted, "what's the big idea? Huh?"

His partner mopped his brow in turn. Of finer stuff was Mr. Nathan Rosewater, as became a high-class sales manager.

"The war's over now, ain't it?" he said cryptically.

Hot weather irritated Mr. August, who was ordinarily as placid as an inland lake. "You ain't called me all the way in from the cutting room to tell me that?" he asked.

"What I am getting at is this," Mr. Rosewater continued, unperturbed: "In the first place things ain't goin' to be the same as during the war—or before it."

"Ain't the women going to wear waists any more?"

"That ain't the point, Herman. We ——"

"It looks like the only point that you can get me excited about," Mr. August assured him. "Anyway like on a day like this."

Mr. Rosewater dropped his handkerchief, which was freely bordered with lavender, and shook his head with the violence of a man deeply exasperated.

"Wait!" he shouted. "Wait anyway a minute, can't you? Wait till a man tells you what he is trying to get at. What's the sense?"

"All right."

"What I meant to say," his partner continued, somewhat mollified at the assent, "is this: What's the use of making waists if we don't sell them? Ask yourself that, Herman."

"Not me," said Mr. August emphatically.

"Sure not you," mocked his partner; "but just the same that's what we got to look out for."

"Why?"

"Why?"—in an echo that could be heard through the pressing room. "Why, because the war is over, like I told you. Because never again are we going to hire help like it was canned tomatoes, y'understand. Because never again are we going to be able to go roun' an' pick up silk like it was a pool-playing salesman. Believe me, Herman, the day of twenty-dollar-a-dozen stuff is gone for good an' all."

"Then we'll have to get more money for them."

Mr. Rosewater jumped violently to his feet and threw his hands despairingly into the air. "Ain't it easy to see your nose sticks out no farther than the loft here?" he shouted. "Sell them for more! As if it was easy like that. Nothing to it a-tall. Do you suppose all we have to do is go out an' say to our customers: 'Our twenty-dollar-a-dozen stuff is now only thirty dollars, net, a dozen'; an' they will be breaking the fire laws to get into our offices? Do you?"

"But we did it last year an' the year before."

"Sure we did it. But why? Because we kept blaming the increase on the war an' saying that when the war was over—why, prices would go down; an' now six months after war is over an' the fall line staring us in the face—why, prices go even higher yet."

The senior member of the firm scrubbed his face in silence for several damp moments. "Well, what's the answer?" he challenged. "It's up to you, ain't it? It ain't got nothing to do with the manufacturing end, has it? Unless—unless you expect it that I should come in an' handle ——"

"Ab-so-lute-ly no!" Mr. Rosewater interrupted aggrievedly. "Ain't I always sold everything we made, even those embroidered voiles of 1913, at good prices? Didn't I?"

"Yen."

"Well, I got the answer now."

Mr. August lit a long black cigar despite the heat. "Shoot it," he said succinctly.

"Approach."

"What?"

"I said it. Approach."

For a moment the senior partner merely sat and gazed through the smoke. Then, as a man who wishes to be sure and do no one—even a business partner—an injustice, he rose and walked to the firm's dictionary.

"Accessibility," he read accusingly. "What's approaching got to do with selling waists? Huh?"

Mr. Rosewater walked slowly over and jabbed the other's knee with a vigorous forefinger. "If you owned a brewery," he said, ignoring the question, "you wouldn't hire one of these highly born aristocratic ladies to go roun' an' sell your brand of beer an' whisky, would you?"

"No," acknowledged Mr. August.

"Well, that's just what the waist business has been doing. They have been sending out a man to sell a women's article, y'understand; an' furthermore, an article that is bought mostly by women buyers."

Mr. August nodded at the new-found wisdom of this.

"Of course," amended Mr. Rosewater hastily, "I don't mean that we should pull in all our men off the road, but start in easy—say, get one woman to sorta' sound out the idea from the office."

Mr. August was willing enough to acknowledge this as sound, but something else was to be considered; to wit: Having been called in, if the idea resulted in disaster he was partly to blame. On the other hand, if he played safe the responsibility would lie where it should. Having decided he laughed jeeringly.

"Believe me, Nate, it's easy to see you ain't married."

"Why?"

"Simply because you don't know nothing about women, y'understand? Only from one angle did you take a look. Think of the fussing round. Think of the bother. An', Nate, think of the expense accounts! Why, the one item of chicken salads alone would be enough, y'understand, to break even a company as big as the La Mode."

"Even so—which I don't think it is—why, how about the saving on twenty-cent cigars an' this fifteen-cent-a-ball pool playin'? Huh?"

Mr. August camouflaged resignation. He shrugged his shoulders.

"I am only the senior member of this firm," he cried plaintively, "an' in charge of the production. What is that? Nothing. Go ahead." Then after a moment of crafty pause: "Who you goin' to get?"

"A lady I have had my eye on for some time. An', Herman, believe me she is some little worker!"

"Who is she?"

"A lady buyer from a Western store," evaded Mr. Rosewater airily.

"What's the name?"

"Miss Adele Glaub."

As Mr. Rosewater had anticipated, the senior partner straightway touched the ceiling. "Miss Glaub!" he bellowed. "You should be hiring away a good customer who every year spends six thousand with us anyway. What kind of smart business is that? Not only do we lose probably the six thousand, but in addition we pay her anyway six thousand more. Twelve thousand dollars!"

"But ——"

"Twelve thousand for a approach!" Mr. August laughed dramatically. "An' approach to what? Bankruptcy?"

"Please, Herman, if ——"

But the power of elocution had touched the senior member of the firm. "Not only we should lose twelve thousand dollars but in addition we should be hiring a vampire, huh? Hiring a woman, y'understand, who, because somebody told her she looks like this Beda Thara in the pictures, she goes round with earrings an' a movement, y'understand, like she was walking on a big dish of chopped eels with sherry wine. What's the sense? If our customers they want to be vampired, why not take them where they can see a real one with music, y'understand? But for twelve thousand dollars a imitation! A approach! Pscht!"

"Wait a minute!" Towering over his seated partner Mr. Rosewater commanded silence. "How do you get that way?" he demanded. "Do I come out an' try to make myself laugh because your best designer is a dead ringer for Charlie Chaplin? Do I? Do I say you should fire him because he cuts his mustache like it was a sausage? Do I? Do I say that because his feet are always shuffling in an imitation of this other guy that he ain't a good waist designer? Huh?"

"No, but ——"

"Well then, why should you object if a person has a little harmless hobby like wearing earrings an' moving like—like—gracefully? Ain't she a good judge of merchandise? Don't she know the waist business from the bottom up? Can't she see the business from the customers' point of view? An' furthermore"—Mr. Rosewater shook a glistening manicured forefinger—"there's a girl with the style to show off our models herself, an' the brains to put this idea over if there's anything in it a-tall."

"Sure. A vampire!"—bitterly.

"What if she is? What difference does that make? Huh? Just as long as when it comes down to business she forgets all about such monkey business?"

Mr. August rose, mopping and defeated. "All right," he submitted. "Go ahead. Don't mind me. Go ahead an' make the waist business into 'A Fool There Was.' Why should I object? Who am I only the senior partner? But remember this"—Mr. August blocked the door to the cutting room with his bulky frame: "You can't make a silk purse, y'understand, out of a pig's ear. What's soup for the goose ain't always soup for the gander; an' while the frost on the pumpkin is fine, an' poetry is wrote about it, why, y'understand, it's a different story altogether if that same frost hits on a peach blossom."

II

THE morning of the arrival from the West of Miss Adele Glaub, lately buyer of waists for The Mammoth Store, Bigburg, Ohio, found a slight coolness risen between the partners, a coolness which had simmered down from the boiling point and threatened open rupture on one condition. Briefly stated, in Mr. August's succinct phraseology the condition was this:

"Because she is a woman, y'understand," he stated, "ain't no reason why she wouldn't have to make good like anybody else, is it? You say she is sure she can make

(Continued on Page 38)

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Dorothy Gish in "Nugget Nell"
Elsie Ferguson in "Rose of the River"
"Oh! You Women!" A John Emerson-Anita Loos Production
Vivian Martin in "Louisiana"
Shirley Mason in "The Lion's Crossing"
Wallace Reid in "The Love Burglar"
Bryant Washburn in "A Very Good Young Man"

Thomas H. Ince-Paramount

Enid Bennett in "The Haunted Bedroom"
Dorothy Dalton in "Other Men's Wives"
Charles Ray in "Hay Foot, Straw Foot"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

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A William A. Brady Production
Maurice Tourneur's Production "Shore Leave"
"The Silver King" starring William Faversham
"False Faces" A Thomas H. Ince Production
"The Firing Line" starring Irene Castle
"The Woman Thou Gavest Me." Hugh Ford's Production of Hall Caine's Novel
"The Career of Katherine Bush" starring Catherine Calvert
"Secret Service" starring Robert Warwick
Maurice Tourneur's Production "The White Heather"
"The Dark Star." A Cosmopolitan Production

Artcraft

Cecil B. deMille's Production "For Better, For Worse"
Douglas Fairbanks in "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo"
Elsie Ferguson in "The Avalanche"
D. W. Griffith's Production "True Heart Susie"
*Wm. S. Hart in "Wagon Tracks"
Mary Pickford in "Captain Kidd, Jr."
Fred Stone in "Johnny Get Your Gun"
*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

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good? All right. Ain't I reasonable? Give her a month to show us that she has the stuff."

"But a month! Why, you yourself couldn't do anything in a month."

"A month"—firmly.

"But ——"

"A month."

Without a word Mr. Rosewater walked away. Out of the ten years of partnership it had come to the junior partner that all arguments were futile when the other's voice took on that curt snap. Perhaps, all things considered, it was lucky that the curt snap had not arrived with the mention of the idea. And she could put it over! Down in the bottom of his heart Mr. Rosewater knew that. A month meant quick work, but on the other hand Miss Adele Glaub was a quick worker. Also if the idea went over an enjoyable precedent would have been established for the discomfiture of the senior partner.

And the arrival of Miss Glaub, from the viewpoint of Mr. Rosewater at least, was a very satisfying proceeding. But there were other angles, particularly those of the senior partner. To Mr. August the abrupt transition of Miss Glaub from a valued customer whose slightest whim was a command imperial, to an employee whose ultimate good lay in being frequently told where she headed in at, was comparatively easy.

"Oo-oo, Mr. August," the former siren of The Mammoth Department Store had cooed, "you don't know how ab-so-lute-lee wonderful it is to be associated with men like yourself an' Mr. Rosewater after the drudgery of the Mammoth."

Stonily Mr. August eyed the lure of the dark brown eyes and the scarlet lips twisted into a rosebud smile. The subconscious cave-man tendencies with which each male is supposedly equipped failed to function at the sight of the jet earrings gleaming from a piled-up mountain of black hair lit with high blue light. As the hard-breathing victim of a beautiful man hunter, Mr. August looked like a fleshy waist manufacturer talking to an employee who he knows beforehand is ordained for a blue discharge slip.

"Hours are from eight-thirty to five," he said shortly.

But to Mr. Rosewater's susceptible bachelor heart the abrupt appearance of Miss Glaub as an employee had meant other things, things which caused unexplainable flutterings between the second and third buttons of the well-laden Rosewater vest; unexplainable, according to Mr. Rosewater's lights, because during the three years that Miss Glaub had been a customer of the house the only thrills which had come to his well-laden vest had followed the sight of a well-filled order blank. Unexplainable but eminently satisfying; vague stirrings, but wonderful stirrings. Perhaps it was the innate chivalry of Mr. Rosewater's heart which went out to a lone female who was no longer a customer but merely an employee, but more likely it was the habitual admiration which Mr. Rosewater extended to all perfect things. And perfect she was! For the first time, as he greeted her, Mr. Rosewater's eyes were not covered with the scales of customerhood. From the tips of the patent-leather pumps to the shimmering gown of black satin decorated with its huge rope of jet, here was perfection. Such perfection as might make some business acquaintance whisper with bated breath, as Mr. Rosewater walked into the Palm Room of the Astoria: "Who is that wonderful peaches with Nate Rosewater?"

In that twinkling of meeting, according to the viewpoint of the senior partner a customer had become an employee, but to Mr. Rosewater a customer had become a wonderful woman. Naturally enough Mr. August's curtly worded reply deeply angered him. Just because she was being paid out of the funds of the partnership was no reason why she should be treated like a presser just over. Glaring, he laughed loudly.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "Ain't Herman the ol' bear, Miss Glaub? Honest, if he meant everything he says ——" With his back to the new assistant sales manager he forced the issue, brows drawn straight. "Ain't I right, Herman?"

"Sure you're right. Ain't you always right?" With a snort Mr. August moved away. At the door he stopped. "Anyway, a month will tell," he observed; "if—if the grass don't get white in the morning, y'understand."

"What has that got to do with a great selling scheme like ——"

"Frost," said Mr. August briefly, and disappeared.

III

THE two weeks that followed were dull weeks if judged by merchandising standards. It was the midsummer lull between seasons, and not one out-of-town customer's hand was grasped in hearty welcome by Mr. Rosewater or his new aide, Miss Glaub. But there were other standards, standards which destroyed in their entirety the placidity and softness of Mr. Herman August and left him sweating, lowering and short.

For days he kept to the moist seclusion of the pressing and cutting rooms, ignoring the whispered conferences which took place daily in the salesrooms. He took a certain grim satisfaction in tearing off the daily sheets from the huge calendar over his desk—always waiting until the junior member of the firm was about.

But the lull had not applied to the whispering that collected about the bachelor heart of Mr. Rosewater. As a throaty barytone had observed during the course of a little dinner the second night following the arrival of Miss Glaub, "If you c-can't get a gir-r-rl in the summer-r-r-r-time, why, you can't g-g-get a gir-r-r-rl at a-a-all."

"Ain't it the truth?" sighed Mr. Rosewater.

"What?"

"What a lonely guy a bachelor is?"

"Oo-oo, Mr. Rosewater! You ain't ——"

"I am!" And he meant it. Freed from the necessities of salesmanship Mr. Rosewater had the leisure to study his new assistant under a more romantic light. And the picture made him gulp. Sitting there on the Metropolitan Roof sipping iced tea and looking artfully up from under the soft shadow of a large floppy hat she was, to use Mr. Rosewater's own words, the personification of class! And class was something which he understood—thoroughly. The angle of a hat, the soft lines of a summer gown, a diamond bar pin glittering at a snow-white throat—were tangible assets which meant something in a wife. How the other male heads on the roof had turned as they walked to their tables! A woman like that was like a perfect diamond, Mr. Rosewater reflected. Something to be proud of—and he was. He smiled, and then, remembering, sighed.

"Here is this ol' bear of a partner of mine," he continued, "sitting at home in the midst of a happy family while I—I—all I got is a place to sleep an' have my necktie stolen from."

"But a big successful business man like you, what more could you want?"

"What is success without love?" said Mr. Rosewater romantically.

"What is love if you've gotta' feed it on—on—on nothing," countered his companion softly.

"You—me ——" he began.

"What?"

But there was no hurry. True, he had known the vision opposite for nearly four years, but only in the last few days had her wonderful potentialities been revealed to him. Besides, there was the annoying proposition of Mr. August. It might be hinted—not even delicately—that his new merchandising idea had a deeper motive than the selling of A. & R. waists. And the new idea was right! The very first buyer of any consequence that came to town would prove that. And then, with his idea proved, his partner properly humbled, would be the time to ——

"You—you an' me have the same ideas," he explained hastily.

"Oh," said the lady.

Later they attended a frothy bit of musical comedy and Mr. Rosewater nodded to four acquaintances with the maximum amount of satisfaction.

There followed days of discussion regarding the new fall numbers and the practicability of replacing old Henry Schleman on the Central Ohio and Western Pennsylvania territory with a woman. This latter was held in abeyance pending the arrival of Western buyers, whose opinion would be invaluable. Also their reception of a female assistant sales manager would be a straw in the wind.

But there were other moments, away from the peering eyes and sneering lips of Mr. August, when the conversation strayed from large collared Georgettes and beaded crêpe de Chines along the tender byways of love. Not that one concrete word of affection was uttered, but Mr. Rosewater's eyes grew tender as he gazed, and the lady's head drooped with delightful shyness. Also, and of equal importance, Mr. Rosewater was able to show his new assistant off to many friends and business associates.

And then, just as Mr. Rosewater began to realize the increasing difficulty of keeping an ardent rush of words from his impetuous lips, a telegram arrived at the salesroom announcing the arrival from Des Moines of Miss Irmatrude Tepe, buyer of blouses for the entire Western circuit of Chain Stores, Inc.

Here was real luck! With a chortle of pure joy Mr. Rosewater executed a very creditable imitation of the Highland fling about the salesroom.

"Hurrah!" he shouted. "Didn't I always keep sayin' that this idea was going over? Didn't I? Eh, Miss Glaub? An' now it's a copper-riveted cinch, believe me! To think that old Irmy Tepe should be the first one to show up. Believe me, ain't it luck?"

Languidly Miss Glaub brushed back a stray lock of coal-black hair.

"That old frump," she sneered.

"Frump!" Mr. Rosewater laughed good-naturedly. "Say, I wish there was a hundred frumps like that old girl, believe me. That woman buys more waists than any other customer we got—anyway twenty thousand a year, an' sometimes as high as forty."

"A false front an' eleven out of twelve teeth capped with gold," said Miss Glaub reminiscently. "Ninety-seven pounds to cover five feet, eleven inches."

"Sure thing. But that ain't the funny part of it."

"No?"

"Ha, ha! It's a scream! That's why we always get the cream of the ol' girl's order."

"Yeh?" said the lady inelegantly.

"She's an' old maid, y' understand, an' she thinks that there is something about her—you know what I mean—an' I let her think there is; an' there you are."

The assistant sales manager remained silent—an accusing silence that troubled Mr. Rosewater, who expected at least a few short words of praise for such cleverness. But none were forthcoming.

"Well?" he inquired.

The words came with a rush, bitterly: "So that's it! Making love as a business proposition. That's why you always said the nice things to me when I was a buyer! Honest, Mr. Rosewater, the way you business men toy with women's hearts—like—like they were Georgette—or something. An'—an'—the things you have been saying lately to me is just—just—like—the same things you filled that old frump—an'—just because I am now working for you instead of ——"

For just three seconds Mr. Rosewater forgot that he and his assistant were standing well within the view of the bookkeeping and sales room.

"Lissen," he said tensely: "Business is one thing an'—an' love is something else again. Just because this old lady, y'understand, likes to think she ain't as old as maybe she is—isn't any reason to think that outside of business ——"

"In a woman's heart nothing is separated," Miss Glaub told him vehemently.

"But a woman ain't got the first say." For the life of him he couldn't quite keep a ring of complacency out of the words.

"But she has the last."

"Sure," laughed Mr. Rosewater; "that's the way ol' Miss Tepe an' I get along an' I get the business—because she always keeps hoping that I'll say the first."

Miss Glaub laughed dramatically. "An' you hired me to come here with you," she cried, "because you said you needed a woman's point of view! What for? I can't see."

"You can't? Let me tell you why. Because I am tired of being a business lover, y'understand? Because I am dog tired of always making myself sigh when I don't mean anything by it."

"Yeh?" skeptically.

"It's so!" vehemently. "Suppose—suppose I—I found some wonderful woman that I really wanted to marry! What would happen then to such big customers as old Miss Tepe; an' Miss Miller, that buys for Scholderman, Hotlz & Co.; an' other females like that? Coming from a married man it won't mean anything when you say there is something about their eyes. Will it now? Does a long look from a married man mean rapture—or something?" Mr. Rosewater brought his open palms together with a resounding slap. "No! It means he is maybe cracked.

"An' why should I always be a bachelor while August goes along leading a happy married life? Ain't he a partner? Why shouldn't he be sighing also? But no; he is a married man! Bah! Partner!"

A soft sigh encouraged Mr. Rosewater.

"I ain't goin' to stand for it," he continued. "That's why I decided to put a woman in here an' sell our merchandise on their merits, y'understand. Anyway, most of our customers buy our merchandise because they get the values—only three or four need a Romeo like me ——"

"But anyway to lose them would mean fifty thousand a year, Mr. Rosewater," his assistant began practically.

"That's the rub. That's why I haveta go easy when I talk—restaurant roof—er—that is ——"

"Yes?" prompted Miss Glaub softly.

"Nothing. But—but it is going through, believe me! An' when I show them that the idea is right an' we can sell waists without fifty per cent soft stuff—woman to woman—why, then I have got something else to say."

"An' she's coming to-morrow?"

"To-morrow is the day you make good." Mr. Rosewater said it softly.

And that night, like a good general, Miss Glaub prepared for the big drive. It was to be a triumph of the lilies of the field. With careful fingers Miss Glaub laid out a satin skirt of shimmering whiteness. Beside it she laid an armless sports jacket of salmon tricolet. White kid pumps and stockings followed. A pale gray Georgette sports blouse followed. Laid out on the snow-white counterpane of her bed it was a combination of artistic color as exquisite as a Ward rose.

With a deep sigh of intense satisfaction she placed the costume over the back of a chair. Then with deft fingers she unfastened the tumbled mass of dark hair. With the cold-cream jar half opened she closed her eyes.

The hatchet-faced old maid with her false front and gleaming teeth, dressed in a vivid mockery of youth. Mr. Rosewater bowing suavely. The old frump dazzled by the beauty and color of the new assistant—if a girl was pretty, why shouldn't she admit it?—signed for the largest order in the history of the house. How Mr. Rosewater beamed! The discomfiture of the pessimistic Mr. August.

(Concluded on Page 105)

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GETTING IT FROM THE BANK

By J. R. SPRAGUE

TWO men, a banker and a contractor, happened to sit at the same table for luncheon in a restaurant in an Eastern city. The conversation turned on the subject of some government work which was about to be done, and the contractor remarked that he was going to submit some bids.

"How much will the work cost?" inquired the banker.

"I haven't assembled all my figures yet," replied the contractor, "but I imagine it will amount to something like a million dollars."

"I declare, Mac," commented the banker, "your business is a mystery to me. I can't see how you can tell, when you bid on a job of that size, whether you are going to win or lose. It must be a great gamble."

A little later Mac related the incident to the writer. "I was sounding out that banker," he said, "with the idea of doing some business with his institution. But the minute he said he couldn't understand my business I decided that he was not the banker for me.

"Here is the way it works out," he continued: "There is, for instance, an office building to be put up which will cost approximately four hundred thousand dollars, and I am getting ready to put in a bid. Certain payments are made as the work progresses, but if I get the job I shall have to use at least a hundred thousand dollars of my own money to finance it along. I haven't got a hundred thousand dollars in cash and so I go to my banker for it. I show him my figures, which are based on a ten per cent profit on the job. If he knows something about the contracting game he can tell right away whether he wants to make the loan or not. If contracting is a mystery to him, as my friend in the restaurant expressed it, he will put me off until his board of directors can consider it. The board may in turn put me off until they can get an expert to pass on it, and then maybe it is too late to do me any good."

Credits Kept Bright by Use

"IN MY profession I come in contact with a great many different lines of business, and I have observed that the man who gets along best usually does business with a banker who understands his particular line. Back in my home town in Missouri our leading banker had a brother in the wholesale grocery business. Through this relationship he naturally knew that line. He was ultraconservative in most of his dealings, but any groceryman who had a legitimate need for money could get it quick. To be connected with a banker who thoroughly understands one's business is a kind of insurance."

Recently the writer has made it his business to talk with numbers of bankers to find out just how a man must act or what he must have to make him a desirable risk from the bank's standpoint. The answers were as different as the bankers interviewed. About the only point on which they agreed was that a man who wants to borrow money ought to be honest. And customers sometimes violate even that rule, several of the bankers regretfully admitted.

One man, who is at the head of a bank in a Southern city of about a hundred thousand inhabitants, and who has been very successful in handling the accounts of the smaller business men in his community, explained his methods rather fully. "If a man wants to keep his credit in good working order he ought to use it once in a while," said this banker. "To explain what I mean I shall have to tell of an incident that happened here just a few days ago.

"Two merchants came into the bank about the same time, each wanting to make a loan; they had both been depositors for some time. The one who happened to reach me first had been in the habit of borrowing similar amounts before in order to discount his merchandise bills, so that it was more or less a routine affair, and I merely told him to fill out a sixty-day note and carry it over to the receiving teller's window. In five minutes he had the amount of the note credited to his account, and had gone back to his store to mail out checks to pay for his merchandise purchases.

"The other merchant had never asked for a loan before. So far as I knew he was doing a satisfactory business and his affairs were in good shape; he said he wanted the money to buy up a lot of goods that was offered him at a discount for spot cash. But just because it was his first attempt to borrow I had to go slow. I told him to fix up a statement showing how much his stock was worth and how much he owed his merchandise creditors, so I could present the matter to my board, and in a couple of days I would give him an answer.

"He went out of the bank sulkily, and I saw him stop a friend on the other side of the street to engage in earnest conversation. It was too far away to hear what he said, but I knew well enough that he was repeating the slogan of disgruntled business men in communities everywhere: 'There ain't a real banker in this town. They're just a bunch of pawnbrokers.'

"As a matter of fact I did let him have the money a few days later, without bringing the matter up before the board. But caution demanded that I take time to inquire round town to see if anything had happened which would make him depart from his regular habits and suddenly want to borrow.

"One fallacy that exists among a great many business men is the idea that it is a good idea to do business with more than one bank. There seems to be an impression that by playing one institution against the other a man may come nearer getting what he wants. I can't imagine such a theory working out in practice. When a bank is backing a business man it wants to know just what he is doing, and it can't have that knowledge if he is splitting up his account. If a man's business grows so big that his bank can't meet his requirements, then he ought to take his account to some stronger institution. No good banker is going to get sore if a customer does that.

"Some years ago a manufacturer in a large Eastern city did business with two banks, carrying a loan of fifty thousand dollars in each. This worked out satisfactorily for a time, and then the two banks consolidated. When the new board went over the outstanding loans there was this hundred thousand dollars standing against the manufacturer all in one lump, and it looked too big. The manufacturer was notified that he would have to cut it down.

"It was his dull season and he simply could not raise the money. He finally got some money at an exorbitant price from a private money lender and tided himself over the crisis, but it took more than a year's profits to catch up with the loss.

"Under ordinary circumstances this manufacturer was good for a hundred thousand dollar line of credit, and either of the banks, before the consolidation, would probably have carried him for that amount. But when such a sum unexpectedly appeared against a single individual the shock was too much for the nerves of the new board.

"A business man who is figuring on making use of his bank should remember that banks are merchants; but instead of selling shoes or clothing or hardware the banker sells the use of money. When a merchant has a customer who pays his bills promptly and does not try to beat down the price he will always give that customer the benefit of anything particularly good that he may have in stock. He does this because the man is a profitable customer."

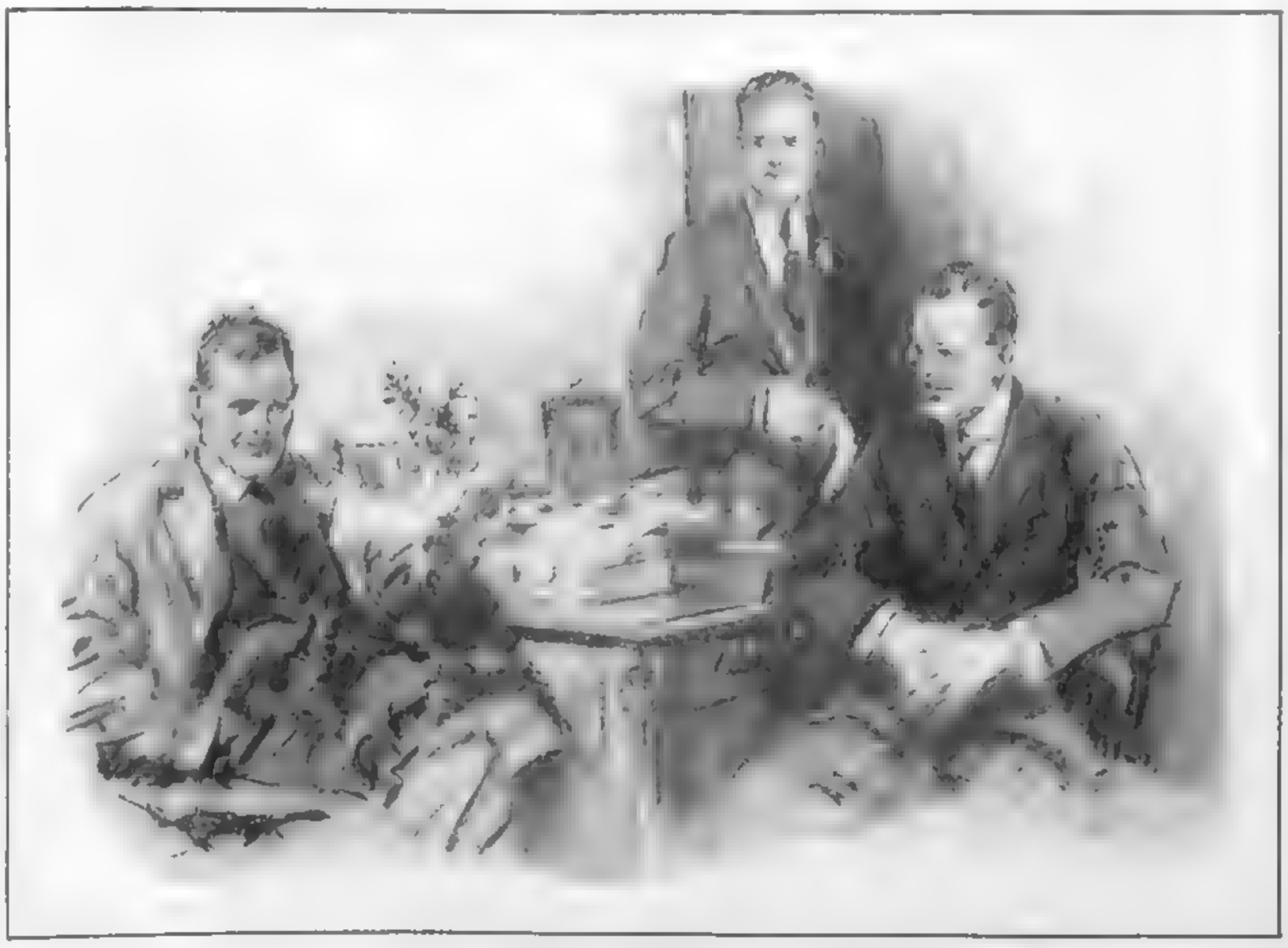
Unprofitable Customers

"IN THE same way a banker will be most likely to favor those customers who give the bank a chance to make a little money out of their accounts. A great many business men make a practice of keeping their bank balance trimmed down to the limit, and even a little below it. A storekeeper in Texas, for instance, buys most of his goods in Chicago. He carefully studies the time-tables and learns that it takes about six days for a letter to go to that city and return. The average receipts of his store are about a hundred dollars a day. He owes the wholesaler in Chicago six hundred dollars. He has no cash in bank, but he sits down and mails a check for six hundred dollars, trusting that he will have enough in bank to cover the check by the time it comes back from Chicago.

"A man who figures things down so close as that is not giving his banker a chance to make anything on his account. Suppose a business man writes fifty checks a month; it takes a lot of clerical work to handle those fifty checks, besides doing the other work incidental to taking care of his account. Some of the large city banks charge a customer a certain fee for handling his business when his average balance falls below a certain sum, but this is not done in the smaller places. The only pay the bank gets for handling a business man's account is to have a little of his money on deposit. If a bank had only its own capital to work on it might as well quit being a bank, with all the expense attached, and become a mere money-lending institution with cheap rent in an upstairs office and one or two bookkeepers to do all the clerical work."

A banker in a Western state which went dry two years ago commented on the former relations between booze and banking.

"Prohibition may not work out all the good that is expected of it," said this man, "but it certainly has made things easier for us bankers. The reformers have always said that prohibition would be a great thing for the workingman, but I contend that it does the merchant class more good than anyone else. Since our state went dry it has



A Business Man Who is Figuring on Making Use of His Bank Should Remember That Banks are Merchants

been a lot easier to figure out how far we might safely go with our merchant customers.

"It was not that many merchants drank to excess—far from it; if a merchant was known to be a booze fighter he had no bank credit anyhow. But when the merchant went over to the hotel to look at a line of samples and the salesman had a little drink of something set out on the table it was pretty hard to resist his hospitable invitation. Even the smallest amount of alcohol may decide a man to order half a gross of some item when he ought to have made it two dozen. It is easy to believe that business is going to be fine when one has had a couple of cheering drinks with an agreeable salesman.

"More than half the mercantile failures have come from accumulation of old stock; and the accumulation starts with the buying. Under the influence of a couple of highballs a merchant would overlook the fact that railroad trains were running every day and it was simple to order by mail when any item ran short. It takes a regular salesman nowadays to make a merchant buy more than he needs."

It may seem unfair that a man cannot have the poor pleasure of being conceited without hurting his bank credit, but such is apparently the case. One of the bankers with whom the writer talked has very decided views on the danger of mixing vanity and business.

"When a man comes to me to borrow money," said this banker, "I always try to draw him out to see whether or not he admires himself too much. A vain man will often do foolish things merely to gain admiration. He likes to do business in a spectacular way so that people may point him out on the street and say that he is a wonder.

"One merchant in my community actually went broke because he was so anxious to impress people with the fact that he was a shrewd business man. His main conceit was that he knew how to buy goods cheaper than anyone else. He had a theory that every wholesaler had leaders which were sold very cheap in order to tempt merchants to buy his line straight through, and he prided himself that he could always pick out the bargains. 'A merchant is a fool,' he used to say, 'who buys all his goods from one or two wholesalers. My policy is to pick the bargains from all of them and leave the long-profit stuff for someone else to buy.'"

Too Many Creditors Spoil the Business

"I DON'T know whether he actually saved money by buying his merchandise in that way or not; but it did get him into the trouble that eventually caused his downfall. So long as business was good he got along all right, but then there was a serious drought in his territory and his cash receipts fell off. He began to have trouble in meeting his bills promptly, and his creditors commenced to crowd him for money.

"That is where the weak point of his method of buying his goods came in. He was owing about twenty thousand dollars but was perfectly solvent, as his assets were twice that amount, and if his debts had been confined to half a dozen firms there would have been no trouble in financing himself. But because he had bought a little from almost every line that came along, in order to get the bargains, he was owing money to more than seventy-five different firms when the hard times came on.

"If a merchant owes a thousand dollars to his wholesaler and hard times hit him he can send a couple of hundred dollars on account, with the promise of more as soon as he can get it, and the chances are that the wholesaler will be perfectly satisfied. But if he owes a thousand dollars to twenty different firms, each one of them will want his money the minute it falls due, and usually will not accept any excuses. When a wholesaler has an account of thirty or forty dollars standing on his books it does not pay him to fuss much over it; he finds it hard to understand why a merchant does not pay such a small amount, and very likely turns it over to an attorney for collection.

"When things are shaky it does not take much to start trouble; a suit brought against a merchant to collect a bill of forty dollars may easily tip over a forty thousand dollar business. That is exactly what happened to the merchant in my town who fancied himself a shrewd buyer. One of the concerns to which he owed a small amount wrote him that they would not wait longer than a certain date; not receiving a remittance they made a draft through the bank; the draft came back, and they sent the account to an attorney with instructions to bring suit. The minute the suit was filed the financial agencies in the town notified all their clients of the fact. Within three days all the merchant's creditors knew that he was being sued for an overdue account; everyone dashed in to get what was coming to him before it was too late, and in the scramble the merchant went down and out.

"If he had not been so anxious to impress people with the fact that he knew how to buy goods better than anyone else that merchant would probably be in business to-day, because he would have confined his buying to half a dozen wholesalers who would have taken care of him in the pinching times."

The banker who told the foregoing took a little fling at those in his own profession who fancy themselves too much.

"I have known a banker to make foolish loans," he said, "merely to get his vanity flattered. Such a man likes to make quick decisions so the people in his town may say admiringly, 'By gum, there's one thing about him, you get a mighty quick yes or no when you ask him for a loan.' Many a bank has charged off losses which were due entirely to the fact that someone wanted to be known as a wizard."

The value of thorough understanding between business man and banker is expressed in a story told by a bank president in a Middle Western city.

"There was a man whom I will call Prentice running a shoe store in my town," said this bank official, "who had been a customer of our institution for several years. Prentice had a very good location in the best business block in town, and for a number of years did well. He had borrowed money from our bank at different times in order to earn the cash discounts on his purchases of merchandise, and had always settled his notes as they fell due.

"Eventually, however, competition developed in his line which got Prentice in a bad way. It was one of those cases which happen periodically in every line of business, where some man makes a reputation for himself in the town as a salesman, and on the strength of his salesmanship gets a number of friends to put up money and open a business. Sometimes such ventures succeed, but more often they don't, because the best salesman in the world is likely to be the worst business manager.

"The man who opened up in competition with Prentice had been head salesman for one of the other shoe stores in town, and as soon as he got into operation he proceeded to try to put all the other shoe stores out of business. It seems he had modestly told his stockholders he would do it, as an incentive for investing their money with him.

"And he certainly did go after the shoe business of the town in violent fashion. He secured a good corner location just a few doors from Prentice's store, which he fitted up in handsome shape, with plate glass and marble front, a big electric sign, and all sorts of fancy fixtures in his show windows to display his shoes properly. His main argument for business was bargains. He used full-page advertisements in the newspapers as freely as though space cost about five cents an inch. There was hardly a tree alongside any country road for twenty miles round but carried his modest statement that the Fashion Cut-Rate Shoe Store was the cheapest place on earth. He started special sales in January to close out all high shoes, and by the first of July he would be advertising every low quarter in the house at half price. He seemed to have an idea that if he could only sell enough shoes below cost he would make a great deal of money.

"One of his ideas was to carry the largest stock in the state and thus put his competitors out of business by sheer weight of merchandise. In some lines he carried nine different widths of shoes, and in sizes from five to fifteen. He loved to tell how much business he was doing. But he was the sort of merchant who, if he got you in a corner and demanded that you guess how much money he took in last Saturday, you would instinctively want to answer, 'Oh, about half.'"

Prentice in a Tight Place

"IT WAS a foregone conclusion that the Fashion Cut-Rate Shoe Store was headed for disaster unless its tactics changed or unless the stockholders were willing to put up unlimited capital. But meanwhile it was getting most of the business of the town on account of its circus style of advertising and its cut prices. It was hard on all the shoe merchants, but particularly hard on Prentice, only three doors away. His only chance was to hold on as best he could until something happened to the Cut-Rate, and meanwhile try to do as much business as possible at a reasonable profit; to meet competition by cutting prices himself would only hasten his own finish.

"But a dozen times a day Prentice, looking helplessly on, would see one of his clerks work faithfully to fit some customer and have the sale apparently made until the price was mentioned, when all would be lost by the customer saying irritably, 'What! The regular price on these shoes? They're selling them at a third off in the store on the corner.'

"Prentice surely did make a determined fight. He had started in business on very limited capital, and at the time the Cut-Rate began to tear things up he had just got himself into a position where he could spread out a little. He was probably worth twenty thousand dollars over and above what he owed on his stock of goods; this represented nearly ten years of hard work.

"When the Cut-Rate store entered the field Prentice was owing our bank a couple of thousand dollars. He came down and frankly told me that he was up against it, and that it would be a case of hanging on until the clouds rolled by. It would have been strictly business to insist that he reduce the loan, and I should probably have done so except that he was so open and above board about everything. He had been in the habit of furnishing the bank with a statement of his affairs every six months, but now he voluntarily brought us the figures every thirty days.

"A lot of merchants think of a business statement as a pompous matter involving an expert accountant, an adding machine, and long columns of figures labeled with various technical names. If a banker understands his business he does not need all those frills to know whether a merchant is gaining or losing. When a merchant is doing business with a real banker all the statement he needs to fix up is the amount of money he takes in during a given month, and his expenses for the same period. A regular banker will know what percentage it should cost to do business in any line, whether it is shoes or jewelry, hardware or raincoats.

"Some of the monthly statements that Prentice brought in showed he was doing so little business that his expenses were fully thirty-five per cent of his total cash receipts, whereas it is the rule for a shoe dealer to do business on twenty-five per cent expense. His only consolation was that the Cut-Rate, going ahead at forced steam, was probably spending forty cents for every dollar of business.

"Prentice could never have held out the way he did except for the way he handled his merchandise creditors. He realized the danger of owing too many people, and as soon as the bad times struck he wrote his larger creditors, asking for a little more time on their accounts. This gave him a little breathing spell; in a few months he managed to pay off practically all his small creditors and was doing business with only six or seven houses. Of course he was missing a chance to get some of the salable novelties by confining his buying to so few concerns, but it is better to miss an occasional sale than to be tangled up in a maze of little debts when things are going wrong."

The Turn of the Tide

"PRENTICE had the faculty of making a little money go a long way. After he had cut down the number of his creditors he devised the plan of sending each one of them some money once every week, no matter how little it might be. Every Saturday night he sat down and checked out the money he had accumulated during the week. These checks used to come back to our bank for payment, and some of them were pitifully small. I have known him to send twenty dollars to a concern where he owed a thousand dollars, as a payment on account.

"He was cutting down expenses to the limit. I dropped into his place one day to see him about some matter and one of the clerks told me that Mr. Prentice was in the back room; I went on back and found him sitting on a wooden shoe box eating his lunch out of a paper bag. At another time I had got up at daybreak to go with some friends on a fishing trip, and at six o'clock in the morning we rode through the deserted business district. As we went past Prentice's store I saw him standing on a stepladder in one of his show windows washing the plate glass to save the expense of a professional window cleaner.

"But no man can finance himself along forever on a shoe string, even though he is the hardest worker and the most skillful manager in the world. Prentice finally got to the point where his creditors began to push him for money. He was not buying enough goods to pay them for carrying him along. The credit agencies in town came to my bank for confidential information about him, stating that some of the wholesalers had asked for special reports on his financial condition. On two or three occasions some creditor who had got dissatisfied with the small amounts Prentice was sending drew on him through the bank, and of course Prentice could not meet the drafts. It began to look as though he had about reached his limit. But the Cut-Rate store was still going strong, buying goods from every manufacturer who offered to sell on credit, and piling up debts with the local newspapers for advertisements.

"When a business is getting ready to fail it would seem proper that there should be some excitement about it, but there isn't. There is merely an absence of customers who have money to spend. It is in fact the deadly dullness that often gets on a merchant's nerves and makes him act foolishly in times of discouragement. Many a man, ordinarily careful, has defiantly taken what little money there was in his cash register and gone out to spend it riotously, merely to break the depressing monotony. But Prentice kept his nerve. He stuck to his store day after day, never dodging the bill collectors or the bank runners, who brought in drafts that he could not meet; and answering as best he could the letters from impatient creditors who wrote that they would give exactly two weeks' more time before placing matters in the hands of an attorney.

"One morning when I got down to the bank Prentice was standing on the front steps waiting for me.

"'The Cut-Rate Store is for sale,' he said.

"'That's pretty good for you,' I replied, 'because the man who buys it will probably have sense enough to sell

(Concluded on Page 45)

AROMINTS

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I'm coming in the Post;
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Willie Pep

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THE beauty, luxury and good taste of this Roof Garden Restaurant make it quite characteristic of Hotel Pennsylvania. It is the largest of the hotel's dining rooms (extending the full length of the block, 32d to 33d streets); and is quite the place to go, in New York, for luncheon, tea, dinner or supper.

But the Roof Garden is only one of the good reasons why the Pennsylvania should be your New York hotel. There are two Turkish baths (one for men, one for women), each with a big swimming pool; a good library; extra conveniences throughout.

Every bedroom has private bath, circulating ice-water, bed-head reading lamp, full-length mirror, the ingenious "Servidor," and other special conveniences. A morning paper is delivered free to every guest-room.

Rooms, one person, are $3.50, $4, $5, $6; for two, $5, $6, $7 (with twin-beds, $6, $7, $8); parlor suites, $12 and up.

In Pennsylvania Station, give your bag to a red-cap and take elevator (from same level as train-platform) to hotel lobby.

Statler-operated *in connection with* HOTELS STATLER, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis.

Hotel
PENNSYLVANIA
Opposite Pennsylvania Terminal
New York

(Concluded from Page 42)

his goods at a living profit. Come into my office and tell me about it.'

"'I am afraid it's worse for me,' said Prentice when we had got inside and sat down. 'An attorney from Boston is here to wind up its affairs and get what he can out of it for the creditors. But that isn't the hard part of it. A couple of speculators came along too, who are figuring on buying the stock at a sacrifice and putting on a bankrupt sale that will tear the shoe business of the town to pieces for the next year. They are backed up by an auction house in Chicago which will ship in a couple of hundred thousand dollars' worth of shoddy goods and run a fake sale just as long as the public will bite.'

"'How much money would it take to buy the stock?' I asked.

"'I believe it can be bought for fifty cents on the dollar,' replied Prentice, 'and the stock invoices about forty thousand. The speculators have got a draft for ten thousand with them and they have wired their backer to see if he will put up ten thousand more. They ought to get their answer by noon.'

"'It sure looks pretty bad for you, Prentice,' I said. 'But what can I do about it?'

"'I want you to lend me twenty thousand dollars to buy the stock,' said Prentice slowly. 'Of course you know that my business is in a bad fix right now. If my creditors had not been kind to me during the past two years it would be my stock instead of the Cut-Rate's that the attorney would be here to sell out. As a cold-blooded business proposition I am not worthy of a twenty thousand dollar loan.

"'But if the Cut-Rate stock is bought at fifty cents on the dollar and retailed judiciously a good profit can be made. The lease on the store goes with the stock too. You know I am not visionary, but I feel certain that if I can buy the stock and move into that corner location, in a year's time I will be operating on a cash basis.'

"'But look here, Prentice,' I said, 'twenty thousand dollars is a lot of money, and you already owe us two thousand. This is Tuesday and my board does not meet until Friday. But you say you want the money before noon. I can't say right now whether I ought to let you have it or not. Give me half an hour to think it over.'

"After Prentice had gone I called the cashier into conference. Our records showed that during normal times when we had loaned him money he had always met his notes as they fell due. He had never overdrawn his account, which was rather unusual, considering that he had been in hard shape for the last two years. And he had never tried to conceal anything from us, though the statements he had shown us were discouraging enough.

"But it was the bank's money I was thinking of loaning, not my own. I would come in for some hard criticism if I put out that amount of cash without the sanction of my board, and it should turn out badly. I sat looking out of the window trying to decide what was the wise thing to do, and saw Prentice standing across the street. He had not gone back to his store, but was waiting over there for the half hour to pass. He was standing with his back toward me, looking idly into a drug-store window. Down the block a little way a street car ran into an automobile, causing a crowd to collect, but Prentice merely glanced in that direction and turned away without interest. There was not room in his mind for anything but the fact that in a few minutes he would know whether he was going to have a chance at fortune or whether his hard fight was going to end in miserable defeat.

"He looked so lonesome standing there that I had to remind myself again that it was not my own money that I had to lend. I mentally ran over the arguments for and against him. He was not a brilliant business man. He was perhaps too easy-going in his buying always to get his merchandise at the very lowest prices. I knew, too, that he had lost some money in selling goods on credit to people who ought not to have been trusted.

"But he was not a quitter. He had handled his finances well during the last two discouraging years. He was so little afraid of work that I had seen him at daylight washing his store windows. And in his dealings with the bank he had always laid his cards on the table, face up.

"When Prentice came back into the bank I had made up my mind. 'I am going to let you have the money,' I told him.

"He dug the toe of his shoe hard into my office rug for a minute and then looked up. 'I am very much obliged,' was all he said, and I liked it much better than if he had told me what wonders he intended to perform.

"Then he asked me how he should secure the bank on its loan. 'We will talk about that afterward,' I told him. 'The main thing for you to do this minute is to take a blank check and go buy that stock of shoes before the speculators beat you to it.'

"Half an hour later the president of another bank called me on the phone. 'There are some fellows in my office,' he said, 'who are negotiating the sale of the Cut-Rate Shoe Store, and that man Prentice, who runs the shoe business in the same block, wants to give a check for twenty thousand dollars on your bank to pay for it. I understood he was about broke. Is his check all right?'

"'I'll say his check is all right,' I called back. 'If you have any doubt about it send it over here and get the currency for it right now.'

"Prentice bought the stock. I had him give me a thirty-day note for the amount I had loaned him. He put on a special sale, advertised it well, and at the end of the thirty days he cut the loan in half. In less than four months he did not owe the bank a dollar."

SHIPS OVER THE COUNTER

PHOTO. BY M. ROSENFELD, NEW YORK CITY, BY COURTESY OF THE SUBMARINE BOAT CORPORATION

By James H. Collins

WITHIN a year or two Newark, New Jersey, may be a bigger port than Hamburg. For while the German merchant marine has been disintegrating, Newark has been manufacturing ships—steel ships in two big yards that, together, will soon be launching a cargo vessel almost daily, and wooden ships in a third yard. These boats all go out to sea with their names on the stern, and beneath the name—which is often that of a Corn Belt town—the words "Of Newark, U. S. A."

In the fitting-out bay of one company's yard at Newark one may see two and a half miles of ships that have been launched and are being completed. "Three ships a week or bust!" is the yard motto. They have not quite reached it yet—but neither have they busted. The fitting-out bay is a mile long, but in many places the ships are two and three deep, because there would be two and a half miles of them end to end. At one end of the mile there is the bare hull which was launched to-day, and at the other end two or three ships under steam, with one departing for her six-hour trial trip down the Jersey coast. The yard keeps a trial-trip crew busy all the time.

These ships are all identical, from the number of steel plates in the keel to the labels over the doors of the crew's living quarters. In method of manufacturing they are the tin Lizzies of the ocean. But that does not imply anything shoddy about them, for in turning out so many of them all alike there is the finest opportunity to remedy shortcomings in design, construction and equipment.

They all belong to Uncle Sam's Shipping Board, but recently Chairman Edward N. Hurley proposed to Congress that they be sold to American shipping companies for private operation at the prevailing world price for tonnage, on terms that permit installment payments over a period of years, and with certain restrictions on the capital of shipping companies which will make it practically impossible for J. Rufus Wallingford to sell suckers paper ships on a paper ocean.

Where are the American shipping companies to purchase these ships?

What is the buying demand for American ships?

What are American ships worth in the open market?

To get facts on these points Chairman Hurley told Henry R. Sutphen quietly to offer ten of his ships for sale to private purchasers by bids at so much a ton, and to report his experience to the Shipping Board. And immediately Mr. Sutphen became a very busy man!

He did not advertise his ships or send out any salesmen, but just let it be known along the street in lower Manhattan that he would consider offers for ten new cargo steamers of 5000 dead-weight tons. Within a short time people were bobbing up from unsuspected places to buy ships over the counter, and applications for more than forty vessels had been made at the time it was announced that the ten ships had all been sold.

Few of the applications came from established shipping companies, nor did wealth figure among the applicants. On the contrary, the prospective purchasers were largely people who had never owned a ship before, and who proposed to form a small syndicate of business associates and friends to piece out their own capital, buy a ship and put it to work in their own business.

One applicant was a little old man, rather shabbily dressed, who said eagerly: "I understand that you have some ships for sale, Mr. Sutphen."

"Yes, we still entertain bids for a few ships."

"Then I will communicate with my clients and enter a bid," said the visitor, departing; and later he brought in two export merchants dealing in the Siberian trade, who made a successful bid on two ships.

Other purchasers were firms and individuals engaged in trade all over the world, and inquiries about the purposes for which they wanted ships disclosed various plans, not merely to keep the vessels at work over routes in their own trade, but also plans for developing trade by rendering intimate shipping service.

Another significant point was that a prospective purchaser preferred to operate his ship under the American flag. Chairman Hurley suggested that information on this point be secured by giving bidders the option of offering one price per ton for a ship to be operated under the Stars and Stripes, and a higher price for operation under a foreign flag, the heavier investment in the latter case presumably to be offset by the lower operating costs which are popularly supposed to be enjoyed under cheaper foreign wages. But nobody made a bid for a ship to be operated under a foreign flag.

The successful bidders exceeded $200 a ton, which is more than it cost to build the ships, and some of the unsuccessful bidders who had held conservatively below the $200 mark were eager to pay a greater price when they learned that all the ten vessels had been disposed of. Moreover, some of the established shipping companies who had been hesitant about bidding changed their attitude when they heard that the vessels had all been sold. People are still coming in daily to Mr. Sutphen to see if there isn't some overlooked possibility of their acquiring a ship.

In England and other maritime countries thousands of ships are bought singly and by twos and threes through the small syndicate. A dozen people with some money to invest will form a syndicate and purchase a ship or have

one built. When it is delivered they appoint a manager, who puts the vessel at work; and where management is skillful the profits are good These small syndicates are often formed in seaports, and the ships go into trade, which increases the business turnover of that port, and in many cases of the owners, who are trading abroad. This experimental sale of ten American-fabricated ships disclosed a healthy demand of the same sort in this country and excellent possibilities for the purchase and operation of ships by small syndicates.

One important factor in each sale was return cargoes.

The American merchant or exporter or business concern contemplating the purchase of a ship does not appear to be worried about outgoing cargo—if they haven't goods of their own to ship overseas it is easy to get cargo from other American concerns. But the return cargo involves purchase of commodities abroad, perhaps the investment of money in the development of resources in the country to be traded with. When the prospective shipowner finds that he can get enough tea from China or coffee from Brazil or jute from India or wool from Australia to balance his trade and keep his ship busy, he is ready to buy a ship over the counter. As these arrangements involve a comprehensive readjustment of our world trade, with a view to doing business in our own bottoms—and we have an enormous trade to be reorganized in that way—the demand for American ships during the next few years promises to be good.

Emulating Railroad Traffic Service

ANOTHER prominent factor with shipowners, Mr. Sutphen says, is service. As the American railroad traffic man has developed freight tonnage by constantly giving better service to shippers and helping them increase their own business, so American ships will be used to give service on the ocean.

An excellent illustration of railroad traffic service is found in the teamwork between railroad representatives and the Florida orange growers. The Pennsylvania Railroad does not enter Florida, but it is the chief gateway for Florida fruit into New York and other big Eastern consuming centers. So the Pennsylvania sent traffic men to Florida years ago and began to develop service. If a car of fruit arrived in the North showing unusual losses through decay the traffic men ran the trouble down, and if it was due to improper icing or delay along the route they took steps to overcome it. If it was the orange grower's fault they suggested improvement in his methods.

Again, a carload of oranges which started for New York when prices were good in that market might arrive when prices had fallen off. But by development of a flexible diversion system the shipper of that car could tell the railroad traffic man in Florida to change the destination en route and send the car to Cincinnati or Kansas City, when it reached Potomac Yards, near Washington, and find a good market.

This development of the Florida fruit traffic was really a process of mutual education and teamwork between the shippers and the railroads, and is typical of American railroad traffic development in many other lines. Incidentally when Uncle Sam took over the railroads he promptly abolished all the traffic representatives in Florida, limited the diversion privilege, wound a lot of red tape round the system generally—and then began where the railroad men started years ago, to build the systems all over again, slowly, bit by bit, as he acquired education himself.

American ships handled from this traffic-service standpoint will unquestionably improve and increase trade along the same lines—not only our own trade but that of the people we deal with in other countries. Instead of the occasional cargo of crude raw material brought to one of our ports by a foreign tramp, running on no particular schedule and taking an outbound cargo of our cotton or grain to its own home port in Europe, we shall put our own ship in direct traffic on regular schedule. This will call for more volume of cargo to keep the ship busy, of course, but with regular direct service we can land our manufactured goods at the other fellow's port in better condition, and help him on the selling and to increase his purchases, and also help him increase his volume of commodity shipments by giving him better access to our markets. Working on the service plan the ocean traffic man can canvass our manufacturing concerns and export merchants, offer them short cuts in transportation to improve their sales abroad, and also offer them economies in securing their raw materials from other countries. There is a world of room for development in this field, not only in bulk cargoes but in the small-package trade that is so vital in building up demand for manufactured stuff abroad.

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE SUBMARINE BOAT CORPORATION

PHOTO BY M. ROSENFELD, NEW YORK CITY, BY COURTESY OF THE SUBMARINE BOAT CORPORATION

Mess Room for Crew on New American Ship Separate From Living Quarters. Above—Eating and Sleeping Quarters Crowded Together on Foreign Tramp

There has been a good deal of mystery in shipping. The old-time shipping man in all countries is decidedly a conservative. He discovers some particular traffic on some particular route, like one of Joseph Conrad's two-fisted skippers, with his confidential trading point up river, and regards it as a monopoly—his own ship running in his own trade, on his own personal ocean. But experience in selling this handful of new American ships over the counter seems to point to a new era of traffic enterprise, when the little American concern with a ship or two will operate on the ocean about as it operates motor trucks in domestic business

When these ten fabricated ships were put into the show window, so to speak, they attracted small buyers of a kind that have never before figured in American shipping affairs. And under the plan which Uncle Sam contemplates for the sale of ships the small buyer will have every advantage. In submitting bids references were asked for, but not wholly of a financial nature.

"Find out if these bidders are men of ability and character," directed Mr. Hurley. "If they are the kind of men to make shipping a good business proposition we will give them every advantage in buying a ship."

Our manufactured ships are going to set new standards of efficiency and comfort on the ocean.

To begin with, they are all oil-burning, generating steam for turbine power, so that there is none of the dirt or drudgery of coal shoveling. The boiler rooms are as spick and span as the engine room, with increased dead-weight tonnage for cargo, increased cubic space for ship investment, increased speed and other advantages.

Shipboard Life Made Attractive

AND the living quarters have been designed with a viewpoint.

"Suppose my boy wants to go to sea when he leaves college," Mr. Sutphen reasoned. "Heretofore the average American has regarded a trip round the world as something to be made in his old age. But youth is the time to look the old globe over, and if my boy in this new era wanted to go round the world in an American ship I'd be proud, as a father, of his initiative in tackling life. If he had the gumption to ship in the crew, all the better—he'd learn that much more. But I'd want to know that even though he roughed it a little he would have living quarters as comfortable and clean as Uncle Sam gave him in an army cantonment or in the navy. And this has been our viewpoint in fitting up the ships."

In most cargo ships the crew lives in a dark forecastle forward, without heat, and with only smoky oil lamps for light. The hull being seamed with wood becomes a breeding place for vermin. Berths are of wood, banked one above another. Toilets and washrooms are next to sleeping quarters, only cold salt water being available for washing. The mess tables are in the forecastle, so that the crew must eat and sleep in the same place.

On our ships there is no forecastle. Seamen and firemen are berthed in houses aft above the deck, and the forecastle space is used for ship stores. Fresh air and daylight come through large ports. Berth fittings and everything else are of metal, thus eliminating vermin, rot and odors. Quarters have steam heat and electric light. Toilets and washrooms are not connected with living quarters, but open from the outside. Hot and cold water are constantly on tap for washing. Mess rooms are

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Typical Bathroom on a Foreign Tramp, With Cold Salt Water

PHOTO BY M. ROSENFELD, NEW YORK CITY, BY COURTESY OF THE SUBMARINE BOAT CORPORATION

Crew's Shower Baths on New American Cargo Ships, With Hot and Cold Water

Sliding on their way to *you*

Remember the times you've gone tobogganing? It wasn't your energy that carried you down the slide. It was gravity, the earth force, pulling your weight downwards. This same force carries hams, crackers, oranges, pickles, sugar, canned soup and many other products on their way to you.

In the factories where these products are made, the Mathews Gravity Roller Conveyer acts as a slide. Its steel, ball-bearing rollers are set up at a gentle grade. Place anything with a flat surface on these rollers and gravity at once draws it smoothly downhill.

Obviously, this is the simplest and least expensive method of conveying. Instead of paying for trucking or running elevators, manufacturers use the Mathews Gravity Roller Conveyer at no expense for power. The only labor necessary is a man to load and another to unload. This not only saves time and cuts costs. It prevents mistakes and conserves flooring without wasting floor-space. It releases man-power for more profitable employment.

Mathews Gravity Conveyers carry boxes of glassware, crates of food-stuffs, trays of forgings or machine parts, bricks, lumber, milk cans—practically anything. They go straight and around corners, over obstacles, from floor to floor, from factory to freight car. There are chutes, automatic elevators and many types of spiral and roller carriers. They come in portable and permanent units for light or heavy work.

The Mathews Gravity Carrier Company are the pioneers of gravity conveying. For fifteen years these conveyers have proved their economy in almost every industry. Their cost is small, their upkeep trifling. Detailed information will be gladly sent on request.

MATHEWS
SPEED ECONOMY
GRAVITY ROLLER CONVEYER

MATHEWS GRAVITY CARRIER COMPANY
124 Tenth Street, Ellwood City, Pa.
Branch Factories: Port Hope, Ont.—London, England

IF you have ever lived in the country, mere mention of what Hires is made from will make you cease to wonder why it is so downright good. ***Juices of wintergreen, sarsaparilla, birch bark, spikenard, juniper berries—the roots, herbs, barks and berries that you searched for so eagerly in bygone days. These—and pure cane sugar. There are sixteen nature-grown ingredients—and the combination makes Hires the delightful drink it is. Yet you pay no more than for an artificially flavored substitute.***

We even crossed the sea to find some of the goodness that goes into Hires. Hires contains nothing to create an unnatural craving—nothing to unduly stimulate. Drink all the Hires you want, without regret. Little tots, grown-ups, old folks—every one can drink Hires, pure and healthful, with nothing but enjoyment.

Hires to be sure. And to be sure you get Hires say "Hires" distinctly. Hires is "rootbeer," but all "rootbeer" is not Hires. Remember that and impress it on the youngsters. Hires is natural. Substitutes are artificially flavored.

Hires

Ask for Hires at every good soda fountain. Also bottled by licensed bottlers. Sold in bottles so that you can have Hires at home.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Hires contains juices of sixteen roots, barks, herbs and berries

(Concluded from Page 46)

located elsewhere and, compared with the foreign tramp cargo ship carrying fresh meat in an ice house or live animals in pens, our ships have cold-storage facilities for food, with separate rooms at different temperatures for keeping beef, vegetables, butter, eggs, milk, and the like. The kitchens, pantries and rest rooms for officers and crew are all together, so that food can be served hot and in comfort, on a schedule of regular meals instead of irregularly, with no necessity for carrying one's own chow from the galley to the forecastle, often losing it on the way in heavy weather and finding it cold when it reaches the table.

Another element in design making for working comfort is complete cargo-handling equipment, which eliminates heavy lifting. The ships have power cranes and hoists so distributed that speed in loading and discharge of cargo is possible, working the different holds uniformly; and also portable electric lights for illuminating the holds and arc lights to illuminate docks, thus making it possible to work nights for quick turn-around, and utilizing light as a factor in working, safety, efficiency and comfort.

As a final refinement Mr. Sutphen puts aboard each of his ships a phonograph for the captain, with a good assortment of records, among which is a special record telling the story of the American fabricated ship in English, Spanish, Portuguese and French. So when the captain of an American fabricated ship entertains guests aboard, after showing them all the conveniences of living quarters, cargo-handling equipment and oil-burning power plant, he can put this record on the phonograph and the American ship will tell her own story.

The story of the fabricated ship is decidedly interesting.

For some years prior to the war it had been suggested that ships might be built all alike in great numbers on the American quantity-production principle to overcome the higher costs of shipbuilding in this country. But nobody had ever actually built a fabricated ship, because the very first essential was an order for a considerable number of ships all alike, and nobody was in a position to give such an order. But when war broke out in Europe the Allied Governments came into the market for submarine chasers by the hundred, and Mr. Sutphen got an order for several hundred wooden submarine chasers from the British Admiralty.

Picture-Puzzle Ships

Because we were neutral it was necessary to assemble them in Canada. And so the hull material, motors and machinery were fabricated to standards in a number of plants throughout the United States, shipped to Montreal and Quebec and there assembled, to be sent across the Atlantic on steamers' decks. During the war seven hundred of these little chasers were built, all alike—ten miles of them. That made it possible to work out the fabricated principle. For where boats built singly in a shipyard from raw material may be put together on the cut-and-try plan and errors in material corrected, the making of parts in many factories and then shipping them up to Canada for assembly necessitated absolute accuracy.

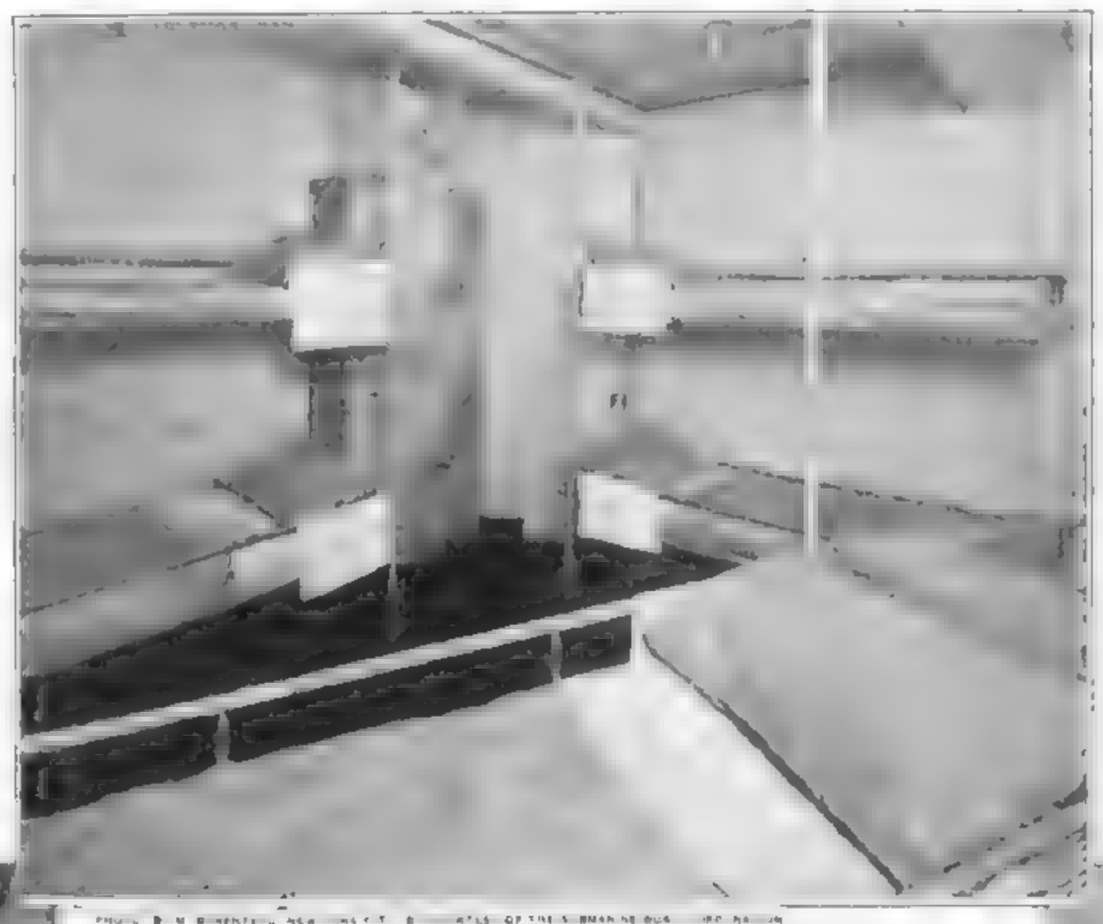
PHOTO. BY H. ROSENFELD, NEW YORK CITY, BY COURTESY OF THE SUBMARINE BOAT CORPORATION

Crew's Washroom on New American Ships. Both Hot and Cold Water Provided

Then came from the Allied Governments a quantity-production order for submarines, built in the same way, and this made it possible to develop the fabricated principle with larger boats, and in steel.

When we entered the war ourselves, and the wooden-ship program was laid down, Mr. Sutphen believed that it would be possible to build fabricated steel ships quickly. The wooden-ship program had been proposed because there was a shortage of steel. This was a shortage of ship steel only, however. Our mills were able to turn out an ample supply of what is known as merchant steel. Ship steel is rolled in special shapes and classifications, with somewhat greater tensile strength than merchant-steel plates and shapes. Our shipbuilding had fallen into such decay that true ship steel was obtainable from the mills in only small quantities. But there was plenty of merchant steel, such as is used for bridges, skyscrapers, and other purposes.

If the merchant-steel mills could be set rolling plates and making shapes on the fabricated principle, sending the miscellaneous product of fifty or a hundred different mills to one shipyard for assembly, steel ships could be built quickly, and the months of time required for cutting and punching material for a single ship built in the old way would be eliminated. Going to Washington Mr. Sutphen laid his views before General Goethals, who saw the point at once and immediately took steps to build fabricated steel ships as well as wooden ships.



Crew's Sleeping Quarters in Light, Airy Deckhouse on American Fabricated Ship—These Ships Have No Forecastle

First the fabricated ship had to be designed. It could not be too large, or the advantages of the manufacturing principle would be lost. At the outset it was proposed that the 3500-ton wooden ship be taken as the steel-ship unit, but later it was found possible to increase the size to 5000 tons—actually these ships measure 5350 dead-weight tons. Many simplicities of design were introduced. Ships built on the old principle have intricate shaping at the bow and stern, and also the bottom and deck, and this camber and dead rise, as it is known, were considered necessary for seaworthiness. Such shaping calls for different dimensions in practically every bulkhead, and calls for multiplicity and intricacy of parts. To simplify matters the fabricated ship was designed without camber, dead rise or rounding of decks. The sides throughout the length were perpendicular, the bottom flat with a short-curve bilge, and bulkheads and other parts were of uniform dimensions throughout the body of the ship.

Old-time shipping men were horrified when they heard of these innovations, and even predicted that such boxes would not be seaworthy. But they were agreeably disappointed when the first fabricated hull was launched.

"Why, it isn't a box after all—it is a real ship."

And real ships they are.

Design settled, and with an order for 150 of these ships, the naval architect, the bridge engineer and the steel manufacturer got together to evolve rules for this new ship-manufacturing game. The bridge draftsman took the naval architect's preliminary drawings and translated them into the technical language of the bridge shops. The steel mill and tank shop and skyscraper engineer did the same. Presently mills and factories thousands of miles from the seaboard were making picture-puzzle pieces to be put together in a completed ship—but had no knowledge whatever of the part or position that particular piece would occupy when the puzzle ship was put together.

The boiler and engine builders threw up their hands in dismay when asked to figure on 150 power plants. No such quantities had ever been built before. The submarine chasers and submarines built on the quantity-production principle had been equipped with explosion engines, and the steam men were aghast at the idea of turning out boilers and engines like automobiles. But there was a war on, and they loyally went to work to build new shops and play the quantity-production game; and it was the same with the makers of shafts, propellers, hoists, chains, lifeboats, and the countless odds and ends that go into the final fitting of a ship.

Ships on the Shelves

The American fabricated ship is the largest manufactured article, bar none. She has begun to figure in shipping reports posted at Lloyd's, London, and to turn up on the world's trade routes. The seagoing Briton, too, having watched her début conservatively, now declares that she is a real ship and creditable to the nation that made her and to the principle upon which she is constructed.

This principle of quantity production, backed by quantity orders, will be one of the chief factors in our ability to build ships as cheaply as other nations. If we follow it we can sell ships across the counter as reasonably as automobiles, phonographs or sewing machines, and maintaining our merchant marine will be largely a matter of putting the ships to work—the particular job of the fellows who are already lining up as purchasers and owners.

Washroom on an Old-Fashioned Foreign Tramp—Nothing But Cold Salt Water

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE SUBMARINE BOAT CORPORATION

Forecastle on a Foreign Tramp—Why Boys Stopped Running Away to Sea

Eggs, Mud and Kee-lometers

By Bozeman Bulger

INDELIBLE memories of big events in the Army, as they are impressed upon the soldier's mind, are rarely what an outsider would suspect. Sergeant Dean's impression of Brussels is eggs. For that reason it is also mine.

In Germany at the time of the armistice the egg was unknown.

Orders had been received authorizing me to proceed out of Germany and to visit Liège, Louvain and Brussels. On the trip with me were Runyon and James, the war correspondents. For a day previous to our start there was quite a flurry among the soldier chauffeurs round headquarters as to who would get the assignment of driving this first car into Belgium. Sergeant Dean was selected on account of his being an excellent mechanic and in recognition of his work in keeping our whole complement of motor cars in running order during a very trying period.

Dean came from the foothills of the Ozark Mountains and had all the ways of a mountaineer, including the drawl. His knowledge of geography was limited, but he could follow a map and—what's more—he could always get gasoline where there was no gasoline and—from all reports—never had been any. As proof of this he calmly stopped at Spa and refilled his tanks from the petrol stored there for the use of the International Armistice Commission.

As we gradually made our way into Brussels at the end of the long drive we could see that the bright lights and the wide boulevards were making Dean skittish. It was impossible to urge him to a speed greater than fifteen miles an hour.

"I reck'n this is one of them greatest European capitals, ain't it?" he asked over his shoulder as we struck a main avenue. It was the first time he had driven a car outside of one of those wrecked French villages.

Soon we pulled up at one of the big hotels to put up for the night, and a nice room was procured for Dean. It was early in the evening and we instructed the sergeant to go out and have a good time that night, explaining that we would not need him until the next day at noon. He insisted that he had some money, but we persuaded him to take an extra hundred francs in case a possible lack of money might interfere with his historic visit to the Belgian capital.

At eleven o'clock that evening we were standing in front of the hotel and observed Sergeant Dean coming in, evidently for the night. In Brussels, you know, three o'clock in the morning during that period was but the shank of the evening.

"Well, sergeant, have you had a good time?" we inquired.

"Yes, sir-ree, I'll say I have!" he answered with unusual enthusiasm. "This is shore 'nuff one of them big capitals. But I'm goin' to bed now—if you don't need me no more."

"How did you spend your evening?" Runyon asked. "Must have been good."

"Yes, sir, it was. You see that there restaurant across the street with a sign which says 'Cafe' on it?" the sergeant inquired, pointing. "Well, sir," he went on, "I goes in that there place, followin' some of them English soldiers, and I be durned if they ain't got eggs in there! I sets myself down and orders the young lady to fix me up eighteen *uffs*—you know they don't know no English. It tuk some time to fix 'em up, I reck'n, but she finally fetched 'em in all made up into one omelet, and, sir, I want to tell you that they wuz as good er eggs as ever I et!"

We left next morning, with Sergeant Dean carrying home this comprehensive and satisfactory memory of the great Belgian capital as it was immediately after the armistice.

The Battle of the Butts

NOW, Private Happy's—I never learned the rest of his name—impression of the Battle of St.-Juvin was tailor-made cigarettes.

When I rejoined my old battalion some weeks after the armistice, Happy was still on duty as battalion runner. Naturally I was concerned about how my former comrades had fared during my absence, and I was particularly anxious to obtain from first-hand sources facts about the St.-Juvin fight, of which I had heard conflicting stories.

One night while we were alone Happy took it upon himself to give me the real story. The constant smile that earned him the name of Happy was still on his face despite the two wound stripes on his right sleeve. Undoubtedly, I thought, he had seen it all, and I encouraged him to proceed.

"That scrap comes back to me jus' like it was yesterday," he explained, "an' I'll remember it as long as I live. This old outfit was sure upset, but it was certainly one big day for me. Oh, no, sir, I didn't get these that day," he corrected as he observed my glance at the wound stripes. "I'll tell you about them wounds later.

"I was assigned as runner for the colonel that morning," he proceeded, "and went along with regimental headquarters. Long before daylight I knew something big was coming off. I never see the colonel so fidgety in all my life. You know how strict and quiet he usually is. All round the P. C."—post of command—"we had the dope that the division commander had tipped the colonel off that St.-Juvin had to be taken and there would be no alibis if we fell down. I even overheard the general tell him that the whole Army was depending on it and that the running of the boche out of there would be a chance for him to be made a brigadier.

"The artillery started throwing heavy stuff into 'em before day, but the infantry didn't jump off until six o'clock. When the big noise started we wuz all certainly pulling for the colonel to make good. I didn't have to go out all day but set right there 'in ten feet of the colonel, handling messages. He looked at his watch every two minutes and I never see the Old Man smoke so many cigarettes in all my life. He used to smoke about a half pack a day—oh, I used to count 'em," he interjected with a knowing smile—"but this day he kept 'em going right along with the artillery. For a long time we couldn't get any news back and the colonel just lit one cigarette after another. He'd get up and then set right down again. Then he'd throw away the cigarette he was smoking and fire up another one. I bet, sir, he burnt up two whole pack of twenties. And that's where I had my big day!

"I didn't have enough makin's left for two rollin's, and as fast as the colonel would light one of his tailor-made cigarettes, take a puff and throw it down, I was pickin' up the snipes. Some of 'em wasn't burnt a half inch. Oh, it was good pickin'!

"When the old word finally got back that our battalion had cleaned up the town, had mopped up everything in it and was still goin', I had both pockets of my coat full of good cigarette stumps and even the sergeant major was tryin' to bum one off'n me. The colonel had run out of smokes and I think he'd have liked to have one too, but he didn't say nothing.

"Yes, sir, that was some fight—and some big day for Happy."

Cheated Out of the Show

THE mind of the average negro soldier was very vague concerning the war and the operations in which he took part. Like his white brother doughboy, his lasting impression is of things local and homely.

Harry Neimeyer, a war worker and writer, will never forget what he considers the most picturesque description of the hard battle near the heights of Montfaucon as given by a wounded negro soldier. Just after the line had made its costly advance he found the unfortunate black man sitting on the edge of a ditch, moaning.

"I feels mighty porely," he said, when asked as to his condition.

"Now, if you are able," Neimeyer urged after he had soothed him the best he could, "please describe to me this wonderful battle—just how you saw it and everything. Must have been a thrilling sight."

"Well, sir, all I knows 'bout it is dat I wuz jes' tryin' to clam up on dat bobb-wire fence—an'—an' somebody shot me in de laig."

It was during the same offensive that I crawled up on a truck one night to get a ride of a kilometer or two, the congestion making it impossible to get through in a touring car. The truck driver was a negro, and his face was plastered with the gray mud that flies over everything during those continuous rains. Conversation brought out the fact that the negro had come from Alabama, establishing a closer bond between us.

"And what do you think of La Belle France?" I inquired after a pause.

"La Belle France? Huh! Boss, Ise been over here six months now an' all Ise ever seed is mud and kee-lometers."

A headquarters orderly told me one day that the only American dish the French knew how to cook, according to his discoveries, was French fried potatoes.

"It'll surprise you, but they can fix 'em up just like they do at home," he explained.

What will interest a soldier outside of his army duties is often as much of a problem to his immediate commander as it would be to one who knew nothing about the Army at all. In Germany it required a constant exchange of ideas among high-ranking officers to decide on effective plans for entertaining the doughboys. The sight-seeing trip was a natural conclusion, but then the question arose as to what the men actually wanted to see. To the officers it seemed obvious that, being fighting men, the soldiers would like to inspect the great forts of Ehrenbreitstein, the Krupps hunting lodge up the river, the Kaiser's palace at Coblenz and all that sort of thing. But, no, sir!

The great majority of the doughboys wanted to see just the one thing in Germany that they knew about. And that thing was Bingen on the Rhine!

"All I want," insisted the corporal in deciding on his outing, "is when I get home to be able to tell my folks that I've been to Bingen on the Rhine. You know, don't you, sir, 'A soldier of the Legion lay dying—in Algiers,' and so on?"

Bingen happened to be in the French sector, thirty kilometers away, and the scenery was little different from the rest of it along the Rhine, but the officials finally capitulated. German steamers were taken over and boatloads of soldiers had to be sent down there every day, just to be able to tell them back home that they'd seen Bingen on the Rhine.

Long-Distance Bloodthirstiness

DURING those trying days in the Argonne-Meuse offensive, with the rain, the cold, the lack of dry clothes and the difficulty of getting food up to the front line, the doughboys suffered many hardships. They were philosophical, though, and always found relief in a good laugh. English officers and correspondents with our Army often expressed the belief that the American's great fighting power lay in his ever-present sense of the ridiculous—his ability to laugh under any circumstances.

A constant source of amusement to the men up there in the fighting line, sleeping in fox holes always filled with mud and water, was the organization back home of the Never Surrender Club. Going through that ordeal day after day in the hope of forcing a German capitulation so that they could get out of the mud and cold and suffering, this idea appealed to their sense of humor more than to their sense of resentment.

An American newspaper printed in Paris had conceived the idea of distributing papers to the soldiers in the front line by means of an airplane. One morning a bundle of these papers fell in the position occupied by a platoon, dug in up to its eyes, fighting to stand off a counterattack.

A lieutenant commanding the platoon tells me that one of his soldiers crawled out of his fox hole and, with a copy of the paper in his hand, made his way to the officer, who was carefully creeping along the back of the line.

"Lieutenant," he said, "it looks like it don't make much difference whether we trim these Dutchmen or not. Look at this!"

In the first column of the paper was printed an interview with a congressman, speaking in behalf of the Never Surrender Club, who was quoted as saying:

"Under no circumstances must we permit the Germans to surrender now. We will fight to the last doughboy!"

At that moment the boche opened up with everything he had.

"Yes," called out a doughboy from a near-by hole, who had overheard, "and it looks like they are going through with it."

For ten or twelve days, while the tortuous advance went on, officers and men talked of nothing but the prospective armistice. In fact, there were several premature celebrations due to fake rumors that the boche had signed.

One morning I met a lieutenant, an old acquaintance, coming out of the woods in search of cigarettes for his men. He had not slept for several days, was hungry and tired, his clothes were wet and torn and he needed a bath.

"Any news of the armistice?" he inquired wearily and flopped himself down on the side of the road. There was nothing new to report in answer to his question.

"Well, sir," he drawled, mopping his brow, "they can sign when ready. Something seems to tell me that my honor has been satisfied."

An interesting development in the life of the fighting man was the rapid growth of an army language all its own. Slang expressions came into being more quickly than they do in baseball or poker.

Casual reading of the newspapers would give the impression that soldiers always went "over the top." As a matter of fact, they rarely ever used that expression among themselves. That was an English expression. Our doughboys always "jumped off" at such and such an hour.

A man was never wounded or nicked. He "got it" at some place or other. To get killed, of course, was "bumped off."

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"Now I have no more washdays!"

Do you own a BlueBird? Do you know the joy of facing washday with a smile—realizing that BlueBird has banished the work, and brought a finer, better way to wash?

Do you know the utter *ease* of simply putting the clothes into this wonderful washer and having them turned out in a few minutes *completely clean*, then wrung out by a power wringer, without effort on your part?

Do you know the delight of changing the linen as often as you wish, with BlueBird to do the work of the washing? Do you know the *economy* of washing things the BlueBird way; without wear or tear? (Things washed by BlueBird last *five times* as long as when washed on a rub-board.) BlueBird pays for itself over and over again by *saving you*, saving laundry expense and saving clothes.

A small payment puts BlueBird into your home. Let the BlueBird dealer in your town demonstrate BlueBird in your home free. See him today. Write us for The BlueBird Book.

See these BlueBird superiorities:

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BlueBird

ELECTRIC CLOTHES WASHER

(Concluded from Page 50)

Any unit, regardless of size or importance, was an "outfit," taken from the old Army—an expression by the way that the English and French could never grasp.

"Stuff" is personal equipment. A "layout" is the necessary mechanical apparatus for any kind of an enterprise.

An office or headquarters of any kind, official or unofficial, is a "P. C." Returned soldiers even now, in referring to the place they are living, will mention it to a fellow soldier as "a good P. C."

A box car is called "a 48." That is derived from the custom of moving troops in French box cars on the sides of which is usually printed in big letters "40 hommes ou 8 chevaux," meaning that the car has a capacity of forty soldiers or eight horses, according to whether infantry or mounted troops are moving.

To indicate hurry or hustle, the American soldier invariably uses the French expression "toot sweet"—tout de suite.

Shells of large caliber, when fired by the enemy, are called "G. I. Cans," the doughboy picturing them in his imagination as large as the huge galvanized iron cans used round the camps as receptacles for trash, garbage and sometimes to protect perishable food from dampness.

Food is "chow," as it has been in the Army for twenty years.

A soldier detailed to work in the kitchen is a "grease ball." That expression also came to be used for malingerers, those men who constantly report at sick call and who can never be got out for a hike or hard work. Canned salmon is "gold fish."

In an outfit, after the armistice, an expression of extreme disgust with army life in general or of homesickness was "thinking 'bout Clarksville."

As that was not general, it may need an explanation. It originated with the rather pathetic incident of a negro soldier we found in a field hospital one rainy day.

No Place Like Clarksville

Accompanied by a friend, I had been going from hospital to hospital in search of a senior officer who had been taken out of the woods suffering from pneumonia and dysentery. In the gloomy rain late in the afternoon we came across a big field hospital to which so-called lightly wounded soldiers were being brought in trucks. They call them lightly wounded because they can use their legs.

I noticed two soldiers wearing the insignia of my former battalion limping into the big tent, and naturally we followed. As we questioned one of the doughboys, whose nose was partly gone, I noticed beside him a very small, very black and very sick negro. The poor little black was so sick and frightened over the prospect of meeting the doctor that his face was almost ashen. All doubled up, with his elbows on the knees and his chin in his hands, he presented a woebegone figure. The doughboy with his nose partly shot off was really cheerful in comparison with the negro.

"What is your name?" I inquired of the negro soldier.

"Muh name is Jaz Matlock," he piped in a fine weak voice.

"Where do you come from?"

"I comes from Clarksville," he replied in a mournful whisper.

"Clarksville, what?"

"Clarksville, Texas; Red River County."

This announcement was accompanied by a roll of the eyes and a shake of the head that made even the seminoseless doughboy laugh through his bandages.

Jaz suddenly looked up, fixing his big white eyes on mine, as if to seek the sympathy of a fellow Southerner

"Sir, majah," plaintively whined the forlorn darky, "I suhtinly would lak to be back in Clarksville!"

Later it developed that Jaz Matlock had been "engineerin' up on de road," as he called it, and had "ketched de croup." He had been working with a labor battalion helping to fill shell holes with crushed stone.

A soldier dearly loves to grouch. When he can find nothing else on which to vent his wrath, there is always red tape to fall back on—and frequently with good cause.

Doc Mendehlson, battalion surgeon with the rank of lieutenant and possessor of decorations for bravery, came in one day "burning up," as we always expressed indignation.

"There's your red tape for you!" he snapped, and slapped an official envelope on the table. "I'm through volunteering for odd jobs!"

At a meeting of the leading members of the medical board, it seems, there had been a heated discussion over the absolute need of a magnet for use in drawing bits of steel from the eyes of men working round an improvised foundry. And the regulation medical equipment did not include a magnet. The surgeons had gone everywhere in search of one, but without success.

"Listen, gentlemen!" spoke up Lieutenant Mendehlson. "You authorize me to proceed and I will get the necessary apparatus and make a magnet. I know where I can get the electric charge and I will hunt up a coil."

"Excellent!" agreed the head surgeon. "Go right ahead, lieutenant, and—whatever the cost—turn in the bill and I will see that it is O.K'd."

Mendehlson, somewhat of an electrician as well as a surgeon of reputation, eventually found what he wanted by visiting many French storehouses. Out of his pocket he paid eighty francs for his apparatus. Personally he did the electrical work and at the next meeting of the board he showed up with the much-needed magnet.

"I made the bill a little less than it actually cost me," he explained, "and worked like a dog doing the electrical work. Honestly, I felt very proud of having solved the perplexing problem. But now"—he glared as he said it—"look at that!"

He opened the official letter and inside was returned the bill that had been approved by the head surgeon. The letter was from a junior officer in the finance department of the Quartermaster Corps and in substance said:

"According to a paragraph in the Army Regulations, any officer who engages in activities for pay outside of his regular duties, while in the service of the Government, is subject to court-martial or other disciplinary action.

"The bill is returned disapproved."

"I'll get that money or bust!" declared the indignant surgeon and—after a running fire of letters for the next four months—he did.

Of late there has been much discussion and concern over the procuring of employment for the discharged soldiers. In most cases this help is very badly needed but there are a few cases where the sympathy is wasted.

After the discharge of our regiment at Camp Upton in May a favorite sergeant major encountered several of the regimental officers on the train coming into New York.

"What are you going to do now, sergeant major?" Lieutenant Kilgore asked.

"There are three different jobs that I have got to go and look for to-day," the sergeant major replied. "And I am scared to death for fear I will find one."

Stars of Another Meaning

In the concluding days of service in France, particularly after the armistice, there was an unusual effort toward instilling in the men the spirit of discipline. In the long days of waiting for steamers to take the soldiers home this discipline was very necessary and the highest ranking officers never lost an opportunity of calling the attention of the men to minor infractions of formal courtesy.

When the advance toward Germany began there were thousands of negro soldiers belonging to labor battalions engaged in repairing the roads north of Verdun so as to facilitate the passage of army traffic.

A major general stopped his car to have a puncture repaired. He had just been promoted and a brand-new red plate with the two stars adorned the front of the radiator. A negro soldier, armed with a pick, stopped his work to watch the general alight.

But he did not salute.

"Come here, soldier!" ordered the general. "Come right here and stand at attention!" The bewildered darky obeyed.

"Have you never been taught to salute?"

"Yas, sir, I knows how to salute."

"Well, don't you salute your superior officers—generals and things like that?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I suhtingly does when I knows 'em."

"Well, come here and let me show you something!"

The general led the negro round to the front of the car and, pointing to his red plate with the two stars denoting his rank, asked:

"Do you know what that means?"

"Y-y-yas, sir," stammered the darky doughboy, scratching his head in perplexity. "I reck'n dat means dat de gem'men has got some folks back home wot's gone to war."

In this matter of saluting, Ward Miller, one of the war correspondents, was always having trouble with the strict army disciplinarians. Miller being such a retiring gentle-natured fellow, nobody ever understood just why they picked on him. The accredited correspondents wore the regulation uniform of an officer, without insignia of rank, and were often mistaken for officers. The matter of saluting was always embarrassing to them. It finally became necessary for General Nolan, head of the second section of the General Staff, to issue a letter fixing their status and method of procedure. They were advised not to initiate salutes but always to return them.

One day Miller wandered into the headquarters of the Third Army at Coblenz to make some inquiry and there encountered a rather severe lieutenant colonel. The officer glared fiercely and waited, but Miller didn't know what he was glaring about.

"Why don't you salute?" the officer demanded.

"Why, I'm not supposed to salute," explained Miller. "I'm not an officer. I'm a civilian—a correspondent."

"That makes no difference," insisted the officer. "You are in the uniform of an officer and must salute."

"My instructions from headquarters," replied Miller, getting a little piqued himself, "are that we must never initiate salutes but should always return them." With that he presented his credentials.

"Very well, then," barked the irate lieutenant colonel. And promptly he walked to the center of the room, faced about, clicked his heels and, with all the pomp he could muster, gave Miller a punctilious salute.

There was no way out of it and Miller's hand reluctantly went up to the rim of his overseas cap.

"They Shall Not—Walk"

One of the very best young officers I have ever known was pulled out of the line very much against his wishes and assigned to the rather difficult job of the administration and care of twenty-five motor cars and their drivers in the Press Section. It was also his duty to ascertain at what point along the Front correspondents wanted to be sent and to apportion and dispatch the cars equitably. As two or three correspondents had to occupy one car frequently and could seldom agree on the route, the difficulties of this officer can be imagined. He had to be a diplomat as well as a disciplinarian, none of his odd duties being covered by regulations. He bitterly resented the assignment but—like a good officer—philosophically decided to do the best he could. He succeeded admirably but never got over his regret.

This young officer was quite a wit and mimic and frequently would come into headquarters and recite the following imaginary conversation supposed to be had upon his return home:

"Father," he would begin, mimicking a baby boy, "what did you do in the great war?"

"Me, son?" his chest expanding, "why, I was the brave taxicab starter at Verdun."

The soldier instinctively resented the presence of a visitor in civilian clothes, especially if that civilian happened to be a man under thirty years of age.

On one occasion a member of Congress reported at our headquarters to be conducted on a trip round the Front. With him was his son, a young man apparently about the same age as Conway, the soldier chauffeur.

As the automobile rolled along the road a discussion rose among the passengers as to the need of men back home as well as in the Army. Apparently the chauffeur was not listening, his eyes glued on the road. Though not intending to reflect on the young man visitor, it could be seen that the drift of the conversation was making him a little fidgety. The conducting officer, a lieutenant, noticed this and to relieve any possible embarrassment called attention to the fact that without plenty of strong young men back in the States it would be impossible to give the Army comfort in the field.

"Yes, I feel that way about it," agreed the young man. "But I will go to the Army the minute they call me."

"You bet your life you will," suddenly remarked Conway, the driver, over his shoulder. "That's the way they got me."

A great problem of some officers and men upon their return to the States has been to keep from being a kill-joy when gullible parents begin to repeat the terrible hardships and sufferings of their sons at the Front. Usually the soldier who has been through real hardships will say little about them, but there are others who seem to take a delight in working their imagination by picturing the most terrible and impossible things. And the worst of it is their loved ones believe these stories and apparently enjoy repeating them.

A sweet old lady met Major Adler, a distinguished officer commanding a battalion in the 306th Infantry. Her son had served under him and naturally the major inquired as to his welfare.

"Oh, poor boy, he's in a terrible condition!" she said. "He has not gone to work yet and cannot because his mind is so upset with the horrible things that he saw and suffered. One particular thing is the memory of a terrible week in the trenches. It must have been horrible!"

The major pricked up his ears with interest, knowing that his battalion had never had any terrible time in the trenches, most of the fighting having been in the open.

"Yes," she went on, "he tells of when he had to crawl back and forth all night. You know, they had little gates in these trenches, he says, and the gates were made by placing the dead bodies of Germans and Frenchmen in the ground so that their legs would stick out across the trench. The legs worked back and forward with the knees acting as the hinges of a gate and would close after him as he went through. The picture of that thing just stays in his mind all the time and I don't believe the poor boy will ever be able to think about his work."

"Now isn't that a bird?" laughed the major as he related the incident of the old lady. "Could I tell her that we were never in any such trenches and could I ask her what kind of oil they used on those knees? In other words, could I ruin the old lady's apparent pleasure of repeating that ingenious product of imagination? Not on your life! I simply had to say: 'War is certainly a terrible thing but your son was a brave soldier.'"

Music in the Night

We were stationed in the old city of Meaux, near Château-Thierry, for two weeks prior to the German attack on July 15, 1918, which finally resulted in Foch's counter-attack and the boche evacuation of the sector. During this time the boche raided us at least three times a week and it got to be so regular that the nightly visit of the airmen failed to occasion any excitement among the soldiers. We were expecting the big attack for several days before it really started and Lieutenant Delany, in charge of transportation, had been assigned to keep a weather eye out for any signs of a big movement on the part of the enemy.

One of these signs was the opening up of big guns.

Capt. Gerald Morgan and I were in the room gossiping one night during an air raid when we heard an unusually heavy explosion of a shell. The whole house quivered and instinctively the thought struck us that the advance had started. But our unuttered belief was quickly dispelled.

Lieutenant Delany stuck his head in the door and calmly assured us: "Nothing doing on the attack! They"—he pointed upward, indicating an airplane—"just dropped a grand piano in the back yard."

As our ship sailed into New York Harbor on the homeward voyage there was a great rush of soldiers to the deck to see the Statue of Liberty as it faced to the sea. We all drank in the sight for a moment in silence. Then spoke a doughboy standing near:

"If I ever look her in the face again they'll certainly have to turn that statue round."

F-W-D TRUCKS

TRAFFIC conditions are now serious in the large cities. They will be further congested in 1919 by the addition of 300,000 motor trucks and hundreds of thousands of passenger cars.

Business foresight demands a truck that can be operated with low cost and carrying loads through such congestion with speed, ease and safety.

How the F-W-D meets these conditions is shown by the Hamm Company trucks below. ***Without any sacrifice of carrying capacity,*** the extreme over all length of the chassis is 8 inches less than the average length of ordinary trucks of the same capacity, and the width is less by 16 inches, a saving ***in track area*** of 7,119 square inches or 44 square feet.

A full set of F-W-D tires costs 21% less than for ordinary trucks of the same carrying capacity and the tires wear longer.

Add to these advantages: A 26-foot turning radius—pick up steering—positive brake action on all four wheels—equalization of power and load on four wheels, reducing stress on any one part—light unsprung weight—Sterling standard tread with all four wheels in perfect track—and the highest grade materials.

The results are: Quicker deliveries—less wear and tear on parts—longer truck life—lower operating costs.

The Four Wheel Drive Auto Company
Clintonville, Wisconsin
Canadian Factory: Kitchener, Ontario

The Theo. Hamm Co. of St. Paul states, in a letter dated Feb. 20, 1919:

> *"We have found the tire mileage on our F-W-D trucks to be practically double that which we obtained on our other trucks."*

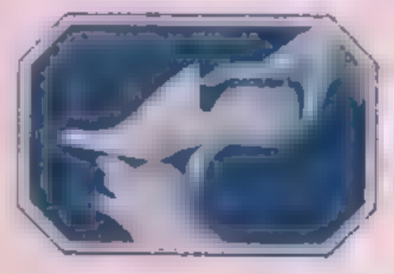
First Through the Traffic

Buy Buster Brown Shoes for your boys and girls —to keep their feet strong and shapely

For years this picture has been the emblem for Buster Brown Shoes. To insure getting genuine Buster Brown Shoes, look for this picture on box, and see that the name "Buster Brown" is on the shoes you buy.

Buster Brown Shoes are made by skilled shoemakers—from the best grades of leather—with Government standard oak-tanned soles—and are renowned for their sterling wearing qualities.

Buster Brown Shoes are the only shoes made upon the famous Brown Shaping Lasts—the lasts that preserve the lines and measurements of physically perfect feet, for every age from 2 to 16.



Good shoe stores everywhere sell Buster Brown Shoes at $3, $4, $5 and up—according to style and size—in high and low cut—button, lace and blucher.

The boy or girl who wears Buster Brown Shoes will therefore have sturdy, shapely feet—free from corns, bunions, twisted toes, broken arches and weak ankles—during childhood and at maturity.

Every parent should read "Training the Growing Feet"—a book that illustrates and explains the importance of correct foot development, and tells how you can secure it for your boy or girl. It will be mailed free—upon request.

Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

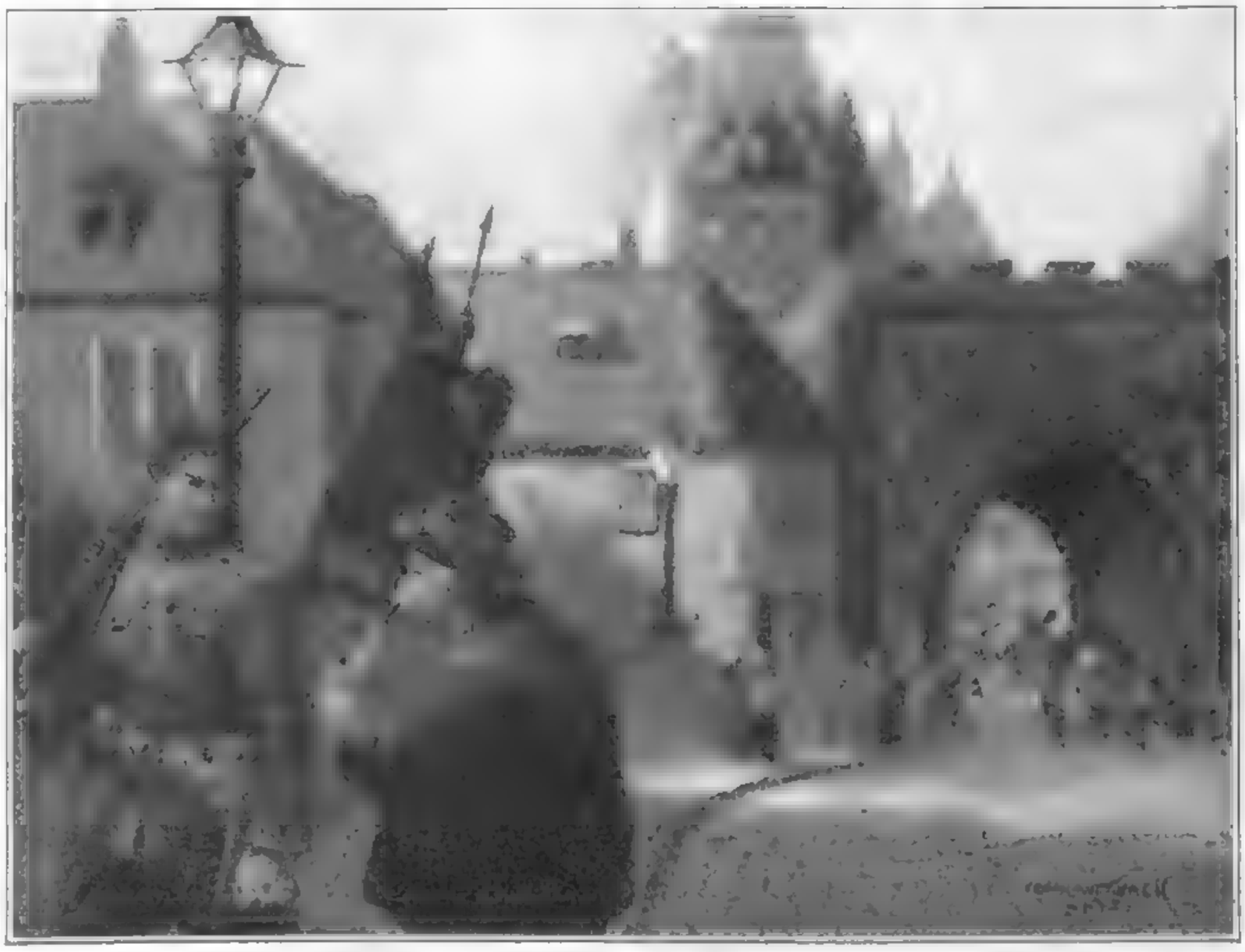
Manufacturers of White House Shoes for Men, Maxine Shoes for Women, Buster Brown Shoes for Boys and for Girls, and Blue Ribbon Service Shoes.

For Girls BUSTER BROWN SHOES For Boys of 2 to 16

Buddies, Antibuddies and Superbuddies

By Maude Radford Warren

DECORATION BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK



IF ANY officer once makes a wrong crack he never lives it down any more than a private does. Once a new officer joined our outfit when we were still in training camp. He came to our billet in the dark of the morning and yelled: 'Roll out, youse guys!' Most of us happened to be college-bred. We hollered: 'What? Who is that hard guy? Where did you go to school? Where did you get them grammar?'

"We had another bird just like him who joined us when we were in rest camp, after Champagne. He was just over from the United States. He said: 'Come, come, fellows; since we've got back from the Front you've slumped.' We all yelled: 'Razz, what Front were we on?' We don't take anything from a guy we don't respect, and we'd die with one of the kind that's wounded and won't go back because a counterattack is expected and he wants to keep his outfit together. And we'd die for the man who knows how to handle a lot of green guys, who doesn't worry us talking about our chances, but who says: 'Come on, boys! We're going to see Jerry tonight.'

"That sort of officer makes it seem easy, and he could lead us anywhere. God help the officer, anyhow, that has to suit a lot of buck privates. Their standard for men is pretty high and they have no mercy.

"Sometimes the officers are good from a military standpoint, but have no sense from a human standpoint. Once we'd hiked twenty kilos without food. We'd just been issued hard-tack and corn willy and were about to set our teeth in it when our officer yelled: 'Forward! March! Throw those things away!' We cursed in cadence. We said: 'Throw it away! Where do you get that stuff?' He raised the roof then, and made us march fifteen more kilos at attention. What he didn't tell us was that a general was inspecting us and that it wouldn't have been soldierly to have been caught eating. If he'd told us we'd have done what he wanted without kicking much. We'd always do what a boob officer told us, but we insisted on our right to beef while doing it."

Heckling Commissioned Officers

"OUR outfit sure did consecrate our lives to embittering those of the officers we didn't like. Sometimes we sat in the tents, criticizing them in clear, carrying tones. Once a second lieutenant fell into the trap, and stuck his head in our tent and said: 'I want you fellows to know I'm not as goofy as I look!' Were we abashed? We were not! We said: 'Oh, we don't mean you, lieutenant; we don't think you're as goofy as you look.' He was the same lieutenant that was calling us down hard one day, when the mud was thick, and chow was not at hand, and we were dead tired. I mean dead tired. He was raving his head off, and he ended with: 'If you don't look out some of you birds will be seeing Leavenworth.' One of the fellows replied: 'You don't get the perspective, lieutenant. I'm soaking wet, and Leavenworth has dry rooms and a place to sleep.'

"We are a pretty merciless lot of guys. I was with an outfit for a short time that had a captain who was kindness itself, and yet we treated him worse than the yellowest hog in the outfit. He was a fat Falstaffian captain, who used to swell up and fly every time he gave a command. We didn't respect him. I can't tell you why. There was just some inherent lack of authority and dignity in the man that even his uniform couldn't camouflage. For one thing, he'd been on some governor's staff in peacetime. Then he was an awful liar and braggart.

"It was a shame when I think how he knew us all by our first names, and how crazy he'd get if anyone picked on any of us. I will say this, that no one outside our own outfit knew how we treated him. We showed him great respect in public, and the poor goof would swell up with pride. I think he must have fooled himself at those times into thinking that he really had us in the hollow of his hand. Anyhow, he wore to perfection the air of benevolent despot. If a fellow from any other outfit ever said 'I hear your captain is a damn fool,' we'd say 'Where do you get that stuff? He's the best ever!' Then we'd go off and take it out on him. Particularly we joshed him if he tried to ride. 'Aw, get off that horse!' we'd say. 'Now listen,' he'd come back, 'I'm captain.' 'But,' we'd say, 'you aren't riding like one. What if General Pershing should come along and see you riding like that? We're telling you for your own good.'"

Yet, when an officer was what the soldiers called "all right," they had for him an affection and respect that put him in the superbuddy class. If, added to his military efficiency and humanness, he had the quality of magnetism, they would have died for him. You should listen to the messenger, runner, orderly and hero-worshiper of Gen. Douglas MacArthur, of the 168th.

"The general goes over with the first wave. I know, because I go with him, and I don't like it. I remember once he and a major and I were climbing over to take a look at Hill 263 and a sniper was picking at us. The general said: 'That man's a damn poor shot or he'd got one of us.'

"He's got the reputation of putting headquarters ahead of the advance line, and he just about does it. Once we were out near Côte de Châtillon where the shells were bursting. The general stood up, never batting an eye, but if any of the fellows stood up he'd yell: 'I thought I told you to get down!'

"Well, he stands there scribbling an order and then he says to me: 'You can take this message.'

"What I thought was 'Yes, I can go out there and shoot myself'; but what I said was 'Yes, sir.'

"So out I went, with pictures of the hospitals and the Red Cross. All I could see was the ground jumping up, and I told myself good-by. But anyone close to the general seems to have luck. I got through.

"He's a man as well as a general. One time he's out walking toward the Front, wearing a little dude cap and carrying a cane. He came across some boys of the first-aid supply packing up some stuff. They were dead tired and were resting.

"They got up as General MacArthur reached them, and one of them said to him: 'Give us a hand, you. Pick up some stuff and come on.'

"I told them who he was, but he wouldn't drop the stuff; and he made me take a load too."

"'You're tired, boys,' he said.

"That's my idea of a general; one that goes over the top with the boys."

Or you should hear Mike Donaldson, of the 165th, boasting about his colonel, "Wild Bill" Donovan, and incidentally showing that he was a pretty good buddy himself.

"A wonderful leader of men he is, with a wonderful accurate judgment of pace. Not a braggadocio man at all. But he'd say: 'Boys, just follow me and I'll bring you out all right.' And he would. He'd go anywhere. He had more guts than a government mule. Some of the officers used to say: 'If only Donovan is wounded there'll be a chance for some of the rest of us to live.'"

The American Raid in Lunéville

"HE KNEW I was strong. I used to be a professional boxer. When he sent me out under fire to bring in the wounded I'd remember I was from the school of Donovan and I didn't bat a lash, but went straight out, fearless, and several times I saved the Government ten thousand dollars. I'd shake the men to see if they were alive, for no good to carry them in if they weren't. One time under Landres et St. Georges I brought in six off a field that was being pounded to pieces, and I put them under cover on a sunken road. Poor fellows, but they were glad. They said: 'Mike, how we love you; you've saved our lives!'"

Or hear his men talk of Capt. Henry Bootz, German born, commanding a group of Irish born. From the very beginning he was devoted to them. One of his favorite stories in officers' mess after arrival in France was about one of his men, who as soon as he stepped off the boat was addressed by a bystander: "Well, now you are over here, when are you going to start to fight?" "Right now," said the Irishman; and he did.

He never had any reservations about his men, but they did about him, up till the time he conducted the first big American raid in Lunéville. As he marched ahead of them toward the German wire a question came up in their minds, but he knew nothing about it till the raid was over.

He always carried a cane on the field. The story goes that only two or three times did he drop it. Once was in the Château-Thierry drive, when he saw a German shoot the hand off one of his men. He seized the man's rifle and killed the German. Another time was after he returned from the Lunéville raid. A French lieutenant who had

(Concluded on Page 57)

CHLOROX

The *Smooth* Tooth Paste

The Nurse KNOWS

The nurse is trained to *know*—disciplined to help in spite of conditions—constantly alert—doing the right thing at the right time—always.

The nurse *knows* CHLOROX is an antiseptic as well as a perfect cleanser; she knows what that clean uncandied CHLOROX taste means—that your mouth *is* thoroughly clean that the microscopic channels through which nature supplies the reconstruction materials are being opened, strengthened and the flow stimulated. To help nature the nurse knows CHLOROX.

One tube of CHLOROX is three months of careful treatment. CHLOROX is the sure guard to teeth, mouth and throat—at the point where most diseases make their attack and initial progress.

The last bit of paste squeezed from the CHLOROX tube is as fresh, smooth and cleansingly effective as the first CHLOROX from one just opened. The key empties the tube.

To the smoker CHLOROX has an additional appeal—used as a mouth cleanser upon retiring there is no "smoker's taste" at reveille—and CHLOROX starts the whole day *clean* in the morning.

CHLOROX is sold—everywhere!

"CHLOROX does not waste—never hardens in the tube"

NULYNE LABORATORIES

JACKSON, MICHIGAN

(Concluded from Page 55)

been out with him said that a wounded American soldier was in the German wire. The captain went out, found that the man's leg had been blown off, put a tourniquet on it, and carried him back three hundred yards. That cane used to be very useful in hooking men back into shell holes when they were going into unnecessary danger. The last time he dropped it was when he was wounded. It flew one way and his pipe another. Three days later one of his men brought them to him. He had risked his life to get them.

There isn't an outfit in the country that, when it is in the affectionate buddy mood, does not tell such stories about officers and men. There are countless stories about such men as Capt. Glen Haines; or Captain Koeppel; or Lieut. Joseph Smith, who, when he and his men swam across the River Meuse, plunged in first, exposing himself to draw the enemy fire, got the location of six machine guns, and captured them all, with nineteen men.

Part of the buddy job was to be funny. Those outfits stood the long strain best that had three or four comedians among them, and nearly always the comedians were buddies. Anyone with any glint of humor in his composition worked overtime developing it.

One battery of field artillery kept itself going by an elaborate continued play, in which they imagined themselves to be royalty. It started at Château-Thierry, when Mac ran across some Algerians from whom he used to police food. His buddy began to call him the Bey of Algiers, and address him as "Excellency." He would not be Bey alone, so he created his buddy Caliph of Bagdad. Another friend was King of Siam, and so on. The whole battery became a riot of Orientalism. If a boy marched well or if he hit an unpopular person with a brick they advanced him from the status of musselman to dervish or whirling dervish. The Bey would question the Caliph, trying to convict him of intimacy with the Kaiser.

"Did the Kaiser visit you at your castle?"

"Nay, Excellency."

"How did these rumors, then, emanate?"

"Sire, they were the work of my enemy in Egypt."

But the Bey would finally convict the Caliph and they would hang him on a caisson. Simple fooling, perhaps, but it helped the morale of the artillerymen.

The members of the same battery were perfectly willing to play jokes on each other. Once, in the hike to Sedan, when the men were walking, half asleep, by the caissons, they approached a creek. The bridge over it had been broken, but at first they did not observe this. The first caisson passed over, and the man in charge of it got an icy bath. He said nothing, crawled out, slipped into the bushes and watched the others come through. Here and there the men saw the hole and dodged it; those who didn't were presently wet and limping.

Throughout the night as they advanced, the men with the hardiest brand of humor would pass a little way down the line, asking: "Did you get through that bridge?"

"Naw, I saw it."

Then the questioners would feel the knees of the answerers and generally find them dripping wet.

This same battery took great happiness from its cook, a buddy to all of them; a Greek, whom they had named the Saloniki Kid. He was a good cook. He had also a choice line of profanity which endeared him to the men. He put their interests very definitely in the foreground. Once, up at the front line, he pulled up barbed-wire stakes to make a fire. Being expostulated with he answered simply: "The mens must have coffee." When enraged he would, if so inclined, run after a colonel with a cleaver. There is one major whom he expects some day to nick. It was while the battery was going toward Sedan, and though the armistice was expected they were advancing through shells.

The major ordered the Saloniki Kid to take his kitchen forward, and when he reached a certain crossroads, which was shelled every five minutes, he was to wait for three shells, and then dart across.

The Saloniki Kid was anxious to obey orders, for just a few moments before a shell had made a direct hit on a caisson, and the results had been gruesome. He reached the crossroads, got off his kitchen, got behind a limber and waited while three shells crashed down. Then he got back on his kitchen, but instead of dashing through he waited for five more minutes, then started across just as a series of three more shells began. That night at chow the Saloniki Kid's cleaver worked overtime, and every time it made a strike he said something about "One hell of a major!"

And now the soldiers who tell these stories at home find, after the very first, that their best auditors are not civilians but soldiers. They fight the battles o'er, and the overseas ties of friendship strengthen. They have deserved much of the world, these warriors of ours, but at last they may find that their most precious possession, next to the consciousness of having done their duty, is the continuation of these old relationships.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mrs. Maude Radford Warren.

What Does Spain Think Now?

Madrid, Under Martial Law

By TYLER DENNETT

THERE is no doubt that in the eyes of the world Spain is in bad. No one knows that better than Spain. Furthermore, Spain is in bad with herself, which is worse.

Spain is far from satisfied with the rôle she played in the European struggle.

There is a new book displayed in every bookshop. I saw it in Madrid, Barcelona, Cordova, Granada, Alicante and in dozens of railway-station bookstalls through the country: *El Fin de la Tragedie; La "Entente" victoriosa y España neutral.* That is exactly the way Spain feels about it, though all do not feel that way for the same reasons. This divided land has the single unity that all agree Spanish neutrality was a tragedy. Otherwise, Spain is, at the present moment, just about the most disunited country on the face of the earth.

Some feel merely troubled that Spain backed the wrong horse. They realize that her introductions at Quai d'Orsay were poor, very poor. There were eighty Austrian ships interned in Spanish harbors. Spain wanted them, naturally. But in view of her war record, how to get them seemed difficult. Others were troubled about that trip which Count Romanones made to Paris in January to see President Wilson. There is a report throughout the peninsula, believed by all the common people, that in the Paris interview President Wilson hinted that the Allies had been engaged in cleaning up messes in Southeastern Europe and that if Spain did not herself tend to matters in Southwestern Europe the Allies themselves were not too preoccupied to take a hand. The report is interesting not so much for its probably accuracy as for the fact that the Spanish believe that such was the substance of the conversation.

At points the Spanish tragedy borders on farce. The king is reported to have said to the military attaché of one of the Allied embassies some six months before the armistice: "I am sorry for the Allies but, confidentially, happen to know that they can't possibly win." Of course His Majesty's confidential information came from the military attaché of the German Embassy. Early in the war the Germans had arranged a special private news service for the king, in which he was daily given advance information as to just where the German Armies would be the next day. The information was conveyed each morning from the German Embassy to the palace. There was usually, in the first years of the war, something which the Germans could predict with some certainty, and it was natural that the king came to feel that he was really sitting in on the very innermost councils of the German General Staff. Meanwhile the Allies almost entirely neglected any sort of propaganda.

Even England neglected to cultivate the English queen in the Spanish palace, neglected it until she finally begged them to supply her with a special news service from the Allied General Staff, similar to that which the King was receiving from the other side. She protested that she was powerless, without such an antidote, to persuade the king of his errors. The service was established, though too late to be of much help. At the time of the armistice the palace was being supplied with regular dope sheets of advance information from both the German and the British Embassies. I was unable to learn in Spain whether the palace has a well-developed sense of humor or not, but the people who know the story certainly have.

The great mass of the Spanish people object to being judged by the views on the war expressed by either the court or the aristocracy. The mass may have been ignorant and ill-informed, but it was certainly not pro-German. As a matter of fact it was not half so interested in what was going on north of the Pyrenees as in the rising cost of bread at home. Spain is not so much pro-anything as hungry.

"It certainly pays to be neutral," I find that I wrote in my journal the first day of my journey. "Such luxury! Butter and fruit and milk. All the sugar I want and the whitest bread I have seen in eighteen months. I look out of the window on green grass and green trees, and there is hardly a soul in sight. All this after eight weeks in cold, rainy, crowded, wheatless, sugarless Paris. Spain is living in luxury. Why, I even went into the station restaurant at Irun yesterday, as we were changing cars at the border, and bought all the sweet milk chocolate I wanted, which was a good deal, for only the day before in Paris even the limited supplies of plain chocolate with practically no sugar at all had failed. Even my special card of introduction to the lady in the chocolate shop on the Boulevard des Italiens had failed to unlock her special cupboard of reserves."

When I went down into the dining room that first day in Madrid I realized exactly how Irvin Cobb felt when he wrote of how he was going to say in the first New York

restaurant he could find after arriving from Europe: "Stand back! Stand well back to avoid being splashed."

Like most first impressions, my first impression of Spain was all wrong. Spain is not living in luxury. Only a few days later infuriated hungry mobs of people gathered in the streets of Madrid and broke into no less than two hundred bread shops and provision stores, and simply looted them. Even the olives were ankle deep on some of the floors when the mob had finished six hours later. Wherever I went throughout the country, when I turned aside from hotels and wealthy homes, I encountered the unrest of hungry people. The last glimpse I had of Spain was a bread riot in Algeciras, where five hundred women stormed the barracks and officers beat the soldiers because they were reluctant to charge upon either their own or somebody else's mother.

The Spanish people are largely inarticulate except when they cut loose and create a disorder. The orderly processes of life make no place for the great mass of the people to express themselves. If they speak at all it must be in a disorderly way. Literacy ranges from forty or fifty per cent in the larger centers down to twenty or fifteen per cent in the rural districts.

"Most anything may happen most any day," said one very experienced observer, the leading member of his profession in all Spain; "and then again, nothing may happen except a bullfight."

Indeed, the Spanish bullfight plays no unimportant rôle in Spanish affairs. If the bullfights are postponed or the people simply cannot wait until next Sunday for a fight they go out in the middle of the week and start one of their own. A little blood is spilt and the situation eases off.

There is an unpredictable element in Spanish nature which always leaves one guessing. One never knows what will happen. Some say that it is the blood of the Moor which fools the prophets. One does not travel far without reminders of Napoleon's remark that the Orient begins at the Pyrenees. Others explain the fact by saying that among Spanish folk personalities are vastly more important than principles. Spain worships heroes. If President Wilson, for example, who has been for two years the great popular hero of Spain, had walked through the streets of Madrid in February and just winked at the people, he could have overturned the government. But that is not claiming so much as it seems to claim, for the government is always on the point of being overturned. I was told that there had been no less than one hundred and twenty-five crises in the Spanish Government during the regency of the present king.

The King Takes Advice From the Times

YOU see at once the hopelessness of attempting to classify Spanish opinion when you try to grasp the differences between the various parties that make up the Cortes. There were at least fifteen of these parties in the last Cortes, which merely means that there were fifteen political leaders, each with his own small clique behind him. The Conservatives have three parties; the Liberals, three; the Regionalists, three; the Republicans, two; the Reformista, one; the Socialists, three.

The Conservative leaders are Dato, La Cierva and Maura, the present Premier, who replaced Count Romanones last April. La Cierva is the only one of these three who has not previously been Premier. Each of these men has a party in the Cortes—the Mauristas, the Datistas and the Laciervistas. These men do not differ on important matters except that they cannot all three be Premiers at the same time. They and their followers are conservative monarchists. Their common motto is "Keep 'em down!"

A Typical Barcelona Street in the Old Part of the City

At the time I was in Spain the government was passing through one of its hundred and twenty-five crises. Romanones had resigned and the king had refused to accept the resignation for the simple reason that he knew of no one to put in his place. During the period of uncertainty the London Times suggested editorially that Señor Maura would be the best man to try this time. The leaders of some of the other parties in the Cortes solemnly assured me that if the king listened to the London Times, and there was some suspicion that the Times' editorial was inspired, there would certainly be a revolution in Spain the very day of the appointment. This is one illustration of how unpredictable Spanish affairs are. Maura was appointed and the revolution is not yet, though the new Premier is particularly disliked as the man who, ten years ago, ordered the shooting of one of the army officers as a scapegoat because of a scandal in Morocco. The more liberal elements in Spain say frankly "Maura is a brute"; but Maura is Premier.

The present Spanish Government therefore represents a swing toward the extreme Right, a movement which, be it noted, was anticipated and suggested by the London Times more than two months before it came.

The leaders of the Liberal parties are Count Romanones, Santiago Alba and Garcia Prieto. Romanones, who has twice been Premier in the last few years and was recently replaced by Maura, is a very rich man. I am reliably informed that he is probably not guilty of all the profiteering that has been charged to his credit in the last five years. It is not denied, however, that Count Romanones, whom the Germans did not love, gambled heavily on the Allies and enormously increased his wealth by aiding them. He is generally regarded as the strongest man in Spain. If he were only as strong in character as he is in wealth and brains, and had a cherry tree and a hatchet to prove it, Romanones might some day enshrine himself in Spanish history.

The three leaders in the Liberal parties are, like the leaders in the Conservative Party, not very far apart from each other in principles. Each has his personal following. The Liberals, like the Conservatives, are monarchists. These two groups in the Cortes can muster about three hundred votes, about three-quarters of the body.

The Regionalist factions are led by Cambo, Ventosa and Rodés. These men have been working for the introduction of autonomy in the government of some of the northern provinces, particularly for Catalonia. They can be classified neither as Conservatives nor Liberals. They play both ends against the middle, inclining more often toward the Left than toward the Right merely because the Left, being naturally more progressive, is more willing to help them. These leaders can muster between thirty and forty votes.

The Republicans, under the leadership of Alexander Lerroux and Marcelino Domingo, are bluntly for a republic.

Domingo Starts Something

ONE afternoon last October the Cortes was discussing the causes of some of the more recent crises in the government. These crises had become so common that any single one no longer excited much interest. They had to be grouped together and treated generically even to be worth discussion. At best it was a dull afternoon until word was passed round that Marcelino Domingo was about to let loose some barbarities.

At length Marcelino obtained the floor and began: "When a king no longer represents his people ——" He was interrupted by hoots and hisses from the monarchists. Domingo folded his arms dramatically and waited quietly until curiosity compelled the disturbers to pause. "—— then he ought to abdicate."

"He has said it!" yelled a spectator in the gallery. Pandemonium broke loose.

For the first time in the history of the Cortes a member had proclaimed from the floor that the king ought to abdicate. Above the uproar came the insistent demand from the monarchists that Domingo be expelled, thrown in the street. But the Republicans had foreseen such a possibility, and outside the Cortes—"the monkey house," some people call it—a horde of Republicans had gathered, marching up there in a body from the Casa del Pueblo Radical, the Republican clubhouse over in the old city. While the Cortes debated what to do with Domingo his followers outside were slowly marching round the building, kept in motion by the police, who could not make them disperse, waiting to hail their leader the moment his presence was no longer required within. Word was passed to the members of the Cortes, and wiser counsels prevailed. Domingo established a precedent in topics for debate, retained his seat and lost a chance to lead a riot.

The front door of the Casa del Pueblo Radical is marked with the scars of bullets that flew the night after Domingo's speech in the Cortes. Some of the older boys who frequent the club raised the cry of Viva la República! whereupon the police had fired at them. Their fathers, from the windows above, had returned the fire, but no one this time was killed. The walls of the clubhouse are hung with plaques to the memory of other Republicans who have lost their

(Continued on Page 61)

Some of the Striking Bakers in Madrid

Political Notice Posted on Walls at Time of Cabinet Crisis

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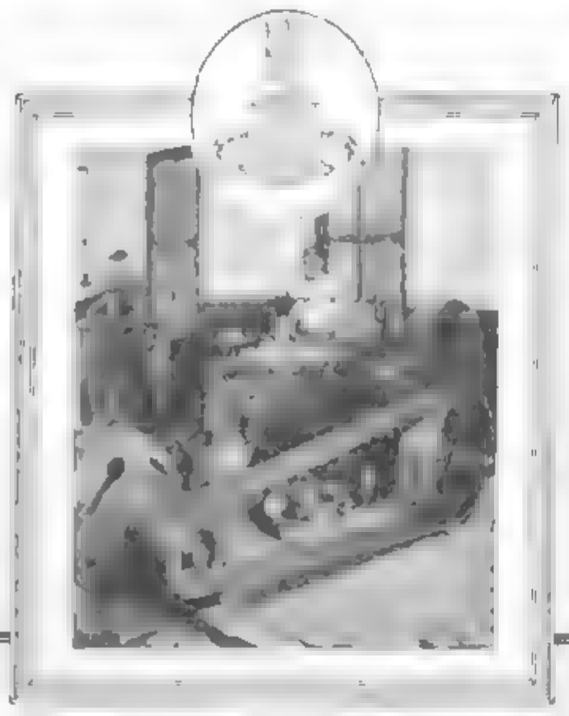

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CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 58)

lives for the cause, most of them having been shot down by the police in street riots.

This is how near Spain is to an eruption nearly every week.

In the summer of 1917 the nation came nearer to a republic than it ever has before or since. The Cortes had been dissolved, as the king has a right to dissolve it when it becomes too troublesome or too hopeless, but this time the Left—a combination of all the more liberal political groups—went to Barcelona and set up a rump. The moment was favorable for action. The army, which is usually the bulwark of the Conservatives, was dissatisfied, charging the king with having interfered to make promotions without regard to merit. The army and the rump were drawing together. People hourly expected that a republic would be declared, but the movement hung fire. Many people blame Alexander Lerroux, the senior Republican leader, for the delay, which, they claim, amounted to a betrayal of the cause. For six weeks he left his followers without orders, shipped his family to France, and then followed them. Meanwhile the king made up with the army, and the movement collapsed.

Half a dozen Socialists and one Republican were clapped into jail. In the new elections that followed, the imprisoned Socialists secured their release from jail by being elected to the Cortes. The other day when someone in the Cortes reminded the Socialist deputies that they were really at liberty by the grace of the government they hooted the idea. The deputies assured the Conservatives that they were at liberty by the grace of the people, a rather new variety of grace for Spain to possess.

The 1917 Republican movement failed for lack of a leader. That is why every movement fails in Spain. For this same reason Spain is always unpredictable. The nation is now fairly dizzy with movements but it is all a merry-go-round. Plenty of leaders, but no good leaders, no consistently directed action.

We have two more political parties, the Reformists and the Socialists, to consider in our canvass of the Cortes.

Spanish Liberals

The Reformist leader is Melguiades Alvarez. The party belongs loosely with the Left, but its policy is really opportunist. It will stand by the king when the king stands by reform in the government. Otherwise it is Republican. It is against the present military establishment, which is such an obstacle to reform. In Morocco it demands a less military form of government or even argues for disposing of the colony altogether. It argues that if there were no colony there would be no need for such a large army, and the way would thus be open for other reforms.

The Socialists have as leaders Iglenaz, Besteiro and Prieto. Iglenaz is an old man, very feeble, even an invalid. Prof. Julian Besteiro holds the chair of logic in the University in Madrid and is one of those who were elected to the Cortes from jail. Prieto comes from Bilbao, where he worked his way up from newsboy to labor leader. The only reason he was not elected from jail was that he had succeeded in escaping to France in 1917. His election was his passport and safe-conduct to return. Prieto is the speaker. He is reported to know very little about Socialism, but he knows how to handle a crowd. Professor Besteiro is the brains of the Socialist movement, which is really far more practical than theoretical. Spain has never even taken the trouble to translate Marx, the only Spanish translation having been made by a man from Argentina.

These three groups last named—the Republicans, Reformists and Socialists—possess forty or fifty votes in the Cortes, but their combined influence is entirely out of proportion to their numbers. For the last two years the government has never dared to pass a measure in the face of this united opposition. This fact is offered by Spanish Liberals as proof that these fifty men in the Cortes actually represent a larger number of people than the combined three hundred and fifty other members.

The statement may be true, for the election system in Spain is peculiar. A ministry resigns, the Cortes is dissolved by royal decree, but before a new election is held a new Premier is appointed, and he forms a ministry either from his own group or by a coalition. The ministry, whatever it is, is able to control the election, so that the new Cortes is packed with a membership the vast majority of which is hand picked. There is universal suffrage for every male over twenty-five, but there are just as many ways in Spain to control the vote of ignorant men as there are in other countries; just as many ways, and then some more.

There is no one in Spain who finds it more difficult to predict what is going to happen to-morrow than does the king. His is a difficult part. He is a good sport; absolutely fearless, according to popular report; a Liberal, some will tell you, and yet he cannot forget, as he told Mr. Gerard, that he is an Austrian archduke as well as a Spanish king. People admire his horsemanship and his polo playing, but they wish he would devote the same zeal to correcting the bad government of his country. He is an ardent militarist, and yet I heard a man who professed great sympathy with the Socialists say that the happiest solution of present difficulties would be for the king to declare a republic and become its first president. The speaker was entirely in earnest.

Again the Spanish are unpredictable. They like the king; they don't like him. One evening last winter the great Pastora, the Spanish dancer who has the whole Iberian world at her feet, returned from South America, where she had met with royal receptions. On the first night of her reappearance in Madrid the king attended the performance. Pastora is a great favorite at the palace, often being invited there to give private performances. That night the king entered late and came directly to the front of the royal box. The crowd gave him a very chilly reception. There were some very awkward moments.

Good Feeling for America

Pastora appeared, danced and brought down the house. The spectators went wild. She sang a song, made for the occasion, about how she had been to South America and South America had loved her; but really it was not she that they loved, it was Spain, the motherland from which she came. The audience rose and yelled with delight, whereupon Pastora hushed them a moment and then, pointing to the royal box, exclaimed dramatically: "Don't cheer me, cheer the king; he is Spain." The audience took the cue and gave the king all the vociferous approval that they had withheld earlier in the evening.

It is an open secret that the king several times has threatened to resign. Two years ago in May he had to settle one of these chronic crises, and decided that it would be wise this time to form a truly nationalist ministry, selecting leaders from all the more conservative parties. He called the leaders for a conference at the palace and proposed the plan. The Reformists hesitated, they wanted some time to consider it; but the king was very firm, saying: "If you delay your decision, in the morning I shall not be here."

Again it was personality more than principles. The Reformists might not like the monarchical principle, but they respected the king as the strongest man at that moment in Spain. They decided immediately. The king is no dilettante; he has a very firm grip on the government, such as it is, and is capable of very decisive action. But one has to remember that the government of Spain and the people of Spain are not identical. The king has had no trial of strength with the people, and at present he is leaning unusually far away from the people toward the Right, as the appointment of Señor Maura to the premiership indicates.

The United States is very popular. This is one gauge on the present character of public opinion. The old soreness about the Spanish-American War has entirely disappeared. Ambassador Willard is easily the most popular diplomat in Madrid. President Wilson, who is to the Spaniards the symbol of all that America stands for, is so popular that his picture and his biography are on almost every news stand, and the haberdasher is advertising "Wilson caps."

Spain recognizes that she lost Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines by her own fault. She did not govern them properly and she deserved to lose them. But these same people say that bad government in the colonies was really not so much a form of discrimination against the subject peoples as it seems, for it was not so very different from the sort of government she is giving herself. I have even heard Spaniards say that it was a kindness to Spain to take the colonies away from her. At any rate, the United States is very popular among the mass of the people. America stands for new and very persuasive ideals both of liberty and of international policy.

"We wrote Don Quixote," said one gentleman to me, "but it remained for the United States to put the principles of Don Quixote into practice. We never could have believed that you would do it."

"America has saved the morality of the world," said another. "When the war began it was evident that America had only to remain neutral, supply the warring nations with the instruments of destruction, wait for them to destroy each other and then become the greatest nation in the world. The spectacle of a great nation throwing away these advantages to enter the war for a principle has been tremendous."

From the beginning of the war the liberal forces of Spain were pro-Ally while the reactionary and aristocratic forces were pro-German. The Center—I speak now not so much of politics as of public opinion—was ill-informed and bewildered. The German propaganda was strong and effective and carried a great many people with it. When the armistice came there was a great scramble in the Center to board the Allied band wagon. The Center thus joined the Left in protestations of Allied sympathy.

The Right is still unconverted. Its faithful ally in Central Europe has disappeared, leaving Spanish aristocracy and the old order greatly weakened. The Right is in a panic, wondering whether it can stem the tide of liberalism that is now sweeping across the country. For the last few months Spain has been a bedlam of strikes and riots. The assertion is frequently made that these disturbances are really caused by the provocation of the ruling classes, who have seen that now or never is the time to dig in for the defense of their positions. The Spanish Right does not take kindly to reconstruction.

Meanwhile, Spain is hungry.

There are at present two possibilities for Spain. I was about to say two and no more. But probably I ought to add a third.

Three Possibilities

A constitutional convention is in the offing. It may be called upon to make modification in the election laws, the Morocco policy, the army system and its relation to the civil government; but most important of all it may have to take up the matter of clipping the wings of the monarchy.

True, the Cortes has power to amend the present constitution, but the king also has power to dissolve the Cortes, as he not infrequently does when it becomes troublesome. The king also has power to settle things by royal decrees without so much as saying "By your leave" to the Cortes.

The second possibility is revolution. You cannot blink that fact. For months it has been prancing the streets of every city and it has been debated in the liberal club of every village. I have even heard it discussed very candidly in second and third class compartments in the trains. This eventuality is greatly feared. When I left Spain a few weeks ago, nearly if not quite the entire country was under martial law.

The constitutional guaranties of the right of public assembly, free speech and a free press had been suspended. The government was in the hands of the military. But the government was handling the situation as gently as it would handle crates of eggs. The probability of revolution was hanging on the question of the loyalty of the soldiers, and there was doubt as to which way the soldiers would shoot if the issue were forced.

The third possibility is that nothing will happen. The present discontent may ease off. Summer has come and the bulls are in their best condition, no longer fat and loggy. The crowd may spend its energies on watching the bullfights. We count this as the third possibility because of the lack of leaders. The disturbances are local, unrelated to each other, and often directed with conflicting aims. Their organizing principle is the high cost of bread.

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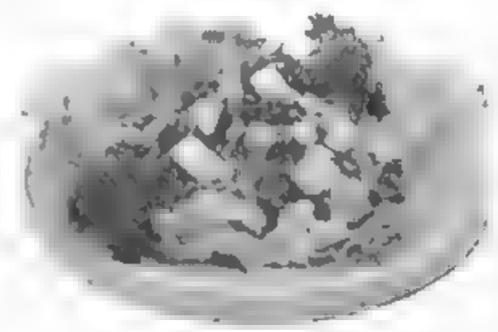

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Taste these salads yourself and note their unique charm.

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Use it regularly as a family food. Sandwichola is 15c the jar at all good grocery stores.

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Sandwichola—Rice Salad

1 cup boiled rice.
½ cup cooked salad dressing.
Sandwichola

Mix rice and salad dressing. Place on lettuce leaves and garnish with Sandwichola.

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Be sure to send your grocer's name if you want the jar.

The riot in Algeciras, above referred to, was separated from a revolution only by a few crates of bread.

Our ship had stopped at Gibraltar for coal and I seized the opportunity to cross the bay for a visit to view the historic town hall in which the Treaty of Algeciras was made and signed. I found the streets in the business portion of the town all but deserted and the shutters pulled down on all the shops. A strike was in progress, and the shopkeepers, knowing of the riots in other parts of the country and mindful of the high cost of window glass, had chosen the wiser course of barricading their property. As I walked up toward the center of the town and approached the plaza the young man who was our self-appointed guide relieved me of my camera and hid it under his coat. We passed little groups of men who eyed us both suspiciously and sullenly.

Five minutes later, as we turned a corner, we were caught in a surging crowd of men who were calling "Conferencia!" and moving toward the bull ring on the edge of the town. They were on their way to a strike meeting. We turned another corner and found ourselves in the midst of a mob of angry, gesticulating women who had formed themselves irregularly for a procession. The men gallantly gave way and at once took the posts of spectators. The women who led the party were the wives of strikers who had been that morning arrested by the military and sent out of town. Some said there had been one hundred arrests, others said seventeen. At any rate, the wives were organizing a party with which to entertain the army officers who had done the arresting.

With little delay the procession of women got in motion, but it did not head directly for the barracks. Instead the women marched up one street and down another, calling on every woman with any good red blood in her veins to come out and join the parade. Those who sat in the windows and refused to come out had to listen to some not very complimentary descriptions of themselves and their ancestors. Those who sat in the ground-floor windows and refused had their hair pulled. Almost in a moment the street was filled from curb to curb with a mob of black-dressed, mantilla-crowned matrons who certainly appeared to be in no mood for compromise. Then the procession headed toward the barracks.

Local Bread Riots

As the barracks came into view we saw the troops lined up at attention, with their rifles and bayonets attached. As we came nearer and the size of the mob became apparent another company of soldiers was ordered out. The strikers hung about the edges of the crowd, nervous, sullen. The party was to be a purely feminine affair. The women up in front demanded to see the commanding officer and he appeared promptly. There followed discussion, gesticulating, high words from the women, and quiet yet firm replies from the officers. Meanwhile the soldiers had advanced and were slowly pushing the crowd back and dividing it. The crowd saw the plan of campaign and growled. There were two or three seconds when the suspense was like that when one sees the lightning flash and then waits for the thunder. The soldiers had guns, the women had none, but the men on the outskirts of the crowd had some under their coats, for I saw them. One slightest false step in the handling of the situation would have started something that could never have been finished in Algeciras.

Slowly the crowd was forced back across the square, where it began to reform and was joined by the men. Then something happened that made my pulse hammer like a drum. Out of the barracks came one of those two-wheeled covered carts, drawn by a mule. A soldier was driving it. Slowly it wheeled into position on the flank of the crowd and I saw that the interior was piled high with what appeared to be sandbags. Could it be possible that the officers had ordered out a machine gun, thus hidden and protected? Were they holding it in readiness to fire on that crowd?

No. The Spanish instinct for dramatics is simply superb. Just at the proper moment soldiers appeared and began to unload the cart. The bags contained not sand but bread. No, again. It was not given away; it was sold to the mob at a special bargain price, three cents a kilo lower than the prices in the shops.

This was the end of the riot in Algeciras.

But not all Spanish riots end so peacefully; nor are leaders always lacking. Last winter the situation became so tense in Barcelona that the police were armed with rifles. The police weapon is usually the saber, and the sight of the police carrying rifles provoked disorder. After a policeman had shot one woman as she was coming out of a church the rifles were taken away and the officers of the law resumed their sabers; but during the winter it was not uncommon—I make the statement carefully—for the police to charge a crowd with sabers drawn and to hack open a few scalps. I personally know several citizens, spectators of these riots, who were cut down.

The bread-shop riots the last of February in Madrid give one still another angle on things and methods Spanish. In order to understand the setting for this outburst one has to go back to the political situation. Spain was in the midst of another crisis. The Cortes had been suspended by the king, though not dissolved. Count Romanones had offered his resignation, the king had refused to accept it, and Romanones held on, as one sometimes holds something hot, not because he wanted to but because he did not know how to let go. The Premier had lost his moral leadership with the Cortes and the latter had been for days becoming more and more aggressive. The suspension of the Cortes created a spirit of great uncertainty throughout the country, where the people were looking to it to cut the cost of living.

One of the Provision Stores Looted by the Bread Rioters in February

The Petit Parisien had sent a reporter down from Paris to interview the king on the Morocco question. What did Spain desire about Morocco? The king told him very frankly, no doubt being glad of the opportunity thus to present to France some claims which the French Government seemed to be ignoring. The reporter wrote out the interview and took it over to Count Romanones for his approval. This is the law or custom in Spain when the king is interviewed. The Premier seems to have thought that the king was going a little strong, for he cut out parts of the interview, but he passed the remainder and it was published in Paris.

The Cortes went wild. What right had the king to give out such an interview, stating that Spain desires the status quo in Morocco when the Republicans, the Reformists and the Socialists, representing forty or fifty votes in the Cortes, and a much larger proportional part of the population, had been given no opportunity to express themselves on the subject? Or what right had the king to give out such a statement in the face of the fact that many Spaniards desire to sell Morocco, and a great many more desire the most radical reforms, both economic and military? And what right had the king to speak for the nation anyway? Who authorized this interview? Such were the questions.

The Premier was not then present or he might have been able to save himself and the situation. One of the assistants confessed that the Premier had passed the interview. This confession hushed Romanones in the Cortes and the suspension of the body immediately followed. Meanwhile the people were left in suspense, and though many of them were mildly interested in Morocco the great mass of the working people were far more interested in the price of bread.

Just at this time the bakers, who make the big round loaves which the poor people buy, struck for more wages. The next morning the women went to the shops for bread and the cupboard was bare. There was no bread to be had at any price. By noon rioting had begun in the poor parts of the city, and about dusk it was in full swing. The rioters were chiefly women, many of whom carried babies. Some of the proprietors tried to keep the mobs off by firing revolvers. The crowds surged in and simply wrecked these shops until there was nothing left of them but the walls. The men who did the firing were beaten with sticks and clubs.

The police appeared to have been ordered not to repress the crowd too much. While the fury was at its height it would have been very dangerous to provoke it still more. But the rage quickly spent itself and the next day everything was quiet. The official figures were: 200 bakeries and provision stores raided; 268 arrests; 108 slight injuries, including twelve policemen. It was rumored that two people were killed.

At this point the Socialist deputies intervened and persuaded the municipal council to take over the bakeries, granting the bakers an increase in wages of ten cents a day. The owners of the bakeries were thus eliminated at one fell swoop and the Socialists were jubilant.

The newspapers commenting on the riots deplored the excesses that had been committed but recognized that they were bound to occur. El Mundo, one of the leading dailies of Madrid, said: "There is no doubt that the trouble has been caused by the profiteers and egoists, by the despoilers of the people."

A few days later a good friend in the American colony, who makes it a point to keep in touch with what is going on in labor circles, invited me to attend a strikers' meeting at the Olympia Theater. The meeting was the aftermath of the riots. It had all the stage trappings necessary to create a suspended interest. The back street was lined with cavalry. The police were everywhere about the building. We were the only strangers allowed to enter, except the half dozen plain-clothes men who came to report the meeting and to take command of the situation if necessary. We were stationed on the platform and instructed, if any shooting began, to take refuge behind the brick wall which projected from the wing to meet the drop curtain. The theater was jammed with men, all in caps and smocks such as the workmen always wear. The windows were shut to keep out the noise of the mob of other kinds of bakers who had not shared the fruits of the victory won by their round-loaf brothers. The room was dark, shoulder high with cigarette smoke, and lighted only by the glow of cigarette stubs and the flash of matches.

This was the not very simple question that the union was called together to settle: The Socialist deputies had mixed into what was a purely industrial matter, identifying it with politics. They had negotiated the agreement by which the municipal council took over the bakeries through the union's strike committee. Now the executive committee of the union, headed by its president, was calling the union together, and asking them to repudiate the action of the strike committee, on the ground that it was carrying the union into politics. Feeling ran very high; there were charges of bribery, and countercharges. At a meeting of strikers not long before the police had taken the precaution to go through the crowd and look for firearms before the meeting began. Nearly fifty revolvers had been taken up. It was doubtful whether the orderly processes of parliamentary law would suffice to contain this new and involved discussion, but they did. The meeting ended in a compromise in which the strike committee was repudiated, but the agreement with the municipal council was confirmed!

We were not able to follow the logic of the decision but we could not fail to see that here was an immense dumb force just becoming articulate both in politics and industry, struggling for self-expression, and succeeding. Whether Spain settles her troubles by constitutional convention, revolution, or not at all, depends very largely on how well she can sustain this sort of popular expression of opinion.

One ought not to give the impression that all the Spanish discontent is confined to the workingmen. The day after the food riots in Madrid the chambers of commerce throughout the country ordered all the large shops in Spain to close for the day as a protest against the recent increase in the railway rates. A month later all the newspapers in Madrid went on a strike one Saturday, as a protest against the double censorship of news. Both the government and the labor unions were censoring every piece of copy, the result being that the newspapers were limited to little more than birth and death notices and to comments on the weather. Many of the papers appeared the day before the strike with half their front page blank. The discontent is general.

The Fires of Discontent

The railway-rate increase had followed a threatened strike of the operatives. The companies had agreed to the demands for increased wages on condition that the workers would support their demand that the government permit the railways to increase their rates. The workers agreed and the matter was taken to Madrid. In the Cortes the proposal was opposed on the ground that it was a combination between the operatives and the operators to mulct the public; but the increase in rates was granted by royal decree over the heads of the deputies. The rates were raised forthwith, but the workers never received the promised increase. The net result was that everyone was unhappy and the railway men were quietly preparing for new demands, which would have to be met with more than promises.

Spain is like a dry prairie in which grass fires have been started in a hundred different places. The question is whether these separate fires will come together in one big fire or whether some blazes will operate as back fires to the others, burn the ground over, and leave no material for a general conflagration. The two biggest fires now in progress of which mention has not yet been made are in Andalusia and in Barcelona. One is agrarian, the other industrial.

Andalusia is a beautiful country of rolling hills and plains, rather arid, yet very fertile. It reminds one of some parts of Southern California. Indeed, one knows after visiting Southern Spain why the Spaniards were so much at home on the Southern Pacific Coast. Andalusia is rural and sparsely settled. It is where the bulls are raised for the bullfights, a grazing country. Large areas are given over to game preserves. The peasant system is similar to that in Eastern Europe and old Russia. The workmen live in little villages, from which they go out in the morning and to which they return at night. The estates are in the charge of managers, the owners usually living elsewhere. The traditional system has been for the peasants to be carried over from one harvest to another planting season, the manager advancing them money or provisions as the peasants' supplies gathered from the

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Libby's Mustard —an appetizing summer relish

Cool, refreshing salads that tempt the summer appetite

Chilled pears, the centers filled with raisins, on crisp white-heart lettuce leaves—and topped off with Libby's Salad Dressing! What could be more inviting, more stimulating to lagging summer appetites!

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MOTHERS everywhere prefer *Crystal White* because it can always be depended upon to restore summer clothes to fresh, sweet cleanliness—quickly and with less effort. It is refined enough for the tender garments, yet possesses such remarkable cleaning energy that it quickly and thoroughly restores the children's badly soiled play clothes.

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previous harvest began to dwindle. Last year at the harvest time the peasants struck, demanding wages several times in excess of what they had usually received. The managers granted the demands. There was no choice, but the managers refused to carry the peasants through the following winter, arguing that the latter ought to be able to look out for themselves in view of the increase in wages. During the winter there was actual starvation and proportionate discontent. This year the peasants are proposing to strike for twice as much as they received last year. Many of them are demanding even the confiscation of the estates, on the ground that the land belongs to the people who work it.

This movement in Andalusia, as well as the one in Catalonia, is to be distinguished sharply from trade unionism. Spain has no unity in her labor organizations. In some cities there is the regular old-fashioned trades-union system; in other places there is syndicalism, where the people organize not according to trades but by industries. The two forms of organization do not hang together, the adherents of one distrusting the other—another instance of the disunion of Spanish discontent.

When I went to Barcelona, which has been the center of what is practically the beginning of a Spanish Terror for several months, I was determined to hunt out the most liberal-minded gentlemen I could find, with a view to having them state their case as best they could.

The industrial disorder in Barcelona began with a strike in the Canadian Company. This company, with Canadian capital, controls the major share of the light, power and traction service. The trouble began with the mounting cost of living and the stationary wages. Car conductors, for example, were receiving about thirty dollars a month. A dollar a day is a fairly standard wage. The cost of bread ranged upward from eighteen and twenty cents a kilo—about two pounds. The strike was very mischievously managed, according to the managers. No demands were submitted, no ultimatum was sent. One morning some of the workers did not appear. A few days later other workers disappeared. There were no mass meetings, no gatherings of any sort. Men simply elected to remain at home. First the service was crippled, and then paralyzed. Troops were called out to run the tramcars and the interurbans, to keep the water supply in operation and to run the lighting plants.

Meanwhile, being a manager or an employer of labor became an extra-hazardous risk. More than eighty assassinations or attempted assassinations occurred in six months. No one was convicted, none was even arrested.

The strikers defend their method of striking by saying had there been the regular public strike committee, the usual meetings and negotiations, the leaders would then have been known to the police and would have been promptly put in jail, just as always happens in Spain. As for the assassinations, they disclaim responsibility, asserting that either the stories are untrue or the affairs are framed up by the police to justify military action. On this assertion the facts are rather against the strikers.

In March Barcelona was filled with disorder. The first man I met was the manager of a British bank. Of course I expected him to give me the capitalist's side of the story. He fairly took my breath away by saying that the strikers were asking for nothing which would not have been granted them immediately in England without even the thought of a strike. He said that very many people in the city were waiting and eagerly expecting foreign intervention. He was taking what comfort there was in the thought that the British naval base at Gibraltar was only two days away.

Another banker joined us. He reported that his lawyer had advised him to stock his bank with a small arsenal. Trouble was brewing and it would probably hit the banks first. My friend then told of the experience he had in efforts to arm his employees. The employees were loyal—they are the only decently paid bank employees in the city, so the manager said. He had raised their wages twice in six months and expected to increase them again very soon, and yet they declined to be armed. They argued that the approaching riots might turn into revolution, and then they would be marked men.

The revolution might be successful and they did not care to hand down to posterity such a fame as he was proposing to thrust upon them. In fact, they feared that they might not live to have any posterity.

The manager compromised on a flagpole and a British flag.

The manager of another bank heard a rumor that he had been marked for assassination. He sent for the men whom he suspected to know about it and said: "I have just added a codicil to my will."

"Yes?" replied the men, puzzled.

"The codicil reads that my executors are authorized to pay 250,000 pesetas, in case I die a violent death, to the man who will lead to the arrest of the responsible parties."

After this interview the banker went on his way in peace.

These little tales—for the truth of every one of which I am assured indicate something of the state of mind in Barcelona in the early part of this year. Martial law had been declared and the city was patrolled by police as well as by the soldiers.

The great factor which the average American banks on most for maintaining a democracy and keeping it sweet and clean is the public school. Here again Spain is deficient. I frequently asked about the literacy, and the highest estimate I received from any source was fifty per cent. A leading journalist of Madrid complained to me that he was unable to find a place for his boy in school. The schools were overcrowded, and there were, according to his estimate, thirty thousand children in Madrid alone without school privileges. The government is making efforts to correct this situation, as is seen by the fact that though it spent last year 75,000,000 pesetas on education—about seventy-five cents per capita—the budget for this year is almost doubled; 126,000,000 for all educational expenses.

Until a few years ago the schools were under the control of the municipalties, but they received such apathetic support that the government took them under its immediate direction and now controls them from Madrid. There is a compulsory education law; coeducation, strangely enough, from the primary school to the university; and the salaries of the teachers have been increased. However, the government's effort to improve the school system suffers from the weaknesses common to all government effort in Spain.

The Spanish school system is very similar to that of the French. It provides from the very beginning two sorts of courses, one for the children of the workingmen, who will never go beyond the primary grades; and another for those who will go on through the higher schools and university. It has the defect inherent in the French system, only more accentuated, that it offers no ladder by which the son of a workingman can ever be anything more than his father is. The child comes to the age of thirteen, and there his education stops. The public school in Spain does not, as in America, tend to create and increase the middle class. Efforts are being made to correct this difficulty by giving university-extension courses and advanced technical training. In 1913 Barcelona established also the Escola Elemental del Treball. It has a very extensive property, and offers evening classes in all the trades, such as carpentry and bricklaying. Last year the city spent forty thousand dollars on it. This school is frankly modeled on such American trade schools as Pratt Institute. "All the good machinery in these shops comes from America," remarked the director, who was educated in Germany!

"When I was in America a few years ago," he said, "President Butler, of Columbia, told me that in the last twenty-five years Columbia had gifts amounting to $27,000,000." Then he added with a gesture of disgust: "In Spain such gifts do not go to education."

When a workingwoman in Madrid was asked what the women of Spain most desire she said: "Day nurseries, where we can leave our babies when we go out to work; and schools." Rather modest requests, it would seem, but the day after the food riots in that city she proudly boasted that though some of the other women were rather apathetic the police had to call out the fire department to stop the fires which she set.

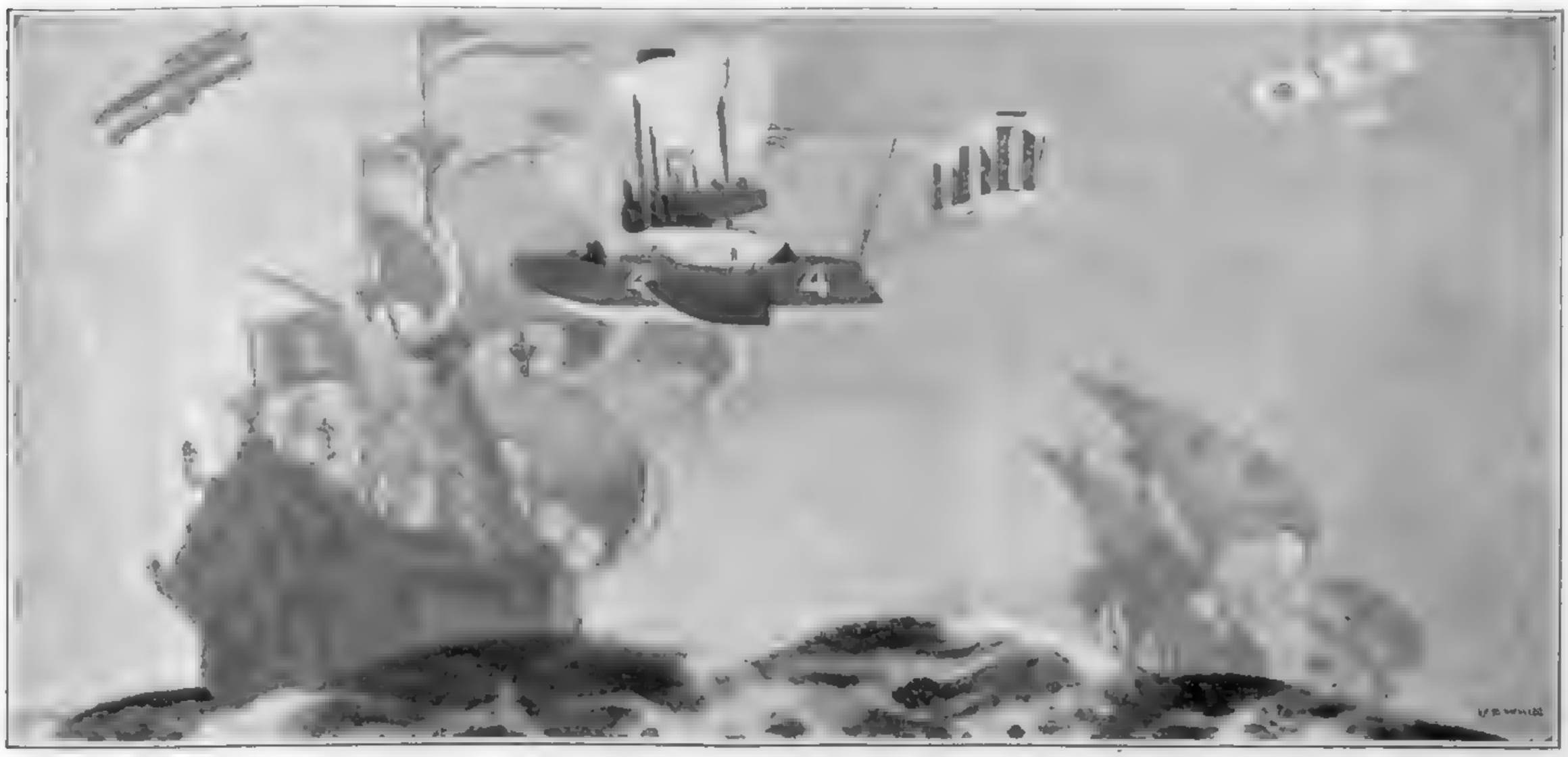
The most insistent demand in Spain, aside from the demand for cheaper bread, is for more and better schools. The grave question is whether the schools will arrive before convulsions come and paralyze the nation.

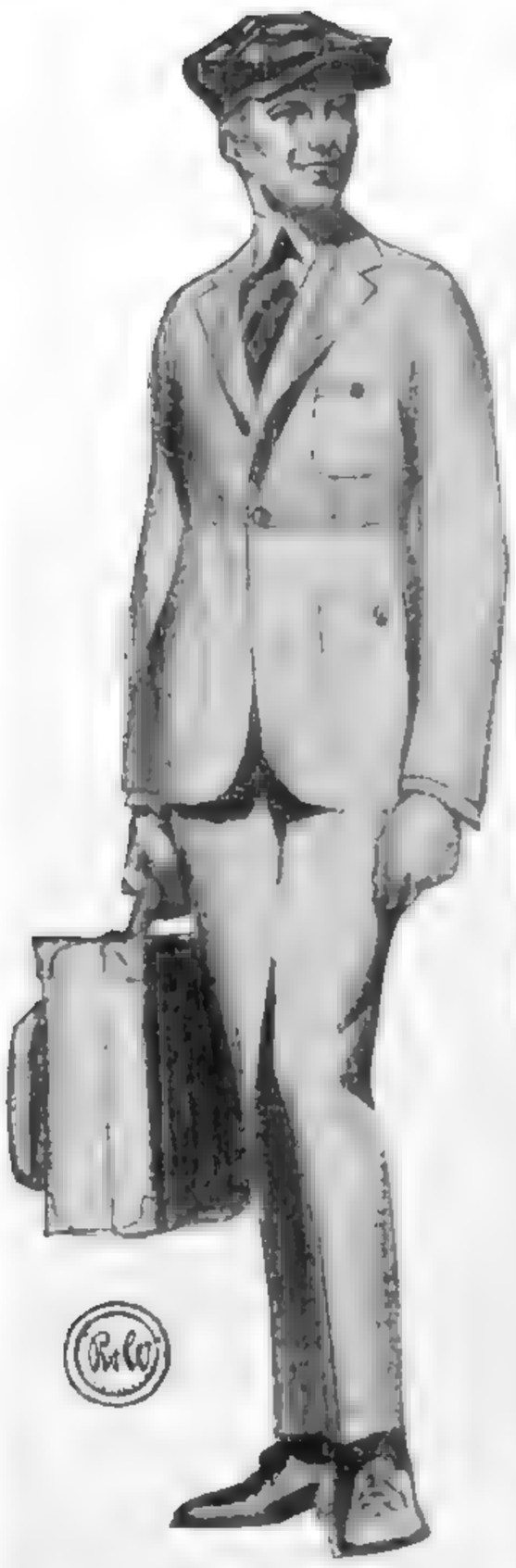
"The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries," said one of the liberal conservative leaders of Spain to me, "represented one continuous effort to incorporate Spain into Europe. The officers of Napoleon's armies sowed the seed of liberalism, and the Revolution of 1868 was the direct result. But in the last forty years Spain has settled no questions. She has merely postponed them. Now they are all coming up together. No one knows when the explosion will come, but come it will some day."

"Say to the American people," said another gentleman, "that Spain discovered America and brought to it a civilization. This civilization was misunderstood and distorted by those who gave it, and for that reason Spain lost her possessions in America. Spain still suffers from the very troubles which were her weakness as a colonizing power. Now let America come back to Spain and bring to her the civilization which Spain herself discovered and then lost."

As I was leaving the country the great topic of discussion was whether Spain would be admitted to the League of Nations. She is a free government only in the sense that the king is free to declare war or make peace when and where he pleases. The liberal element was openly hoping that Spain would be told that she could not qualify for membership until she had changed her constitution. They were hoping for a constitutional convention, for it would, they thought, be a great safety valve for the present accumulating discontent.

But the Peace Conference may have been advised that even the calling of a constitutional convention in Spain just now would produce some high explosives. The different questions are like a set of dominoes stood side by side on end. Disturb one, knock it over, and the resulting commotion is communicated to all the others. It is doubtful whether a constitutional convention called now would not end in revolution, and revolution once started would, as elsewhere in Europe, travel rapidly toward the Left.





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CHICAGO

FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

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questionable from a strategic point of view. Nor could I ever find out what precise object the dispatch of the squadron to the Far East was to serve, an attack on the open ports of China being evidently quite out of the question, as this would necessarily have embroiled us with all the other so-called Treaty Powers. When I was ordered to take temporary charge of the consulate general at San Francisco, as that port had been chosen as a possible base of supply for the fleet, which was to operate at a distance from there of about five thousand miles, and when I reported to my chief for duty and instructions, I was referred by him to the acting Minister of Marine. The latter was likewise unable to give me any instructions whatever, and merely told me, with his best wishes for a prosperous journey, to proceed to San Francisco and there await further developments.

These proceedings put me in mind of a story related of the celebrated Swedish chancellor, Oxenstiern, who, when sending off his son on what used in those days to be called the "grand tour," told him as a parting advice: "Now, my son, you are going to visit all the courts of Europe, and you will convince yourself by personal observation with how little wisdom the world is governed."

I must confess also that I did not take a very serious view of the mission that was intrusted to me, but I was very glad indeed of the chance that offered to spend probably a number of months in the United States. I started at once on my journey and reached New York, if I am not mistaken, in the beginning of June.

On arrival I found that the consul general in New York, who had just been promoted to that post from San Francisco, wished to return to that city for a couple of months for the purpose of settling his private affairs, and asked me whether I would consent to fill his place during his absence. This proposition struck me as being exceedingly acceptable, as it gave me a chance of quite a prolonged stay in a city which I had already then learned to consider one of the best places this side of the grave. So I at once consented, provided the government would sanction such an arrangement.

In those days, when the flow of immigration from Russia had not yet set in, the post of consul general in New York was more or less of a sinecure, most of whatever little business there was to do being usually transacted by the vice consul, Mr. Peterson, an old New Yorker of Danish extraction and a greatly respected, very popular and very charming gentleman, and moreover a most efficient official. I felt, therefore, little compunction about making over the business of the office entirely to him when the temperature in New York became too uncomfortably warm for me, and took my flight to the seaside.

On my way to Newport I had the good luck to find on the boat an acquaintance whom I had met in Washington in the preceding winter, and he then and there introduced me to two most charming young ladies, with both of whom I felt I would most certainly fall in love unless I looked out very sharp. That was just what I made up my mind to do; not because I was in any sense a woman hater or impervious to the charm of femininity, but because in my position as a mere diplomatic underling I was mortally afraid of being mistaken for that most objectionable character, a fortune hunter. Therefore I determined, besides of course duly satisfying all demands of courtesy, to confine my attentions to the charming sisters' grandfather, a fine old gentleman and a first-class whist player, who took rather a fancy to teaching me the mysteries of this royal game.

So it came about that I mostly divided my time between swimming in the ocean and indulging in friendly rubbers of whist at the club called the Newport Reading Room, with my kind teacher and some of his friends and cronies, such as Messrs. August Belmont the elder, James V. Parker, Christopher Columbus Baldwin, General Lawrence—alas, all since dead. Newport in those days was of course the most fashionable resort in America, and there were already some very fine houses, modestly called cottages; but it had not yet become the city of seaside palaces it is to-day.

From there I used to make every now and then excursions to the so-called North Shore—that is to say, the Massachusetts coast between the towns of Salem, of witch burning fame, and Gloucester, of codfish renown—a stretch of country like a huge park, covered with woods coming down to the water's edge and dotted with beautiful cottages; in short the loveliest seaside resort I know of. There it was that I had the good luck to make the acquaintance of one of the leaders of Boston society, the most many-sidedly clever woman and one of the most charming I have ever met, and her dear husband, with whom I struck up a warm friendship that I hoped would last our lifetime and that, alas, was cut short by his premature death.

The two or three months I had spent in this part of the world came to an end but too soon. They left me many most pleasant memories and an ardent desire to return here some day for good.

I think it was about the end of August or the beginning of September when my friend the consul general returned to New York to resume his duties, and I consequently had to leave for my destination, San Francisco, where I was to await further orders. Before doing so, however, I had to settle accounts with the landlady of the house wherein my friend the consul general rented two rooms, which, on leaving for San Francisco, he had made over to me. Though I had never had occasion to use them, and therefore their price might have been properly charged to the consul general, the tender-hearted landlady in presenting the bill to me remarked: "Yes, sir, this is a cruel, cruel world!" But she took the check all the same.

I did not leave New York without a pang of regret; but when I found myself in San Francisco, comfortably established in the famous Palace Hotel, breathing that wonderfully bracing and exhilarating air of the Pacific Coast, I soon felt as happy and cheerful as a fish in the water. There, too, I met some kind friends who made me see all the sights, including Chinatown, which could be visited only in company with a burly detective. In the neighborhood, across the bay at a place called St. Helena, in the beautiful Napa Valley, lived a charming family with whom I had become acquainted the preceding winter on my return voyage from Japan. They treated me most kindly and most hospitably, and I spent many a pleasant hour in their town house as well as at their place in the country.

The head of the family was a very nice and very able young man, just fresh from college, who had not long before inherited large properties in different parts of the state, and also a gold mine, somewhere in Nevada, I believe. This mine, as far as I remember, was considered by the knowing ones to be a played-out concern which could no more pay operating expense, and therefore the young owner was advised to get rid of it as quickly as possible. He, however, very shrewdly took counsel only with himself and stuck to his mine, with the result that when I met him again some eight years ago in New York he turned out to have become one of the wealthiest citizens of California, which, as everybody knows, is saying a great deal.

This was a time of great excitement in the market of mining securities. One of the mines in Nevada called the Consolidated Virginia—or abbreviated Con Virginia—had suddenly turned out to be what used to be called a big bonanza, and the shares of the company owning the mine, which had been quoted heretofore in cents, suddenly jumped up into dollars, tens of dollars, and finally hundreds of dollars, if not thousands. The result was that the whole population of San Francisco was gambling in mining stocks.

Never having had any gambling propensities I did not take a hand in this game that was being played by everybody, down to the waiters and the bootblacks. Still, one evening the tempter approached me. This is how it happened: I had returned to the hotel from an evening party and had gone into the barroom to quench my thirst with a glass of beer, when I noticed a great big, rather ordinary-looking man in conversation with a newspaper man whom I happened to know.

After a while this newspaper man came to me and said: "You saw me just now talking to that fellow there? You know, he is a very successful miner, and is now the chief owner of a certain mine. He asked me who you were, and when I told him that you were the Russian acting consul general, 'Oh,' he said, 'that's fine! I like that fellow; I like all Russians. I once knew a captain in the Russian navy. Just ask him whether he will have a drink with me.'"

My newspaper friend continued: "That miner just now is a little under the weather, not to say intoxicated, but he is quite a character and it might amuse you to have a little talk with him."

I did not like to disappoint my newspaper friend, and so I consented to be introduced to the miner. After exchanging a

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Russian Peasant Children

Swinehart Tires

When his hat was in the ring

A true story about tires and the war

ABRAHAM LINCOLN wasn't talking about Uncle Sam exactly, when he said: "You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time."

And yet the same old principle applies: you can't fool Uncle Sam—*at all.*

Not even on tires, as the whole world found out when Uncle Sam put in his order for the best that his money could buy. He wanted nothing but the best for the terrific service "over there."

NOW let us tell you what happened—this is the story. The Government placed orders for tires—tremendous orders; tires for trucks, tires for ambulances, tires for officers' automobiles. And the factories went to work. They worked night and day to meet the Government demands.

And then the deliveries began; carloads and trainloads of tires. Tens of thousands of them. Akron led the nation in this gigantic task.

And so the tires were turned over to the Government and it was assumed that the job was done.

But not so—

Uncle Sam took it into his head to inspect those tires, and when it comes to inspecting, your Uncle Samuel is some inspector.

He inspected every tire in all that tremendous consignment, and if there was a single one that didn't look good to the sharp eyes under the old beaver hat, it was thrown out, refused point-blank and sent back bodily.

And now comes the point: out of thousands and thousands of solid and pneumatic tires shipped by Swinehart Tire & Rubber Co. on Government order there was not one single rejection.

Not one.

Not *one.*

Not one.

Every tire that bore the Swinehart name had in it the integrity of Swinehart manufacture and Swinehart stamina, and was accepted. Every Swinehart tire delivered to the Government stood the test and stayed sold.

If you've ever had any experience in dealing with the Government of the U. S. A., you will need no added argument from us to emphasize the moral of this story. It is as conspicuous as it is significant. Swinehart Tires are all that good tires can be; they *wear*—and *wear*—and *wear.* The proof of the facts set forth in the foregoing story, from Government officials, will be sent to you upon request.

Hexagon Tread

Swinehart Ideal Cellular Truck Tires

The angle, depth, and width of the cells or holes in this remarkable tire are scientifically correct. This patented construction provides sufficient resiliency to make this tire ideal for truck use. Blowouts and punctures in Pneumatic truck tires are usually fatal. The Swinehart Cellular practically eliminates this danger and makes the use of a spare tire really unnecessary. This construction also makes the tire anti-skid and non-heating. The many advantages are obvious.

Swinehart Pneumatic Tires

Back of every Swinehart Pneumatic Tire is the integrity of the Swinehart Co., the brains of the men who produced it, the skill of the workmen who wrought the finished product, and the quality of the materials that went into it. And after all these are the only essentials in the making of good tires: there are no unusual "tricks" in the process. Swinehart Pneumatic Tires are made in both Cord and Fabric—both give more guaranteed miles for your money than you would ever expect or even have a right to expect.

Ribbed Tread

Let your next tires be Swinehart—or see that your new Truck or Car is equipped with them.

DEALERS: There may be an opening for a dealer in your territory. Better inquire now.

THE SWINEHART TIRE & RUBBER CO., AKRON, OHIO

-they Wear-and Wear-and Wear

Even a little child can swing this 30-ton door

ORDINARILY, this would be a test of superhuman strength. But, swinging as it does on ball-bearing "hinges," the enormous mass responds easily and promptly to the child's touch.

How the ball bearing thus comes to man's aid is simple, for every ball in the bearing is constantly poised, ready to "spin" under the load on the slightest impulse.

In other words, the lightest possible push will start the load moving. Yet so great is their "crushing strength" that very small balls will support the weight.

In this particular instance, the safe-door designers discovered nothing new—they merely utilized a valuable principle which is daily applied to every kind of mechanical operation.

Fafnir Bearing Company
Gurney Ball Bearing Co.
Hess Bright Manufacturing Co.
U. S. Ball Bearing (Strom) Mfg. Co.
MANUFACTURERS OF QUALITY BALL BEARINGS

(Continued from Page 66)

few words with him I said good night and went upstairs to my room. I had scarcely begun undressing when there was a knock at the door and in walked my newspaper friend.

"Excuse my disturbing you," said he, "but I have an important message to deliver to you. After you left, the miner"—let us call him Jack Doe—"said that he had taken a fancy to you and wanted to do you a good turn. He told me to come upstairs at once and to tell you to buy tomorrow morning as many shares of the stock of the Henrietta Mine as you can manage to buy, and to freeze on to them for dear life until they sell for fourteen dollars a share"—they were that day quoted at ninety cents a share—"and then sell out immediately." My newspaper friend advised me strongly to follow Jack Doe's advice. "Because," said he, "Jack, though a professional miner, is as true as gold, and he evidently intends to rig up what they call a boom in the stock of the Henrietta Mine, of which he is the chief owner, and having taken a fancy to you he wants to let you in on the ground floor. As for me, I'm going to invest every cent I own in this little speculation."

Now it is said that fortune smiles upon every man once in his lifetime. The wise man takes it, or her, by the forelock; the other fellow doesn't. By failing to take advantage of Jack Doe's so kindly proffered advice I proved that I was one of the other ones, and would in all probability not end my life as the happy owner of a private car and a steam yacht.

VI

AS I HAD expected from the first, my mission to San Francisco turned out to have been more or less of a fool's errand. Some satisfactory agreement had been reached with China and the preparations for a naval war with that continental Power were abandoned. In the meantime my chief, Mr. de Struve, had become impatient at the long delay of my return to Japan, and had succeeded in obtaining from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs my release from my useless mission to San Francisco. And so it happened that toward the end of December, 1880, I received orders to resume my diplomatic duties as Secretary of Legation at Tokio.

It did not take me long to make up my mind to take the first steamer that was going to sail for Japan. That steamer happened to be an English cargo boat, the Belgic, belonging to the Occidental and Oriental Steamship Company. She was a comparatively small boat, with very limited passenger accommodations; in fact there were only eight staterooms, and we happened to be exactly the same number of passengers. So every one of us had a stateroom for himself. Then there was the dining saloon, correspondingly small, and on top of the companionway a kind of deckhouse called social hall, containing on two benches alongside the stairway sitting accommodation on each side for exactly four persons, so that if there had been any more passengers they would have had to stand up and hold on to the straps as in a tramcar. I mention all these details simply in order to show how little comfort is really needed to make eight sensible men, for we were all men, not only content but positively happy, as the reader will see from the sequel of my story.

We sailed on the twenty-second of December, and from the moment we steamed out of the Golden Gate we encountered a northwesterly gale that kept us company all the way across the Pacific until we reached Yokohama twenty-eight days later. The seas were running mountain high, and the steamer being small, having a full cargo on board and lying very deep in the water, the seas were constantly washing over the deck, so that except on two or three occasions it was impossible to take an airing outside the deckhouse. Except when we were asleep in our staterooms or having our meals in the dining saloon we spent almost all our time sitting on the benches in the aforementioned social hall, telling stories and listening to them and discussing every possible subject under the sun.

Among the passengers was a young man hailing from one of the Western States—if I am not mistaken, Nebraska—who was an expert in the sugar-refining business and was going out to practice his profession in Manila. He was a very nice young fellow, but a regular landlubber, never having been even near the sea, and perhaps a little fresh. So when we were getting near the hundred and eightieth degree of longitude, which is about midway between America and Japan, we made up a little conspiracy for the purpose of having some innocent fun with our young and inexperienced fellow passenger.

The night before the day we were to cross that particular degree of longitude one of us at dinner asked the captain, who, with the purser, was also in the secret, at what time the next day we would cross the meridian and strike the ocean post office so as to be in time for mailing out letters to America. We noticed our young friend the sugar man looking up from his soup plate with an expression of intense interest, and when the purser said that we should have our letters ready for mailing by eleven o'clock in the forenoon so as not to miss the chance of dropping our letters into the mail box on the buoy, which we would probably pass about noon, he asked for some explanation as to how this so-called ocean post office was managed.

Then the purser said: "It's very simple; the hundred and eightieth degree being the halfway house, so to speak, between America and Japan, there is a large buoy anchored in the ocean, containing a post-office box into which letters from outgoing steamers are dropped and taken up when the incoming steamer passes the buoy."

Then our young friend asked whether letters would have to be provided with American or English stamps; to which the purser made reply that, though the proper thing to use was American stamps, however, this being an English vessel, English stamps would do as well, and that he was able to provide them in any desired quantity. Then we continued carrying on a pretended serious conversation on the subject of this post office, the time when it had been established, the great convenience it had proved to be for the traveling public, and so on.

The result was that when we had finished our dinner and had gone to spend the rest of the evening in the social hall our sugar friend did not join us but stayed behind in the dining saloon and became very busy writing letters until bedtime. The next morning the purser, who was a jovial Irishman and enjoyed the joke hugely, told us that before going to bed our sugar friend had come to his office and brought him about a dozen letters, bought the necessary stamps, and asked him to have them mailed the next day. Then, seeing that the idea of the ocean post office had met with so much unexpected success, he thought we might carry the joke a little further and suggested that a little before noon we should rig up a telescope with a thread stretched across the lens and then ask our young friend to just have a look at the meridian.

Now this turned out to have put it on a little too thick, and our young friend began to see that we were, metaphorically speaking, pulling his leg. However, he did not say anything except that the thing that he had seen through the spyglass looked to him more like an ordinary thread than a meridian. When we went down to lunch—or to tiffin, as that meal is called in the Far East—the purser asked to be allowed to read to us a letter he had just received. At first we thought he had hit on some new dodge in connection with the ocean post office, but it turned out to be a letter from our sugar friend, in which he said that of course he had never been taken in for a single moment, but he had guessed at once that the passengers wished to have some fun, which he certainly would have been the last one to wish to spoil, and that therefore he had pretended, and he hoped quite successfully, to have swallowed all the fish stories that he had been told about the ocean post office, the meridian, and so forth. His letter was received with great applause; we called for some champagne and drank his health, wishing him good luck in the sugar-refining business, and the utmost cordiality prevailed all round. But he had given the purser eleven letters with stamps pasted on, all the same.

The reader will see that in spite of our enforced confinement in a very narrow space in an old cargo boat that was sometimes rolling and pitching furiously, what with story telling, occasional practical jokes, and sometimes even quite intelligent conversations, we managed to have quite a pleasant time; and when on the twenty-ninth day we steamed up the Bay of

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are made of selected fabrics in smart styles possessing exclusive features that assure easy laundering, good fit and long service. *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Makers, Troy, N.Y.*

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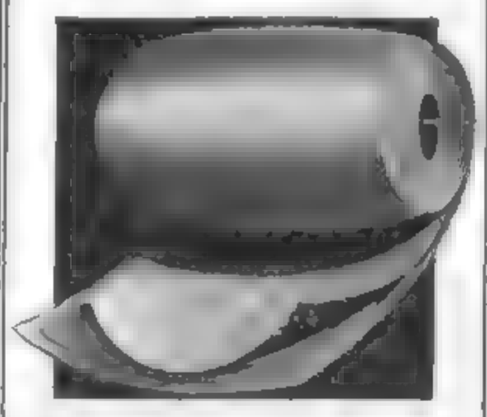

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Note the upper picture. It shows how the multiple plies of best rubberized fabric are scientifically overlapped in just the right width to gain maximum strength.

It will pay you to know the whole line of Racine Supreme Tire Sundries, made and Extra Tested in Racine Rubber Company factories. The good tire dealers in your locality can supply you.

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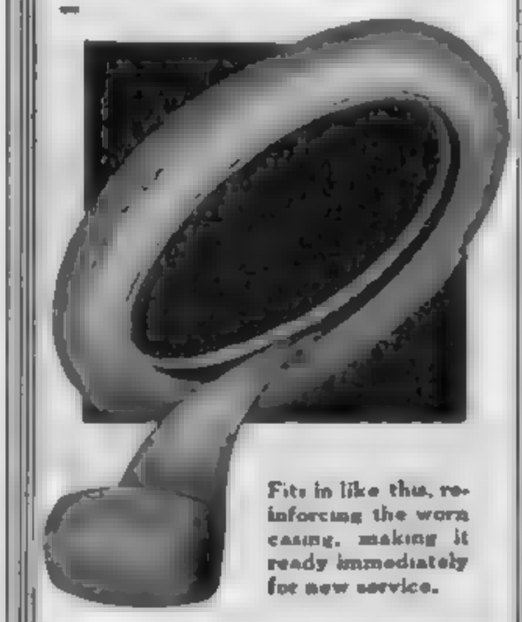

Fits in like this, re-inforcing the worn casing, making it ready immediately for new service.

Yokohama we were all of us heartily sorry to leave the old ship to which we had become positively attached.

However, I was very happy indeed to find myself again with my dear old friends in my old familiar surroundings. It was like a real home-coming, and I soon settled down to the old quiet and pleasant life. My chief's wife would chaff me a good deal about my nautical experiences, of which I had been boasting a little. She used to tell the story about my having got so much used to the seas washing against the port-hole of my stateroom that I could not sleep unless a Japanese coolie, whose services I had engaged for the purpose, was throwing bucketfuls of water against the window of my bedroom all through the night. My chief's children had grown in the meantime, one had been added to the number, and they were all the sweetest little girls imaginable. So we resumed the even tenor of our quiet happy life, quite unconscious of the approach of the catastrophe that was already so near.

On a March morning in 1881 I had to go to Yokohama on some business, and on driving down the street bordering on the seashore I accidentally looked at the bay and suddenly noticed that the flags on the Russian admiral's flagship were being slowly hauled down to half-mast and the yards were being crossed, which movements were followed by all the naval vessels of various nations anchored in the roadstead. The thought at once flashed through my mind: "The Emperor is dead!"

I hurried home and found that a cable had been received at the legation in the morning shortly after I had started for Yokohama, announcing the assassination of Alexander II, which had taken place the day before. Our consternation was extreme. We felt it as an irreparable national misfortune and a sinister omen for the future of our country. This feeling of consternation seemed to be shared by foreigners of all nationalities as well, and we were being overwhelmed with assurances of deep sympathy and sincere condolence.

In the preceding chapter I have dwelt at length on the developments which led up to the catastrophe of the Emperor's assassination on the very day when he had signed the manifesto which meant the first step in the direction of a gradual introduction of a constitutional régime. At the first moment the government, as well as the people, was as if paralyzed with horror by the awful character of the crime and the fear of its incalculable consequences. All sorts of hasty, ill-considered and panicky measures were taken at once by the government, which did not serve any useful purpose and only disclosed the extent to which the authorities had lost their heads.

Fortunately the new Sovereign, Alexander III, was a man of sturdy character, strong unshakable will, and absolutely straightforward honesty of purpose. His attitude was one of sorrowful but imposing dignity, and at the same time of firm and calm resolution, which contributed much toward allaying public excitement and apprehension.

Rumors of the existence of an important manifesto, signed by the late Emperor before his tragic end, soon spread among the people, but nothing was known about its contents, and public curiosity was much exercised over the question whether it would be confirmed and published by the new sovereign. As I was then far away in Japan I did not learn until much later of all the developments that had been taking place in those fateful days when the destiny of Russia was hanging in the balance. Some twenty years after the catastrophe the late Emperor Alexander III's younger brother, the Grand Duke Vladimir, a man of great intelligence, of a liberal turn of mind and profoundly devoted to his elder brother and sovereign, told me, in speaking of that eventful time, that one evening some ten or fourteen days, if I remember rightly, after the tragic end of Alexander II, he had received a short note from the Emperor in which he wrote: "I have made up my mind at last to confirm and publish our father's manifesto, and I feel happy now, as if a heavy load had been taken off my shoulders."

Unfortunately, before this momentous decision could have taken effect the Emperor was approached by that notorious bigoted reactionary, M. Pobiedonostsef, then holding the office of procurator of the Holy Synod, with the most earnest and weighty representations to the effect that he, as the reigning sovereign, whatever his personal preferences might be, had no right to deprive his future successor, the heir to the throne, of even the smallest tittle of the inheritance of illimited power which would be rightfully coming to him under the fundamental laws of the land.

The Emperor, who was not gifted with a very clear insight in matters of statecraft, but was imbued with a sincere and profound reverence for the law, allowed himself to be shaken in his resolve by the specious arguments of M. Pobiedonostsef, who might justly be called the evil genius of Russia. The result was that Alexander II's intended manifesto was suppressed, and instead appeared a manifesto in which the new Emperor announced his firm intention to govern the country in strict accordance with the traditions of his forefathers. The manifesto had been drafted and submitted to the Emperor's signature by the procurator of the Holy Synod without the knowledge of his colleagues; whereupon the three liberal ministers, Count Loris-Melikoff, M. Abaza, and General Miliutine, asked to and were allowed to resign.

The effect of the appearance of this manifesto belied the apprehensions entertained in liberal circles lest it might lead to a recrudescence of revolutionary activity. The very temerity under the existing circumstances of the Emperor's resolve, his undaunted courage with which, undeterred by the catastrophe that seemed to have shaken the throne to its very foundation, he had determined to uphold the principle of autocracy, produced a profound impression. The firm and unequivocal language of the manifesto was undoubtedly hailed with profound satisfaction by the overwhelming majority of the Russian people. It restored confidence in the unshaken power of the government, in the security of the state, and the stability of the existing social order.

It seems to me that a similar feeling was largely shared by the outside world as well. A nation numbering some hundred and fifty millions and occupying not only the greater part of the European Continent but almost one-seventh part of the surface of the inhabitable globe, represents too large a factor in the history of the world for its condition and destiny to be a matter of indifference to the rest of mankind. When the blind passions born of the world war shall have calmed down it will be realized that the destruction and dismemberment of the Russian Empire and the abandonment of the Russian nation to anarchy and civil war mean an unmitigated disaster for all Europe.

Unfortunately western public opinion and, following its lead, part of the Russian intelligentzia are inclined to forget that the bulk of the Russian nation, the mainstay of her power and prosperity—in other words, the Russian peasantry—little more than half a century ago was still slaves, though euphemistically called serfs; that slavery is a subtle poison that affects the mentality of the slave as well as that of the master, and that with the exception of an infinitely thin layer of high-grade civilization on top the Russian people are as little ripe now as the English people of the fifteenth or sixteenth century would be for the political institutions and the political life of the western world of our days.

It stands to reason, however, that though a sudden and complete abandonment of an age-long system of government which unquestionably had built up and consolidated an immense empire and was the only means of holding together its heterogeneous component parts could only lead to, as indeed it has led to, a catastrophe, still, on the other hand, the obstinate persistency in withholding the reasonable concessions which the spirit of the times imperatively demanded was bound in the end to have no less fatal consequences. The so-called intelligentzia was but a shade less disqualified than the popular masses for the onerous task of assuming the responsibility for the destiny of a great empire.

Recent events have proved it, one would think, to the satisfaction of the most convinced believer in the magic virtue of unrestricted democracy. The representatives of the educated classes, the Duma leaders, when power was literally thrust upon them, could only demonstrate their utter incompetence simply to maintain themselves in power for any length of time, let alone to govern an immense empire. Little else could, of course, have been expected from people who, owing to the conditions of Russian life, could never have had any opportunity of acquiring even the most limited experience in the handling of affairs of state, from any participation in which they had always been excluded. To deny persistently such participation to a class which, though still far from being as numerous as the corresponding class in western countries, had begun to acquire considerable and ever-growing influence on public opinion was certainly the very worst possible policy.

Count Loris-Melikoff's plan of reform, by opening the doors of the Council of the Empire to elected representatives of the educated and property-owning class, by granting them the right of participation—be it even merely a consultative participation—in the legislative labors of the government, would have enabled them gradually to acquire such experience in the transaction of affairs of state as would have prepared them for the task in store for them in the natural development of events, that of becoming some day the leaders of the nation. The failure of the Emperor Alexander III to adopt and carry through this plan of reform was, in the opinion of the great majority of my thinking fellow countrymen, the direst misfortune that could have befallen our country; not the least so because he was the only man who could have done it successfully. His profound reverence for the law, his limpid, straightforward honesty of purpose, and his unwavering firmness would have assured the loyal establishment and the permanence of the reformed order of things. The absence of these qualities in his unfortunate successor, it was, that led ultimately to the catastrophe in which he perished himself, and with him the woman who ruined his life and the poor innocent martyred ones whom he loved so dearly, the catastrophe which destroyed the Empire and shattered the nation.

Early in January, 1882, my chief, M. de Struve, was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, and sailed for San Francisco on one of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's boats—if I am not mistaken the same old City of Tokio which had brought me to Japan six years before. I was again left in charge of the legation for another term of two years, a very favorable chance for a young beginner in the diplomatic career. Moreover, a conference having been opened for the revision of the treaties between Japan and the foreign Powers I had been appointed to represent Russia at the conference even a couple of weeks before my chief's departure for his new post.

The object of the conference on the part of the Japanese Government was to obtain a revision of the existing treaties in a sense favorable to their desire to be treated on a footing of equality with the Western Powers. These treaties dated back to the time before the restoration of the Mikado's power, except a few, such as the Austro-Hungarian treaty of 1869, and they all contained the so-called "most favored nation clause," so that practically the stipulations of the various treaties were all identical in their effect. None of these treaties contained any provisions whatever as to their duration, nor in regard to a possibility of their revision by mutual agreement after a certain lapse of time. Ever since the first embassy had been sent to Europe and America in 1873 by the Mikado's government, efforts had been made to obtain the consent of the Powers to proceed to such a revision, but these efforts had proved unsuccessful.

The most objectionable feature of the treaties from the Japanese point of view were: The absence of any provision for their termination or periodical revision; the immutable fixing of a customs tariff establishing import duties limited to five per cent ad valorem; and the absolute exemption of subjects of foreign Powers, of their persons as well as their properties, from Japanese jurisdiction, this last being the most galling of all to the national pride of the Japanese.

In 1878 the United States, upon the recommendation of the American Minister, Mr. Bingham, had broken loose from the policy of coöperation in all matters of general interest which theretofore had been pursued by all the foreign Treaty Powers, and had concluded a treaty with Japan by which the right of the Japanese Government to establish customs duties on a basis of autonomy was recognized. But this treaty contained a stipulation providing

(Concluded on Page 72)

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(Concluded from Page 70)

for its not going into effect until similar treaties were concluded with the other Powers, and it therefore remained inoperative.

At last the reluctance of the Western Powers, headed as always by Great Britain, to approach this question of the revision of the treaty was overcome and a conference assembled in January, 1882, at Tokio under the presidency of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Inouye, and composed of the representatives of all the Treaty Powers.

The negotiations at first seemed to proceed smoothly enough, as on the tariff question no fundamental differences were expressed at the conference, the president disclaiming any intention of establishing a protective tariff, and the proposals of the Japanese Government to raise the tariff on imports to about ten per cent ad valorem being quite moderate. But when after about four months of protracted negotiations, the Minister of Foreign Affairs brought forward a novel scheme of jurisdiction doing away entirely with the extraterritoriality of foreigners and consular jurisdiction it became clear that he had overrated either the disposition of the British Government to favor the Japanese plan of emancipation from the restrictions of the treaties or else the influence which the friendly attitude of the American Minister could have exerted on the decisions of the conference.

Though the president's proposals were received with applause by the American Minister the other representatives declared they were obliged to report them for the consideration of their governments, and the British Minister, Sir Harry Parkes, stated at once his disagreement with the Japanese plan and reserved to himself the right to present to the conference his objections in writing. He did so later on in a very able, exhaustive and closely reasoned memorandum, to which no adequate answer could be made under then existing conditions.

Thus it came about that the premature attempt of the Japanese Government to obtain the desired release from the restrictions imposed on Japan by the existing treaties ended in failure, and the conference separated in July after about five months of fruitless labor, without having achieved any positive result.

Even the tariff remained altogether unaltered.

In connection with this abortive conference I would mention a rather amusing circumstance. I had an intimate friend in the person of the Italian Chargé d'Affaires, the Chevalier Martin Lanciarez.

Being also my next-door neighbor, the grounds of our legations being separated only by a garden wall, he used to be almost daily my guest at dinner, just as I used to be his at luncheon. Like many of his countrymen who believe in *jettatura*, and so on, he cultivated a great number of superstitions, and when I chaffed him on the subject he would accuse me of having the worst of all superstitions—that of not having any.

One of his favorite ones concerned the number thirteen, to such an extent that he would always, on coming into my dining room, carefully count the oranges or bananas or apples on my dinner table, and when he discovered there were thirteen of them he would request permission to eat one of them before sitting down to his dinner. His despair, therefore, was very great when it turned out that we were to be just thirteen at the conference table, the Assistant Minister of Foreign Affairs having claimed a seat at that festive board. His only consolation was that there was to be in the same room a side table for the accommodation of the secretaries and that the fates might perhaps, by counting them in, relieve him of the danger of being one of the thirteen candidates for joining the majority. The fates did prove kind to him, and he survived, as far as I know, some twenty years, that cruel experience of five months' constant apprehension of sudden death.

I had another experience, also in connection with the conference, but this time a lingustic one. This is the way it came about: By a well-established custom, at all diplomatic conferences the language used is French, which for two centuries has been considered to be the international language of diplomacy.

At the Tokio conference, however, the three leading members—I mean the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Inouye; the British Minister, Sir Harry Parkes, and the American Minister, Judge Bingham, the latter two representing the two Powers having the most important commercial interests in Japan—could not speak French.

They even could not understand it when spoken, except to some extent Sir Harry Parkes.

There naturally was a great deal of discussion, as both the British and the American Ministers, being very able men and experienced debaters, had a great deal to say, each for his side. The American Minister openly favored the Japanese side, whereas the other representatives either considered Sir Harry Parkes as their spokesman or, like myself, were bound to observe a discreet reserve, perhaps slightly tinged in favor of the Japanese contentions. These discussions were always carried on in English. But the protocols of the sittings had to be drawn up in both French and English.

The stenographic records therefore had to be translated into French before being embodied in the final official protocol for the signature of the members of the conference.

This work, which had to be done very carefully, was intrusted to a committee of three, composed as follows: The secretary interpreter of the British Legation, Mr. Satow, who in later years, as Sir Ernest Satow, was British Minister in Japan; a very good French scholar, the Abbé Evrard, interpreter to the French Legation, who knew the English language perfectly; and myself as umpire, so to speak, as I was considered to possess an equal command of both languages. We three used to meet at my house at luncheon always on the days following the sittings of the conference and to spend frequently the whole afternoon, sometimes until dinnertime, in working hard at the translation into French of the English text furnished to us by the stenographers.

The difficulties we had to surmount were sometimes very great when we had to attempt to render into decent French some of the expressions and forms of speech current in English when dealing with tariff questions and other commercial matters, so that occasionally we felt like cursing, without of course giving vocal expression to that feeling, the memory of the late lamented architect who conceived the plan of building the Tower of Babel and thereby assumed part of the guilt of all the strife and wars that since his time have desolated mankind.

The failure of the conference to achieve the hoped-for result naturally caused much disappointment and irritation, and placed the Japanese Government in a rather embarrassing position, inasmuch as it disclosed the fruitlessness of all their endeavor to raise their country to a standing of equality with the foreign Powers. Popular irritation on this account grew apace as renewed endeavors to secure the revision of the treaty met with a similar fate, until it culminated in an attempt on the life of Mr. Okuma—later Count and now Marquis Okuma—who was then Minister of Foreign Affairs. A dynamite bomb was thrown into his carriage, with the effect that one of his legs was shattered and had to be amputated.

He speedily recovered after the operation and is still, according to latest accounts, very much alive and active, though he is now eighty-one.

When I called on him on my return to Japan as Minister in 1897 and complimented him on his hale and hearty appearance in spite of his age he said laughingly: "I owe all this to the loss of my leg, because, you see, Nature has provided man with vital force calculated for a given size of his body; therefore one of a man's limbs being cut off, the expenditure of his supply of vital force is thereby reduced by so much, and consequently enables the rest of the body to last so much longer."

The theory sounds certainly cheerful and may be true if applied in careful moderation.

At the time I am writing of—that is to say in the beginning of the '80's—the adoption not only of foreign institutions but also of foreign habits of life, clothes, customs and even amusements was fostered by the government by every possible means. Mr. Inouye—later Count and Marquis—was then Minister of Foreign Affairs and was foremost in setting an example in this respect. He was childless himself, but he had an adopted son, Katsunoske, and an adopted daughter, whose Japanese name I do not remember but whom we all used to call Miss Bessie. They were both very charming young people, had been to school in England, spoke English perfectly, and were extremely popular in foreign circles in Tokio. Their presence helped greatly to make the Minister's house quite a center of sociability in the Western sense.

As a next-door neighbor, the Russian Legation being situated across the street from the Foreign Office, I was a frequent guest of the pleasant family circle of the Inouyes.

I remember one evening, when I was the only foreigner present, the conversation having turned on the subject of the custom of ceremonial dances at European courts, I undertook to initiate the Minister himself, his family and the other guests into the mysteries of the French quadrille, which, when I returned to Japan as Minister fifteen years later, I found already quite acclimated in Tokio.

My charming young friends, the adopted son and daughter of Mr. Inouye, who were not related to each other at all, though being, as is quite customary in Japan, adopted into the same family, were married a few years later, and I was delighted when I was in London in the summer of 1916 to find them as Marquis and Marchioness Inouye, presiding at the Japanese Embassy in Grosvenor Square.

In the summer of 1883 the British Minister, Sir Harry Parkes, was transferred to Peking after eighteen years' service as Minister to Japan.

During his term of office he had witnessed the downfall of the Shogunate, the restoration of the Mikado and the birth of new Japan.

In the beginning of the new régime, which he at once rightly judged would be a lasting one, disagreeing in this respect with the views of his French colleague, he had occasion frequently to render most valuable services to the rising Japanese statesmen.

In later years, though the British Government's policy was primarily interested in maintaining intact all the restrictions which the original treaties imposed on the liberty of action of Japan, and though therefore the British representative was mostly compelled to act the unwelcome part of an energetic opponent of all Japanese endeavors to free themselves from these restrictions, Sir Harry Parkes nevertheless had been able all the time to assist the Japanese Government with most valuable advice in matters where his great ability and experience, his absolute integrity and well-meaning helpfulness had been of the greatest service to them.

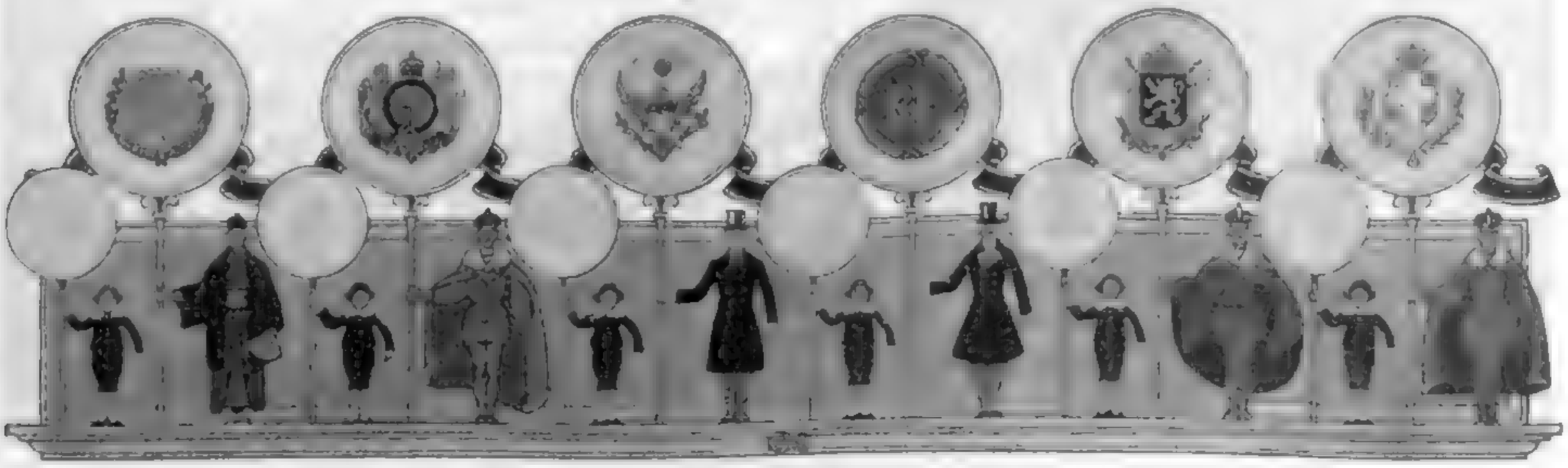
These services were highly appreciated by the Japanese Government, and their appreciation found an eloquent expression many years later, on the occasion of Sir Harry Parkes' death, in a dispatch of condolence addressed to the British Government.

Faithful remembrance and loyal recognition of services rendered are among the most attractive traits of the Japanese national character.

I entertained the highest regard for Sir Harry Parkes, and he always treated me with the kindly friendliness so characteristic of his disposition. Our personal relations had always been most cordial, but we had never had any occasion to touch upon the subject of the relations between our governments. When he was making his farewell calls and came to bid me good-by we had a little talk on this subject, in regard to which I think we were both agreed that the policy of covert antagonism between them could do neither side any good. Speaking of the policy both governments were pursuing, or seemed to be pursuing, in regard to Japan, he asked me what object our government could have in favoring to some extent the Japanese pretensions, considering that the interests of all foreign powers in Japan were, after all, identical, and that Russia could not possibly wish to see Japan grow into a strong Power that might some day threaten her Far Eastern possessions.

I could only reply that our government's attitude was probably due more to a natural inclination to favor the weaker side than to any conscious intention of antagonizing the British Government's policy in Japan, and that at any rate such intention could hardly be incriminated to them with any more reason than a similar intention could be attributed to Great Britain on account of her favoring Turkish interests in the Near East.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appear in an early issue.



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"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"

The Wilson Label Protects Your Table

ORDERS IS ORDERS

(Continued from Page 7)

"And they never saw our show," murmered one with a pout.

"No," answered the gallant officer, "and I'm sorry for them."

"Let's give it here, Miss Kemp," cried the "gee" girl impulsively. "Let's get out and do our turn."

The brigadier coughed uneasily. The pair had played with a company of Y. M. C. A. entertainers for the men in the headquarters town of his brigade that night and as an act of courtesy in return for a really fine performance—please understand that the brigadier would never, never have taken the ladies for a ride for any other reason—he had offered to show them the outposts. But visiting the outposts and permitting them to give a show to a couple of doughboys in the middle of the road were entirely different matters. However, he was a kindly soul, and when both artists came piling out of the car he cleared his throat and aided them without a word of protest.

As for Hardtack and Wally, they waited in a daze. Was somebody trying to kid them, or was this real?

It seemed real enough. One of the women stepped into the glare of the car lamps, made them a pretty bow and began to sing. She wore a fur coat whose purchase price would have bought a house and lot for Hardtack in his mountain-home town, and beneath it the sheen of her evening dress shone like silver.

"Say, maybe she didn't look like a million dollars!" he told his comrades in recounting the events of the night afterward.

Now Miss Kemp was a top-liner in her special art, but that happened to be concert singing, and the songs she chose to sing were like balloons to the two doughboys—far above their heads. However, they listened respectfully, and the brigadier chivalrously filled with loud applause the interval of silence that followed her effort.

Before she could step back into the car there was a swish of skirts and the "gee" girl catapulted into the light. She was a human dynamo. With a reckless display of silk stockings she pirouetted up to Wally and bestowed a light pat on his tin hat. Hardtack she chucked under the chin, and that hard-boiled veteran felt a glow from the top of his dome clear to his heels. Then she began to tell stories—real stories—stories with a kick to them, you know.

In no time at all Hardtack and Wally forgot all about the brigadier; forgot the black tempestuous night; forgot the neutral zone and guard duty. You could have heard Hardtack's "Har, har!" half a mile. From stories she passed to imitations. Then she gave a recitation of a wop describing his first baseball game, which was a scream. And when she ended with a quick laugh and a little gasp for breath they bellowed for more.

"Say, kid," cried Hardtack in his foghorn voice, "you're there! What's your name?"

"Mustard," shereplied. "What'syours?"

Both told her, and Wally went to some pains to give her his home address, mentioning incidentally that he would be pleased to have her write, and if she did send him a letter he would sure reply to same and maybe dig up a few souvenirs for her. Thereupon the "gee" girl laughed again, gave each of them a little peck on the cheek and reëntered the car.

When the visitors had gone they talked over the great event.

"She's a bearcat and no mistake," said Wally with a sigh. "But the other one was pretty fair, too, Hardtack."

"Yes," assented his bunkie, "she's a right nice lady. But," he added judicially, "she cain't sing worth a damn."

They meditated a while.

"All the same," remarked Hardtack, "I'll take back everything I ever done said about the Y. M. C. A."

Memories of Mustard haunted Wally to such an extent that Anna faded into the background for a few days. However, before the company was relieved from outpost duty the German girl had him on the skids. That was Wally's fatal weakness—he was always falling in love. Given a week's propinquity to a skirt, and Wally would be plotting matrimony. That is to say, if the girl played her cards properly and kept him guessing; otherwise he immediately lost interest.

The day before the company pulled out of Molsberg to return to a village ten kilometers back, Wally sought counsel.

"Say, Hardtack," he began, "what's the law about a girl enterin' the United States from Europe?"

His bunkie chewed thoughtfully a while before giving answer.

"What part of Europe?" he inquired.

"Well—Germany."

"If you mean Anna," said Hardtack, "nothin' doin'. We got orders agin fraternizin', ain't we? I'll say we have! Well, that'd be fraternizin'. You cain't marry her, Wally, and she couldn't enter the U-nited States onless you did. So there you are."

"But after peace is signed ——"

"You'll have another by that time—maybe half a dozen," retorted his friend calmly. "I swan, Wally, you're a helluva guy. How come you do like you do do? This gal Anna's just a big healthy heifer."

"Cut that out right now," cried Wally. "She's a fine girl and don't you make any mistake. I admit she's got a temper and acts stubborn sometimes, but work! Say, I never seen a woman work like she does in all my born days."

To which Hardtack replied: "You could say the same thing about a mule. Turn over, Wally; you're on your back. Why, this is about the tenth gal you've aimed to git married to, and if any one of 'em was to nail you on the street back home you'd make like you didn't know 'em."

"I would not!"

"You would too! Most of these gals look good to us over here, Wally, because we ain't got any real ones to compare 'em with. I've noticed that the farther we git away from home the better they look to me. When a guy's lonely or sick, Wally, most any woman can sneak up on his blind side. Yes, sir! My advice to you is to go and kiss Anna good-by and give her a fake address and then forgit it. And say—when you're about it, just give her a li'l hug for me too."

I regret to record that Wally did just that. For some months past Anna has been writing faithfully to him, sending the letters to a section of the United States where Wally is wholly unknown; and her reproaches are growing bitter over his long, inexplicable silence.

The company went into billets in a small village and settled down to the monotonous grind of training. Replacement men were arriving in batches; quite a percentage of the company was green. Some of the veterans drifted in from hospitals, cured of their wounds and anxious for a look at Germany. Having had a look they promptly grew homesick and talked day and night about the prospects of the division's return. The air was full of rumors; this or that division was about to move; surely such moves could only mean that the old Bearcat Division would soon be going too! After all they'd done in the war the Gover'ment would never keep them in Europe until the last!

Little else was talked of for a while. One of the cooks had it on unimpeachable authority that the division would be sent to Rooshia; he had been told so by a mule skinner, who had it straight from the chief of staff's orderly. They discussed this glumly over their beer, not knowing that the chief of staff's orderly had picked up the information at the headquarters troop's kitchen. The kitchens are clearing houses for rumors and gossip, so that when a soldier is inclined to doubt a report he dubs it company-kitchen stuff.

The work was fairly hard. They did four hours of drill out in the training grounds at the foot of the big hill and another hour of strenuous recreation. And five hours of stiff physical exercise a day are as much as even a muscle-toughened doughboy cares to do as a daily routine. The trouble came after the day's stint, for then the soldiers had nothing to do. They could not mingle with the native population, and sitting round a *Gasthaus* drinking watered beer and vinegary wine palls on active men. An occasional entertainment was provided by the Y. M. C. A., but it is manifestly impossible to furnish amusement for every unit of a division which is distributed over an area embracing a hundred towns, and so the visits of these troupes did little to break the tedium.

"I wish," said Hardtack, raising himself reluctantly from the blankets at 5 45 of a chill, misty morning. "I wish somebody'd choke that there windjammer to death. Wow, but I sure do hate to git up! I ain't had enough sleep one night since I joined this man's army."

Out in the street the bugler was blowing reveille. The boys have words for it:

Oh, I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up this morning.
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up a-tall.

No sooner had he finished in one place than he would move on to another and sound the call. There was absolutely no way of failing to hear him. He seemed to take a devilish delight in being insistent about it. And in a minute or two the street echoed to the clatter of mess tins and the crunch of heavily shod feet. There was much coughing and hacking and loud voices raised in profane queries and adjuration.

"Everybody out," bawled a sergeant, and there followed sleepy conversation and a few catcalls as the men lined up.

Of all that he had to do, the most difficult task for Hardtack was getting up in the morning. The other things were easy in comparison. He hated the bugler with an intense personal hatred.

"When I git back to ol' Tennessee, do you know what I aim to do?" he inquired of Wally.

"You won't be able to—they'll have prohibition then."

"No, sir, you've got me wrong. What I'm fixing to do is lay in bed till ten o'clock—or maybe noon—every morning for a month. Dog-gone, I'll lay in bed for a whole year! Maybe I won't never git up!"

In pursuance of this ambition to lie in bed he tried to take two shots of the paratyphoid serum, which was being administered to everybody in the Third Army about this time, high or low and regardless of when it had been given previously. Many of the soldiers were laid by the heels; their arms swelled and they took to their beds mighty sick.

Hardtack observed the effects with the liveliest satisfaction.

"One dose wouldn't never hurt me," he concluded. "The last time I hardly knowed it'd been done. But I reckon two would about turn the trick. How d'you feel now, buddy?"

The soldier in the adjoining bed groaned.

"Gee, I'm awful sick!"

"How'd they give it to you?"

"They got a needle about the size of a gaspipe," said the doughboy. "The pill sergeant holds it and then Old Sawbones hammers it in with a mallet."

Undaunted by this veracious report Hardtack fell blithely in line and took his shot with no misgivings. Having received it he pulled down his sleeve, rolled up the other and crowded in near the end of the line in order to obtain a second.

"I may never get a Croix de Guerre," he heard the doctor say as he neared him, "but I've got one distinction that makes me a marked man."

"What's that?" asked his assistant with a laugh.

"I'm the only medico in the reserve corps who didn't throw up a thirty-thousand-dollar practice to join the Army."

Just then Hardtack presented himself.

"Hold on!" cried the doctor, glancing at him. "Hold on a minute! Weren't you up here just a few minutes ago?"

Somebody close to Hardtack sniggered and the jig was up. He pulled down his sleeve and fell out. The doctor chuckled and let him go.

Pay day arrived and the pair became reconciled to their lot for a space of twenty-four hours. There was a horse show on at division headquarters and Hardtack conceived the idea that they might build up their scanty store of marks by betting on the events. But in this undertaking he permitted his natural fondness for mules to run away with his judgment, freely laying his and Wally's money on a team of strapping hybrids which wore three service chevrons on their blinders. A horse team beat them; not that they were any better, or even as good, but mules don't show against horses in competition.

"You're a fine picker, you are, ain't you?" scoffed Wally. "Why, they didn't even get in the money! What're we going to do now? Hey? Fifteen marks is every bean I got left."

"Well, you got me beat. I've got twelve." He suggested hopefully: "Maybe we could git a li'l' game goin'."

"Not a chance. I tried to horn into a game in message center yesterday and none of 'em would stand for it."

The significance of their comrades' reluctance to shoot dice with them did not hurt their feelings except so far as it shut off a source of revenue.

"How about Holy Joe?" Wally referred to the chaplain.

"Nothin' doin'," rejoined Hardtack dispiritedly. "I tried to make a touch on him the other night and he wanted to know if we'd kept a record of how much we owe him."

The fact of the case was that the chaplain had been moved to make several small loans to Hardtack on the assumption that he discerned symptoms of regeneration in that person. Perhaps these symptoms were not consciously simulated. They may have had their source in remorse for recent backslidings. Again they may have sprung from Hardtack's total inability to be otherwise than good, because he was busted. However that may be, no sooner did the doughboy find himself in possession of *beaucoup* francs than he returned lightly to his sinful ways. So when Hardtack made another appeal the chaplain regarded him with a cold and suspicious eye.

Something had to be done and Wally hit upon the idea of entering the boxing tournament. Being a husky middleweight and a willing mixer he made an instantaneous appeal to the manager's eye, and a lucky swing which put out a far more scientific aspirant in a trial bout clinched the matter.

"He doesn't know anything about the game," remarked the manager, "but he can take punishment and he's got a punch that will bring home the bacon every time—if he can land it."

Accordingly Wally went into training, assisted by Hardtack, who knew rather less about handling a boxer than he did of the domestic policy of the Peruvians. However, it got them out of a lot of the routine work, which was their main purpose.

The bouts were held in a ring on a raised platform in the middle of the athletic field at division headquarters and Wally won two of the elimination bouts. *Mais, oui*—he did. His opponents defaulted; one on account of a sprained ankle and the other because he had overstayed his leave.

Such was the psychological effect of these effortless victories, however, that he and his bunkie became firmly persuaded that Wally had the division championship sewed up, and plunged for all they could beg and borrow.

His opponent was a boy from the field artillery. He knocked Wally down twice in the first round and almost through the ropes in the second. Still Hardtack maintained his optimism, yelling to Wally to git in one from the hip—just one—and he'd contribute a gates ajar wreath to the field artillery. And Wally did his best. He came boring in for more, his arms flailing wildly, connected with a right uppercut whose force shook a grunt out of the artilleryman—and when he came to the crowd was dispersing and all bets had been paid.

Hardtack displayed his sympathy in characteristic fashion.

"Who's agoin' to pay me what I lost? Hey? As a prize fighter, Wally, you'd make a swell hodcarrier."

They relapsed into their normal state—one of penniless watchful waiting. And about this time an organized band of thieves started operations in the American area. Not only did they rob German merchants and farmers of hoarded money, but stole from the quartermaster stores. So skillfully and systematically was it done that the intelligence section concluded that professional crooks headed the band, for in a force of hundreds of thousands of men all sorts and shades can be found.

News of these depredations gradually filtered down to the ranks and the doughboys speculated freely on who the guilty parties might be. Every soldier who spent money generously was watched. A hundred clews were found and followed but all to no avail. The thefts went on, and G2 was no nearer a solution of the mystery than when it began its investigations.

Of two things they felt certain: The thieves were hiding the stolen money instead of spending it; and the stuff pilfered from the quartermaster stores was being sold to the Germans beyond No Man's Land. Yet the German authorities could

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At the Soda Fountains-

Phezmint—
Crushed mint, 1 part Phez, 2 parts water. Ice—no sugar.

Phezade—
If you prefer a sour beverage, try this. One part Phez, two parts water, a little lime or lemon juice.

Phezale—
A snappy new highball. Made with Phez and ginger ale in equal parts, a cube of ice, no sugar.

Phezundae—
Undiluted Phez, poured over ice cream. You can imagine the deliciousness of Phezundae better when you remember that the loganberries of Phez come from the blended growth of the red raspberry and the wild blackberry.

Phez Beverage, Phez with two parts water, ice, no sugar

Phez

Pure Juice of the Loganberry

Give yourself a real treat. Drink Phez, that wonderful beverage made from the luscious loganberry.

Drink it to quench your thirst. It will refresh and delight you.

Lift up the glass, see how the light brings out its glorious color.

Phez can be served in many ways, but its fresh fruit flavor is best tasted when served with two parts water added—plain or charged. A cube of ice—no sugar.

Phez is served at good fountains, at hotels, clubs and on dining cars. Your dealer can supply your home needs by the bottle or case.

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Loju, the loganberry beverage (ready to drink).

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The pain of a corn can be instantly stopped, and forever.

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The method is scientific. It consists of attaching a Blue-jay plaster, forgetting the corn, and letting things take their course.

The results have been proved by experience.

They have been proved to so many people that corns are now comparatively uncommon.

Corn aches are needless.

Paring corns is folly.

Old-time harsh and mussy treatments have no place today.

You will know these facts, and quickly, if you'll try a Blue-jay on one corn. Do it tonight, and the whole corn question will settle itself forever.

B&B Blue-jay
The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly—
Ends Corns Completely
25 Cents—At Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, New York, Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

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throw no light on how it was done. They maintained close surveillance over their merchants and civil population, but reported that no American food was being offered for sale in that vicinity.

"They're a pretty slick crowd," concluded G2. "They're running this stuff back into the interior and selling it where the authorities don't know anything about the thefts."

On a crisp, sunshiny Sunday morning Hardtack and Wally issued from their village and struck off toward the hills. Nobody saw them go. The day was theirs to do with as they chose. Most of the doughboys would go visiting in some other town, following the soldier's custom of always hitting for some place where he isn't, regardless of its attractions.

They carried their rifles. There was no occasion for going armed and had they been perceived the pair would have been questioned closely as to what they had in mind. But let us be frank about this excursion: Hardtack and Wally were wishful to shoot a deer; or—better still—a wild boar. Shooting game was strictly forbidden, but that worried them very little.

"If they catch us," said Hardtack as they went along, "I'll tell 'em it run up and begun to chaw on your laig and you just naturally had to shoot it in self-defense."

"That's all right for the boar," responded Wally, "but you couldn't get away with that stuff about a deer."

To which his bunkie replied comfortably: "Oh, well, we ain't shot one yet. But I mind once when we was in France a coupla boys went out shootin' and killed a fine big deer. Well, they went back and brung a stretcher to fetch it in and was crossin' a road when who should come along but the gen'ral himself with a flock of colonels and majors with him. As soon as they seen the O.' Man these guys put down the stretcher and covered that there deer with a blanket.

"Just then the Ol' Man spots 'em. 'What've you got there?' he says. The blood was tricklin' down from the stretcher.

"'A man killed up the road, sir,' says one of 'em. 'High explosive, sir. All cut up.'

"Well, the gen'ral looks at the blanket and shakes his head. 'Poor feller,' he says. 'But he died like a hero.' And then he salutes the stretcher, and all them colonels and majors do the same, and the doughboys carry the dog-goned deer to the comp'ny kitchen. True as I'm standin' here."

Not a sign of game did they find, but along about noon they struck a fairly good road through the woods and followed it. Suddenly Hardtack halted and jerked Wally back behind a tree. Out from a faint wagon track on their right and ahead of them debouched a native cart drawn by a pair of shaggy Russian ponies—there are still many captured Russian animals in Germany. It was loaded high with boxes and tins, all neatly piled so as to permit the maximum load.

Hardtack was breathing like a horse with the heaves. "It's them," he whispered, his mouth close to Wally's ear. "Lay low and we'll nab 'em."

A man in rough civilian clothing was driving. A second, also dressed like a German civilian, trudged beside the cart. But there was no mistaking the types—no mistaking the army shoes they both wore. And the stuff on the cart was American.

"Stick close to me and we'll trail 'em," said Hardtack.

Unconscious of the two sleuths a couple of hundred yards in rear, the men with the cart drove out of the woods, down a steep winding road, crossed a narrow open valley and entered a tiny hamlet. Once they had passed beyond the curves in the road Hardtack and Wally were obliged to pause lest they be discovered. But when they perceived that the cart turned into a yard in the village and did not come out again they both broke into a run and charged into the place without attempt at concealment.

The driver of the cart and his companion were having some beer with the *Bürgermeister* and discussing certain details of a transaction in which they were engaged, when Hardtack and Wally burst into the room with rifles ready for business.

"Come on," boomed Hardtack, "kamerad them hands!"

Up went their arms and the rest was easy. While his bunkie kept the prisoners covered Wally relieved the two visitors of a couple of automatics, and then all five sat down to talk over the situation calmly and without heat.

At first the driver and his confederate were for pretending that they did not understand English, but they speedily dropped this pose and admitted they had been soldiers in the American Army. This confession was obtained through Wally hinting that a satisfactory arrangement among all parties might be arrived at if all the cards were laid on the table.

Now a crook is always susceptible to the idea that all other men can be bought, and the pair grasped at the chance. They confessed that the stuff in the cart was to be sold to the *Bürgermeister*, and if Wally and Hardtack showed sense and kept their mouths shut they would split the money four ways.

"That seems fair enough," was Hardtack's only comment, with a glance at his friend. "Anyhow, it's all we need to know. Say, Wally, light out and find somebody to take these birds in, while I watch to see they don't git away."

Wally lost no time in obeying. He started at a lope along a road leading over the hills—not the one by which they had entered. And early in the afternoon he arrived at a crossroads on the other side. Here the road joined the main highway along which our trucks and cars moved.

At this point he sat down to draw breath, for he had come much of the way at a jog trot. And while thus waiting along came an American automobile and in the automobile sat a colonel. Wally stepped into the middle of the road and stopped the car. As it came to rest with a grinding of brakes he recognized his own commanding officer. That was a great relief. It gave him confidence.

"What's that?" cried the K. O. excitedly. "You say you've got 'em in a town over yonder? Can we get there in the car? All right, Kelly. Turn round and let's go! Get in here, lad. What outfit are you with and what's your name?"

Wally told him, and then stepped into the seat beside the driver. The colonel was very curious about certain other features of his story—such, for instance, as Wally's reason for roaming about country on a Sunday morning with his rifle—but forbore to question in view of the larger issue.

"You two stay right here on guard until I go back and send an escort and a truck," he ordered, after viewing the prisoners and booty and probing to the bottom of the tale. "Keep your eye peeled on the *Bürgermeister* too. Understand? You're not to leave this village under any circumstances, either of you, until I send for you. And stick close to the prisoners; never leave them alone a minute! Got that fixed in your minds?"

"Yes, sir," they answered.

"Now, I want to caution you two men," he continued earnestly, "because they may try to fool you. They arrested a rich merchant not long ago in Coblenz for smuggling in a bargeload of cognac, and put a man on guard. And what happened? Along came a messenger for the prisoner with word his wife was dying and wanted to see him to say good-by. So the poor boob consented to escort him to his house. They went there, and while the prisoner entered the bedroom to see his sick wife that soldier remained outside in the hall on guard. Well he'd be there still if they hadn't sent to find him, for the prisoner never came out."

"Har, har!" from Hardtack.

"Yes, you can laugh, but you'd have done the same thing probably."

"No, sir! No, sir!"

"Well, that's the way I want you to feel. Never take your eyes off these men and stick right here until I send for you."

And with that the colonel hopped into his machine, cried "Let's go!" to the driver, and the car disappeared up the road.

They did stick right there. With the dreadful example of the credulous Third Army soldier fresh in their minds, they never once permitted the prisoners to be alone. One of them kept constant watch. For twenty-seven days and twenty-seven nights they stood guard over the two deserters and the *Bürgermeister*.

For nobody arrived to relieve them—no escort, no truck to transport the stolen stuff. Whirling homeward that Sunday afternoon the colonel's car collided at a curve with a wagon hauling a freshly cut flagpole, and when they picked him and Kelly from the ditch both were immediately rushed to hospital. Kelly was mortally hurt, the colonel so badly injured that he readily fell victim to pneumonia and hovered for days between life and death.

Consequently nobody knew anything at all about Hardtack and Wally.

Their company commander and the top sergeant knew only that they were absent, and because that had occurred once before they jumped to conclusions and carried them A. W. O. L.

Time and again during that long vigil, one sat beside the prisoners with weapon at hand, the other would walk to the edge of the village and stare up and down the road for sight of relief—but none came.

"You watch 'em and I'll go over to that crossroads and grab somebody. There're always trucks going along that road," Wally suggested.

"Yeh! You remember what the Ol' Man ordered," objected his bunkie. "Somethin's happened, that's sure—but orders is orders. He told us not to move a foot outside this burg until somebody come for us, so here we're goin' to stay."

Their beards grew until Hardtack's jaw and chin looked like a cactus. The hair hung long over their ears. Yet they stuck on the job. They had been told to guard prisoners and booty until sent for and they proposed to do it "till hell freezes over," if necessary, they agreed. Orders is orders.

After two weeks of expectant waiting both were dirty and unkempt and half crazy with loneliness and the hopelessness of their situation; but they never thought of forsaking their post. While one slept the other watched the prisoners. If it happened to be Wally's turn to keep an eye peeled on the deserters and the *Bürgermeister* Hardtack would rustle round to get whatever they required.

Their food problem was simple. They lived in the *Bürgermeister's* house and that functionary's wife found and cooked their meals. She did this much against her inclination, but disobedience might have resulted in harm to her husband, so she responded with eager docility whenever summoned.

"Say," remarked one of the prisoners, "I'm sure gettin' fed up on this chow. Why not open some of them tins of meat and tomatoes —— And there's beans there too."

Hardtack turned on him a hard, expressionless eye. "That's gover'ment stuff, ain't it? It was stole, wasn't it? And the colonel, he put us here to guard it, didn't he?"

"Sure he did! But he's gone off and forgotten all about us—if he ain't dead by now."

"He give us orders, didn't he?" continued Hardtack. "Well!"

And the American food in the cart remained untouched.

There was no possibility of diversion. One had always to remain beside the prisoners. Never once did either of the pair neglect a precaution. Their rifles were constantly ready. After a fortnight of this, both Hardtack and Wally kept hoping that one of the trio would start something and give them a chance to end the misery.

They tried to send a message but could not make anybody in the village understand. Neither spoke a word of German and the two prisoners flatly declined to lend their linguistic talents to a step which would hasten their punishment. They could talk the language fluently, but informed Hardtack and Wally that they didn't propose to translate for them. It is probable that even this difficulty might have been surmounted had not the sympathies of the villagers been with the *Bürgermeister* and his two confederates.

Had He Loitered Long Near a Jewelry Window in New York a Copper Would Have Had No Hesitation in Commanding Him to Beat It and Step Lively

IMPORTANT

IT IS important to the housewife, anxious for the best, to know that she can still have the very best cup of coffee served at her table at half the cost of regular coffee. And she can serve this coffee with more convenience and less labor than when she serves a poorer cup in the old way, by buying FAUST INSTANT COFFEE. Just imagine the most delicious cup of coffee at a cost of a little over 1c per cup, or the very best tea at a cost of less than ½c a cup.

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Evidently not a few of the inhabitants of the place were mixed up in the affair.

So the days passed. The hamlet was off the beaten track and nobody ever seemed to pass through it except a wood hauler, and he never went farther than the forest on the hill.

One night they started a game of craps, into which the prisoners entered with avidity. A search of the pair had brought to light only a few marks, but in the heat of play one of them abruptly tossed a wad of hundred-mark notes on the floor with the invitation: "Help yourselves, doughboys!" Where he had kept it so long concealed was a puzzle. Hardtack was so bitterly chagrined that he confiscated the entire roll on the spot and the game broke up in acrimonious debate.

"We'll git that much out of it, anyhow," he told Wally. "Eleven hundred and eighty marks! Boy howdy! That'll help some when we git back—if we ever do."

Meanwhile they were carried on the roll as being absent without leave; meanwhile their division was making preparations to pull out, preliminary to returning home via France. And there were Hardtack and Wally, stranded, sticking faithfully to their duty in a forgotten village because orders is orders. They used to say that Americans could never learn military discipline, but day after day during the war I saw the men of the Expeditionary Forces give proofs of fidelity and blind unquestioning obedience that were never surpassed by any troops in the world.

Well, there the two stayed with their prisoners. All five soon grew heartily sick of one another. The deserters fairly hated the sight of their guards and had no hesitation in showing it and saying so; and even Hardtack and Wally fell to wrangling. But though isolation and monotony soured their tempers they acted as one in the performance of duty, and their vigilance never relaxed an iota.

On the morning of the twenty-seventh day they heard a great noise of marching men and jolting wagons coming along the road from the southeast. And there, wonder of wonders, was an American battalion approaching in column of route. Wally rubbed his eyes, exclaimed "Shucks, I'm seein' things!" Rubbed them again and then let out a whoop. Yes, that long, rippling, khaki-hued constrictor crawling toward the village was a column of American troops! He gave a yell that broke into a sound like a sob and rushed to tell Hardtack; and Hardtack, that he might see for himself, brought out the prisoners at the point of his rifle on the run.

"What're you men doing here?" demanded the snappy young major in command when he glimpsed the derelicts. They were a sorry sight and one to sadden a young major's heart.

They told him, while the prisoners stood by in sullen silence. The *Bürgermeister* doffed his cap; that was his notion of winning favor.

"Didn't you know your division was pulling out?" cried the major. "We're relieving them. You're going home!"

"Home?" echoed the pair, and Hardtack gulped.

"Yes, you're going home! So turn your prisoners and stuff over to me and I'll receipt for them and you can join your outfit before it gets completely away from you."

Now one would naturally suppose that Hardtack and Wally fell on their knees in gratitude and accepted this offer; but they did nothing of the kind. The friends looked at each other questioningly—a long minute.

Then, descrying from Wally's expression perhaps that he was weakening, Hardtack straightened and said to the major: "No, sir! I'm sorry, but we cain't do it."

Sharply: "Why can't you do it? You heard me, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir. But the colonel give us orders to stay here, no matter what, till he sent for us himself. And orders is orders, sir. When our own colonel gives 'em we cain't take any from nobody else."

The major stared a moment; he seemed about to flay the hides off the pair, but thought better of it. A strange look came into his eyes; a strange note into his voice. He said quietly: "All right. Stick here until I can get to a telephone and I'll have somebody from your own organization come and fetch you."

"Thank you, sir," they chorused.

The adjutant of Hardtack's division could hardly believe his ears when he heard over the telephone later that day: "Say, I found a couple of scarecrows belonging to the —— Infantry out in the woods on the way up here. They're in a little village called X five kilometers north of Y, and they've got three prisoners and some stuff that was stolen from the quartermaster stores. . . . Huh? . . . Yes. Sure, I offered to take over the prisoners and let them come in, but they wouldn't do it. Said they had orders from their colonel. . . . What's that? . . . Yes, the — Infantry. They've been there twenty-seven days. I never saw such tramps in my life—hair as long as a goat's. . . . What's that? . . . Yes. I—— Hold on a minute, there! Don't cut me off! Hello, hello, Main! . . . No—oh, damn!"

Said Hardtack after the major and his battalion had disappeared: "Turn 'em over to him, hey? I guess not! The Ol' Man told us to stick to 'em an' I aim to do it. No S. O. S. major can blow in and give our division no orders."

Thus lightly did he refer to a very gallant officer and a division which had really acquitted itself creditably in the fighting. But such is divisional pride; and on *esprit de corps* the morale of an army is built. Both Hardtack and Wally were entirely convinced that their division was in a class by itself as combat troops. There were thirty-odd divisions in the A. E. F. whose members held to the same view. None of them will admit that the others ever came up on their right or left; their flanks were always left in the air and they had to go forward alone and take the objectives. They will be hotly arguing points like this for the next twenty years.

The two were relieved the same afternoon and made the journey to their new headquarters in a truck. And great was their amazement to discover that they were heroes. The commanding general himself rode over to question the pair and shake their hands, and in front of a knot of officers he complimented them feelingly on the spirit they had shown.

At dinner that night he and his chief of staff almost shed tears over their wine as they talked about it. Two of their men had refused to leave their posts. Through privation and uncertainty they had stuck it out. They had declined to recognize any orders that conflicted with those of their own commander. They had brought glory to the old Bearcat Division—fine, fine!

"It's men like those who make soldiers," declared the general, thumping the table with his fist. "An army of them would be unbeatable."

As for Hardtack and Wally, they were jubilant from quite other causes.

"Did you see how the Ol' Man held on to my hand?" inquired Hardtack. "I thought he never would leave go. And say, maybe that wasn't some li'l speech he made us. I'll say it was!"

"You can have the speech," replied Wally. "But for me I'll take that seven days' leave he said he'd give us."

"Oh, boy! And say, perhaps we ain't fixed for a leave too, hey, ol'-timer? Eleven hundred and eighty marks—that's all! Why, we c'n go to Paris on that!"

I regret to announce that they did not make the trip, though it was open to them, inasmuch as the division was detained almost a month in a rest area in France. But that self-same night they were enticed into a poker game and lost every sou of their roll to one of that species of rascal which infests the Army and regularly takes from the soldiers about a third of their pay.

However, they did not become downhearted. They still had their leave and Hardtack was seized of a great idea. Having contrived to borrow about a hundred marks, with that for a stake they set out to visit some friends in another regiment for seven days.

It sounds like an inane thing to do; but the motive behind it was disclosed about daylight next morning and at each succeeding dawn. For when the bugler got out into the village street and started reveille ——

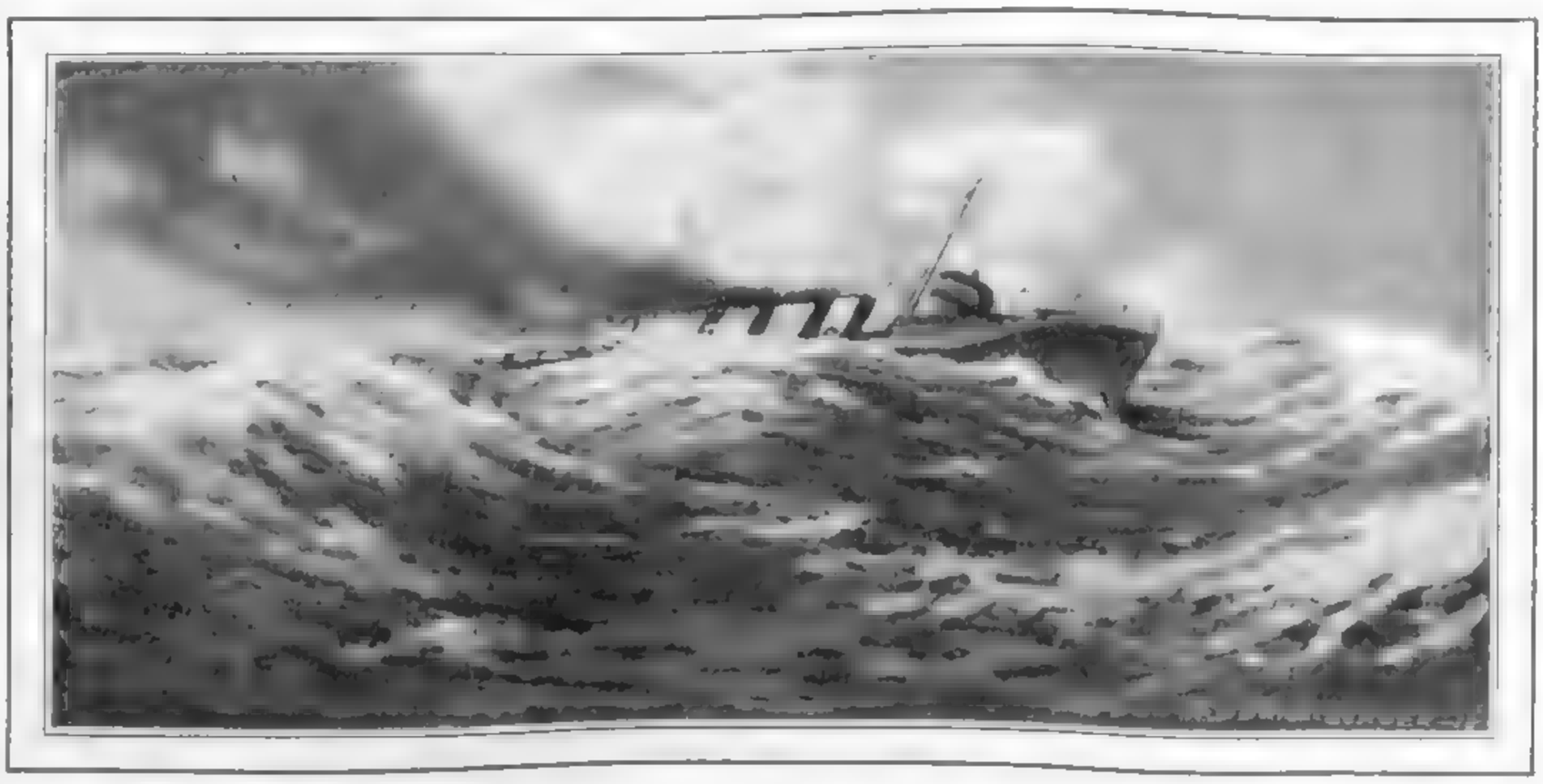
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up this morning ——

Hardtack rose wearily from the blankets, yawning as he reached for his shoes. Then abruptly he realized where he was and for what he had come.

"Why," he cried to Wally, who was also waking reluctantly to life, "we don't need to git up. We c'n stay here till noon if we feel like it. Stop where you are, ol'-timer."

And going to the window he stuck his head far out. The bugler was blowing the call for all he was worth. Hardtack waited until he had finished and he could command his attention. Then he yelled: "Hi, there, you big stiff! Go and blow your fool head off! I hope you bust! Yah!"

The bugler made suitable reply, and as he went down the street Hardtack returned to bed. He pulled the blankets well up over his head, turned on his side and with a beatific smile on his face went peacefully to sleep.



MICHELIN
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Ever since Michelin invented the pneumatic automobile tire 24 years ago, the house of Michelin has devoted its vast resources to the production of pneumatic tires and pneumatic tubes only.

Michelin does not make hot water bottles, golf balls, garden hose, rubber boots or any of the host of rubber articles made by many manufacturers.

This statement is not intended as a reflection on other tire makers but is made simply to show Michelin's devotion to a single purpose.

Pursuing for a quarter of a century the policy of making pneumatic tires exclusively, Michelin has built up one of the largest industrial organizations in the world, with factories in the United States, France, England and Italy, with branches in practically every civilized country and representatives in every corner of the earth.

If Michelin has found it worth while to devote these many years and this great organization solely to the making of pneumatic tires, is it not worth *your* while to test these tires on your own car?

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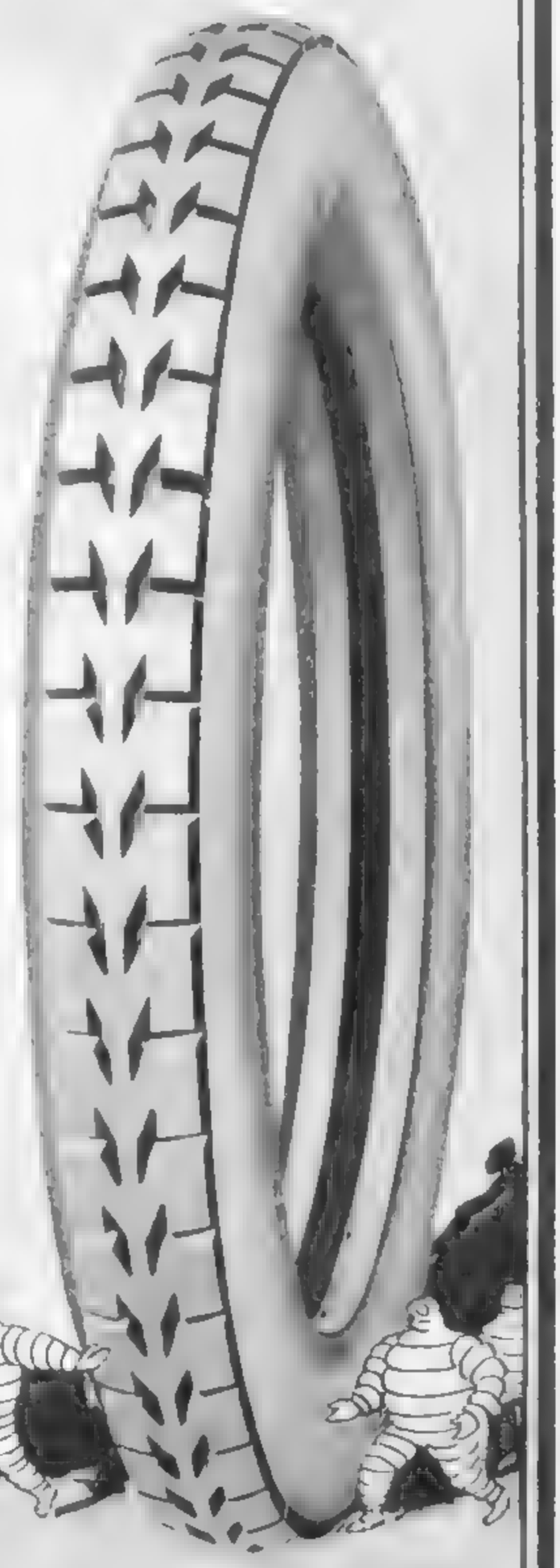

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Fixes punctures, leaks and blowouts in a jiffy; three simple operations does it. Apply it cold; the heat and pressure of the road vulcanizes it perfectly. Pure rubber (no fabric); stretches with the tube; positively will never creep or loosen.

Sold by dealers everywhere, throughout the United States and in many foreign countries. Specified for Army use here and abroad. Most popular and universally used patch known. Makes permanent repairs for punctures that cost but a penny each. It's guaranteed.

Fixes Punctures, Blow-outs and Leaks in a Jiffy

Monkey Grip fixes big or little leaks quickly, surely and permanently. The $1 size can contains a liberal sheet of patching material; (enough for 100 ordinary punctures;)—A sanded buffer—and a tube of cement. Simply buff the surface around puncture or blow-out—then spread the cement around it; then press on the patch tightly. Almost instantly the patch fuses with the rubber of the tube and becomes a part of it, one and inseparable. No skill or experience necessary; anyone can patch a tube in three minutes. Monkey Grip is also used to patch hot water bottles, hose or anything that is rubber.

Ask for the 100-Puncture-Package $1 at Garages, Filling Stations,
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ALABAMA
Birmingham Moore-Handley Hardware Co.

ARIZONA
Nogales [illegible]
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[illegible]
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Conway [illegible]
DeWitt [illegible]
Forrest City [illegible]
Fort Smith [illegible]
Harrison [illegible]
Helena [illegible]
Hot Springs [illegible]
Jonesboro A. B. Jones Company
Kennett Ramey Millwork Company
Little Rock [illegible]
Newark [illegible]
Paragould [illegible]
Pine Bluff [illegible]
Pocahontas [illegible]
Russellville [illegible]
Walnut Ridge [illegible]
Wynne [illegible]

CALIFORNIA
Fresno [illegible]
Los Angeles [illegible]
Sacramento Bowman Auto Supply Co., Kimball
San Francisco Baker & Hamilton & Pacific Co.

COLORADO
Denver [illegible]

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington: Chas. Rubel & Co., F. P. May Hardware

FLORIDA
Jacksonville: Consolidated Gro. Co.
Tampa: C. W. Greene Co.

GEORGIA
Atlanta: Elyea Company, Osburn-Alston Co.
Augusta [illegible]
Forsyth [illegible]
Lithonia [illegible]
Macon [illegible]

ILLINOIS
Alton [illegible]
Cairo [illegible] Woodward Hardware
Carmi [illegible]
Chicago [illegible]
Danville [illegible]
Decatur [illegible]
Herrin [illegible]
Mt. Vernon [illegible]
Paris [illegible]
Springfield Adams Auto Repair Co., Auto Repair

IOWA
Cedar Rapids [illegible]
Clinton [illegible]
Des Moines [illegible]
Dubuque [illegible]
Iowa City [illegible]
Keokuk [illegible]
Mason City [illegible]
Sioux City: United Auto Supply Co.
Waterloo: Repass Auto Co., Smith, Lichty & Hill

INDIANA
Evansville: Orr Iron Co.
Indianapolis The Gibson Co., H. T. Hearsey Co.
Van Camp Hdw. & Iron Co., W. R. Wheeler Co.
Kokomo: Hoosier Oil Ref. Co.

KANSAS
Arkansas City: Ramsey-Davis [illegible]
Atchison [illegible]
Dodge City Auto Supply Co., Dodge City Whse.
Ft. Scott [illegible]
Hutchinson [illegible]
Salina [illegible]
Topeka [illegible]
Wichita [illegible]
Winfield: Winfield Whse. Gro. Co.
Clyde: E. A. Patterson Co.

KENTUCKY
Henderson [illegible]
Louisville: Belknap Hdw. & Mfg. Co.

LOUISIANA
Alexandria [illegible]
Lake Charles [illegible]
Monroe [illegible]
Natchitoches [illegible]
Shreveport Lee Hardware Co., W. F. Taylor Co.

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston Farley & McNeill

MINNESOTA
Albert Lea, W. K. Supply Company
Duluth Marshall-Wells Hdw. Co.
Minneapolis [illegible]
St. Paul [illegible]
[illegible]
Winona Minnesota Harness Factory, Inc.

MICHIGAN
Grand Rapids: National Gro. Co.

MISSOURI
Campbell [illegible]
Joplin [illegible]
[illegible]
Kansas City [illegible]
Marshall [illegible]
St. Joseph [illegible]
St. Louis [illegible]
Springfield A. H. Barth Elec. Co., Ozark Motor

MONTANA
[illegible]
Butte Montana Hardware
Helena A. M. Holter Hdw. Co.

NEBRASKA
Hastings J. H. Haney Co.
Lincoln [illegible]
Omaha [illegible]

NORTH CAROLINA
Charlotte [illegible]

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque J. Korber & Co., Quinker Auto &
Las Vegas Chas. Hall Co.

OHIO
Akron Akron Hardware & Supply Co.
Grafton [illegible]
Greenville [illegible]
Toledo: Roberts-Toledo Auto Co.

OKLAHOMA
Claremore: Ryan Whse. Gro. Co.
Clinton [illegible]
Welch Whse. Hdw. Co.
Durant [illegible]
Enid [illegible]
Muskogee [illegible]
Oklahoma City [illegible]

City Hdw. Co., Rich-Cain Hdw. Co., [illegible]
Baker Mer. Co., [illegible]
[illegible]
Okmulgee [illegible]
Pawnee [illegible]
Tulsa Tulsa Motor Supply Co.

OREGON
Portland Chanslor & Lyon, Marshall-Wells Hdw. Co.

SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston [illegible]
Columbia Carolina Tire & Accessory Co.

TENNESSEE
Knoxville Tennessee Mill & Supply Co.
Memphis [illegible]
Morristown [illegible]
Nashville [illegible]

TEXAS
Austin W. H. Richards & Co., Walter Tips Co.
Bonham [illegible]
Corpus Christi [illegible]
Dallas [illegible]
El Paso Southwestern Auto Supply Co., Krakauer, Zork & Moore, Tri-State Motor Co., Western
Fort Worth [illegible]
Galveston [illegible]
Greenville [illegible]
Houston [illegible]
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Nacogdoches [illegible]
Paris [illegible]
San Antonio [illegible]
San Marcos [illegible]
Sherman [illegible]
Texarkana [illegible]
Waco Ivans Tire Co., Herrick Hardware Co.

UTAH
Ogden Geo. A. Lowe
Salt Lake City [illegible]

VIRGINIA
Danville Owens-Merritt Co.
Richmond: Cottrell Saddlery Co., J. L. Lindsay &

WASHINGTON
Seattle [illegible]
Spokane [illegible]
Tacoma [illegible]

WEST VIRGINIA
Bluefield Bluefield Hardware Co., Moore Coleman

WISCONSIN
Madison: Wilbur W. Blossom

MOCO LABORATORIES, Moco Bldgs., Oklahoma City, Okla., Mt. Vernon, Ills.

THE BEAR TRAP

(Continued from Page 15)

And the office door slammed.

But Old J. D.'s heart echoed the mockery of his parting gibe. Dropping into the chair before his battle-scarred desk he stared abstractedly at a photograph on the wall. Within the heavy gold frame of the picture a bulky racing car, its lines quaintly old-fashioned, was skidding round a sharp curve; the driver and mechanician, according to the custom of that day, leaning far toward the inside of the turn. Scrawled across one corner, barely discernible, was the inscription: "Jimmy Ward and his Darco. First victory, July ——" The date had faded out.

To-day, however, the usual thrill was missing. For Old J. D. Ward gazing at the photograph saw something else—something that the lens of the camera could not reflect. A third figure, its shadowy outlines a vague blue, was huddled beside the driver of that careening car. One long black arm entwined his shoulders; the other pointed dramatically ahead, and the face, eyes afire and lips parted, was pressed close against the pilot's ear. It was the extra man—the supercargo of every racing car—Old Man Speed. And a particular passenger was he, as J. D. himself well knew. He picked his drivers carefully, trained them well, and held them, eternal slaves, to the thrill of his battle cry: "Faster! Faster!"

"It's not the game for a married man—for a family man," Old J. D. whispered hoarsely.

For an hour he sat massively back, mentally pawing over scheme after scheme. One, only, promised absolute success. Presently with a deep-throated growl of resignation he hauled out a pad of telegraph blanks.

"J. C. Thompson," he wrote. Thompson was the manager of the Detroit factory. The message read: "Accept Henderson offer. Cars shipped to-day."

Then he reached up and took down the photograph. "Well, Jimmy Ward," he muttered, a husky note in the habitual growl, "you're out of the racing game for keeps this time. Your job is to build good comfortable church-going wagons for the family."

And he dropped the picture into the bottom drawer of his desk. But in the manner in which he closed the drawer there was a certain something—a something as though of a duty solemnly performed.

III

IF OLD J. D. WARD experienced any heartaches over the final parting with his racing cars the Western Branch could not detect it. He returned from Detroit fairly radiating gruff good humor. Forthwith he plunged with renewed vigor into the Herculean task of trying in every conceivable manner to break up his new test car. If there were any hidden defects in that car they must be found.

Only a few trusted Darco employees knew that behind the stout barricade across the garage a passageway had been cut through the brick side wall into an old barn, a relic of the days when Los Angeles aristocracy resided on South Figueroa Street. And every morning the gravel driveway which led from the barn into a back street was marked with fresh tire tracks. Meanwhile, certain gentlemen who constantly watched the legitimate entrances conscientiously reported that the test car had not been out of the garage.

Engrossed with his problem of creating a precedent-shattering motor car the Bear failed to note certain alarming symptoms about the Western Branch—particularly about the actions of Old Man Speed's star chauffeur, Toodles.

Thus it was that the glaring headlines of the Darco advertisement on Sunday morning came as a heart-skipping shock.

Across the top of a full half-page advertisement screamed the message:

"When faster cars are built Darco will build them!"

Below that staring heading, in artistic array, were the pictures of six former Darco prize-winning cars; in the center, glaring and prominent, the photograph of the stock car Toodles had driven to victory in the Los Angeles-San Francisco road record. Then, below, a repetition of those flaming headlines.

"Young man," growled the Bear, his tremendous right paw grasping a copy of the automobile section of the morning Report, "who dreamed this mess?"

"I did," proudly admitted the young man. "Isn't it a hummer, J. D.? By golly," he ran blithely on, "if we can't trim them any more we can sure remind them how easy the job used to be. Now let the knockers say ——"

He paused, suddenly sensing something wrong.

"Great Peter!" roared Bruin. "So that's it? You think because a car isn't out barnstorming on some speedway that it's a caterpillared flivver. You've preached racing, dreamed racing, until you think the only way to sell cars is to race 'em. You think that, don't you? You've tried every scheme you could invent to get the Darco back into the racing game. Now you try to pitchfork 'em in. By gad, I ——"

"Pitchfork them in?" sputtered Toodles. "Never thought any such thing, J. D. I simply tried to put some jazz into our advertising and ——"

"Jazz?" exploded Old J. D. "What's that? A new speed disease? Can't you explain in English? Well, believe me, you jazzed it, sonny! Speaking correctly, you've certainly set a hen. If that ad doesn't hatch trouble I'm a punctured prophet. Here I'm trying to get the new model ready ——"

"Trouble?" flared Toodles. "I don't see how. Every word of that ad is true, isn't it? We won those races and ——"

"Good night!" bellowed the Bear. "Don't you know, young man, that truth stings? Say, you've kicked over a full hive. Our competitors will be slapping the air and hollering for fight. Holy Murphy, what a mess!"

"But, J. D.," perspired Toodles, catching a slight realization of the sweeping challenge of his supposedly innocent advertisement, "what—what're we going to do?"

"What are we going to do?" boiled Old J. D. "Suffering cats, you frame up to get me into a scrap and then ask what are we going to do? I'm not going to do anything unless the other fellow does. You just naturally keep your mouth shut. Maybe I can coast through. Understand?"

Toodles did—perfectly.

In the six days that followed, Old J. D. treated the expectant Western Branch to a wonderful demonstration of watchful waiting. Outwardly he was calm. Internally he experienced the uncomfortable sensation of having swallowed a lighted bomb. What was more, he did not know the length of the fuse.

Sunday morning, a week following, the explosion came. The Fargot company's advertisements were headed by a cartoon. The grotesque figure of a huge policeman stood astride a country road, arms flung outward in the commanding gesture, Stop! Before him the road was packed with cars—touring cars without tops, wind shields or mudguards; stock cars stripped for a race—while behind the broad protecting figure a lone machine raced away toward a miniature city. At the bottom in bold-faced type was the caption: "Pick the winner!"

The body of the advertisement bristled with subtle innuendo. It pointed out that automobile racing was a competitive sport. Was the victory of that lone car one to boast of?

That was all, but it was sufficient. Thanks to the carefully spread verbal propaganda of the past weeks—the talk which Old J. D. had carelessly underestimated—not one motor-car fan missed the cunningly disguised meaning of that ad. Now what defense could Old J. D. Ward make against the indictment that his cars held the Los Angeles-San Francisco record by grace of the state statutes? Hadn't he made the record only a few hours before the iron hand of the highway board had closed the California roads to further racing?

No prisoner ever faced a more diabolical chain of circumstantial evidence. But those who knew Old J. D.—those thousands of loyal racing enthusiasts who had cheered the Darcos through many hard-fought races—nodded wisely. "Old Bruin will go after 'em," they said. "Can't trap him."

In a manner they were right. Old J. D. with characteristic directness carried the fight into the enemy's camp. Promptly at nine o'clock the following morning he steamed into the Fargot's local agency.

"Where's Mutchler?" he roared in a great voice.

A salesman, more courageous than the others, pointed a finger toward the manager's private office, then fled.

1869–1919

50TH ANNIVERSARY—FIFTY YEARS OF PROGRESS

HEINZ

Vinegars

There should be more to vinegar than sourness. There should be a real flavor, a fine aroma that awakens the latent taste of vegetables and salads.

Heinz Vinegars are like that. Materials of the highest grade, skill and care in the making, and unhurried aging in wood develop the delightful flavor that makes them distinctive.

Pints, quarts and half-gallons
Malt, Cider, White
In bottles filled and sealed in the Heinz establishment

HEINZ
Imported
Olive Oil

is olive oil at its best. Fine flavored and of absolute purity. Made in a Heinz factory in Seville, Spain.

Some of the 57

Baked Beans Spaghetti
Cream of Tomato Soup
India Relish

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

The harrowing details of that interview are best left behind those rumbling walls. Sufficient to say that twice during those thirty ominous minutes the Fargot switchboard operator plugged-in to call the police department. But each time the sight of the Fargot shop crew, massed fifteen strong just beyond the garage door, revived her waning courage.

Then the office door was opened with a violence that nearly wrecked its hinges.

"Get it straight," bellowed Old Bruin: "You're to get the highway board's sanction. I'll post the check."

And he marched belligerently out the front door.

The Fargot manager rubbed his manicured hands and purred to himself like a contented cat. He had experienced a bad half hour, but then—when one worked on a salary one must expect unpleasant tasks.

By noontime the automobile shops of Los Angeles were agog. Old J. D. Ward had defied the Fargot company, challenged them, and promised to post a ten-thousand-dollar prize purse for a race to San Francisco. The revived specter of the Undertaker's Handicap stalked through every salesroom. Dealers who had long coveted that famous stock-car record boasted loudly of what their car could do if given another chance. The vital question was: Could they get the highway board's sanction?

The press, that mighty champion of anybody's fight, poured out its contributions of ink.

"Come in and sign the petitions!" screamed the headlines. "Wire the governor!" Back in crowded rooms reeking with the smell of burned grease and hot metal the clattering linotype machines seemed to chatter: "Somebody's going to get licked. Let's help lick 'em."

"Old lucky Bear," hailed Fred Wheeler several days later. "Same old lucky Bruin."

J. D. Ward smiled wisely.

"Pretty good publicity, eh, Fred?" he beamed.

"Bullheaded luck," insisted Wheeler. "Suppose the Fargot gang had picked on one of your nonstock records; your Vanderbilt or Grand Prize victories, for instance? Where'd you been then, J. D.—without your racing cars?"

For a second the Bear chewed his cigar in thoughtful silence.

"Just between you and me, Fred," he muttered confidentially, "I'd have been in a salmon-hued hell of a mess. You noticed how quickly I called the Fargot? Didn't want 'em to see what a humdinger of a chance they'd overlooked."

"But it's going to cost you ten thousand. Expect to take first money myself. Don't forget you lifted that record from my Rexton!"

"Good news," the Bear rumbled aggressively. "I'll hang your hide alongside the Fargot's. Just remember, young fellow, a Darco won that record—won it fair and square, despite the Fargot's funny pictures. And my present stock models are ten miles an hour faster than the old car."

Wheeler's face grew serious.

"That's exactly the point. Why did they revive the old fight? Your car, my Rexton—any one of a half dozen others can trim the Fargot's stock cars. Even their special-built racers aren't consistent winners. Also, their ad was too clever for a local job. It surely came from the Fargot factory at Indianapolis. Figure it out, J. D."

"Bunk! That confounded ad of Toodles' riled 'em."

"Impossible!" persisted Wheeler. "Only a week between the two advertisements. Their copy was in town before yours was printed. How ——"

"Get out!" roared Old J. D. "Go write a movie scenario. I've got trouble enough already."

"You've only started," shot back Wheeler. "Your new model has driven that pack of wolves into a corner. They're trying to bait your test car into a race."

"Tommyrot!" snorted Bruin. "Couldn't race it if I was cuckooed enough to want to. The San Francisco run is a stock-car event. Until I start factory production on the new model my test car rates as a special-built racer. Go study your A.A.A. rule book, sonny."

"Oh, what's the use?" flared the Rexton agent. "You're stubborn, grandpa—provokingly unreasonable."

And he hurried away.

Old J. D., hands jammed deep into pockets and with his mind sweeping back over Wheeler's suspicions, trudged stolidly down the street. Could Wheeler be right? Was there some deeper incentive; some darker motive than just merely revenge, he wondered. Was this some devilish scheme to bait his test car into a race—a final diabolical stacking of the cards to learn the secret of that motor in time to duplicate it on the market and save their hides? The Bear's eyes blazed dangerously.

Surely a Madman Was Behind That Wheel

"But why did they pick on the San Francisco run?" he muttered to himself. "A stock car ——"

Abruptly his subconscious mind supplied an answer—a hitherto overlooked disastrous possibility. The words "stock car" had not been mentioned either in his challenge to the Fargot or in the newspaper articles following. They had been understood, but not definitely specified. A sudden panicky fear gripped the Bear. He hurried to the Western Branch.

At the door he collided with a perspiring and breathless young man.

"We're—we're hooked!" gasped Toodles. "I—I tried to find you. Larkin tipped me off an hour ago. Look! Look at that!"

He held up a still damp copy of the early afternoon edition of the News. Old Bruin's paw grasped the paper. He had scented the trap too late.

The headlines read:

BIG NONSTOCK RACE TO FRISCO GETS SANCTION; EARLY DATE SET

Dispute Over Coast Road Record to be Settled by Big Nonstock Run on July Fourth. Famous Drivers Wire Entries for Fast Thriller.

For one short minute the Bear stood and glared. No need to read the story. The members of the highway board, angered by the pressure, had avenged themselves on the dealers by changing the stock-car run to a free-for-all nonstock event. No need to question whose cunning had built on the obvious psychology of that decision. The list of famous drivers confirmed that. "Ritz—Fargot. Oldham—Fargot. Compton—Fargot. Kerhoff—Kodick"—the old Fargot-Kodick combination.

"Blistering Hades!" roared the Bear in his first mad lunge against the trap chain. "I'll show 'em it's a damn long trail from their dad-blasted trap to a cage in the Fargot menagerie."

"You mean," began Toodles, taking hope, "that you'll explain the trick to ——"

"Explain the devil!" bellowed Bruin. "I'll wire Thompson to locate our racing cars. We've got to have 'em no matter what price Henderson asks."

Toodles brightened. "And you'll give me a ——"

"Certainly not!" Old J. D. charged for the stairway. "Roget, Griggs and Darby'll drive 'em," he flung back.

"But, listen here, J. D.!" Toodles followed in full cry on the Bear's trail. "I lowered that ——" He stopped abruptly at the Bear den door. Old J. D. had yanked open the bottom drawer of his desk and was fishing into its depths. Then he straightened up with a gold-framed picture in his paw. Deliberately he rehung it.

"Jimmy Ward!" he rumbled. "I was mistaken. You're going to beat 'em again!"

Toodles turned and tiptoed down the stairs. Here was something he had not realized.

Four days later Old J. D. caught his first full realization of the strength of the trap. A blue-capped messenger boy whistled his way into the Western Branch. The Bear tore open the yellow envelope. It was from Thompson:

"Cars disappeared. Investigation reveals Henderson formerly employed as waiter in Indianapolis café."

With the savage growl of a wounded grizzly—a grizzly ready to hurl his might against a stone wall—the Bear crushed the message, turned and climbed to his den.

"So that's why I got my price?" he growled. "Fargot money!"

The late afternoon hours slipped by, but still Old J. D. sitting massively back in his chair held grim solitary inquest. It was cunning—this baiting of the trap.

But why had the Fargot crowd schemed so carefully to force the test car into a race? How did they expect to get the secrets of that motor? The A.A.A. racing rules called only for the registration of the bore, stroke, piston displacement and factory number of the engine—information of no benefit to them.

Neither would the performance of the car disclose any secrets.

One thing was clear: He was the challenger. If he refused to race the Darco would be laughed out of the motor world. Abruptly he swept forward the telephone.

"Send Darby up!" he ordered.

At any rate he must keep Toodles out of it.

Five minutes later a very serious mechanic looked up from the telegram.

"The test car?" queried Darby.

The Bear nodded grimly. "I want you to drive it, Darby. You understand it—helped build it."

The old man's voice held a note new to the mechanic.

Darby indicated the yellow message. His face was tense.

"I don't know," muttered J. D. "The Fargot has some definite scheme. I wish to heaven I could tell you what, Darby."

Darby's eyes flashed fire.

"They won't get what they're after while I'm in that car."

His jaws snapped decisively.

"And, Darby," J. D. called after the mechanic, "take Roget as your mate."

The mechanic nodded. The door closed. The affair had passed into the hands of Darby.

"Left Griggs Sitting Under a Tree"

IV

A WEEK before the great race the excited motor rialto buzzed with a new development. An unknown car had been entered under the ominous title of Cyclone Special. The entrant, a Mr. Cummings, mysterious as his car, nominated Rodman, a renowned daredevil, as the Cyclone's pilot. The mechanician was Benny Griggs, J. D.'s former racing driver. That started the gossip. Dealers smiled knowingly. Did old foxy Ward think he could hide his test car under that transparent trick?

But, strange to say, Old J. D. was as puzzled as the others.

"How did that story get started?" he questioned Darby.

"The Fargot drivers have an attack of nerves," returned the mechanic. "They expect a trick and they think they've found it."

"Have you seen this Cyclone Special?"

"No!" grunted Darby. "Nobody has But I expect to before the end of the race, J. D. It's drawn first starting position."

The Bear looked up Rodman, the famous pilot of the Cyclone, and tried to pump him.

"Damn it," snapped the driver, "can't we keep our car under cover if we want to? What do you mean by starting this story that my bus is your fancy old tub? The Fargot fellows act like they wanted to murder me."

"I'll give you five hundred if you keep the story going," offered Bruin. Here was a heaven-sent ally.

"You're on," agreed Rodman. "But that doesn't include a promise that I won't trim your swell Darco."

The tone was a threat.

But in the days that passed before the race Rodman earned his money—earned it so well that aside from a few trusted Darco employees all motordom grinned at Old J. D.'s feeble strategy. Old age was dulling Bruin's cunning, they said.

Hours before midnight, the starting time of the long nocturnal grind, the course along Sunset Boulevard, over Cahuenga Pass, and miles along the state highway toward Santa Barbara, was sketched against the dark vault of the sky by the luminous reflection of the countless thousands of headlights of the cars that lined the road.

By starting time the big plaza at the junction of Sunset Boulevard and North Main Street was a boiling pool of race-mad humanity. Within the broad lane between the immense grand stands thirty snorting, smoking cars, grouped two abreast, huge searchlights glaring into the night like the giant eyes of medieval monsters, awaited the starter's signal. The ten-thousand-dollar purse had proved a great incentive.

Suspended overhead on a great dial facing the tense crowd the minute hand of a clock trembled on the sixth point before the magic figure "Twelve." Six more minutes and those panting demons, unleashed at one-minute intervals, would plunge away into the night; their goal a black-and-white checkered flag four hundred and sixty-two miles to the north. Back on the side lines of the crowd opposite Darby and the Darco test car in sixteenth starting position Old J. D. crouched in tense silence and glared at the Cyclone Special, a glowing bulk at the head of the double line. Not one visible detail of its construction seemed familiar. Even Rodman and Griggs in their crimson coveralls and head hoods gave the uncanny impression of being part of the car's crimson body. But J. D. thanked heaven for the presence of that car. The contented manner in which the Fargot pilots lounged in their respective entries left no doubt as to their unshakable belief in the identity of the Cyclone.

The Bear glanced up at the great dial. Four minutes more! His figure stiffened. He peered intently through the haze. What was the real identity of that formidable-looking crimson car?

Abruptly there was an upheaval in the Cyclone. Rodman climbed out. Another crimson-garbed, begoggled figure wriggled through the crowd, ran across to the Cyclone and scrambled into the driver's seat. The crowd leaned forward expectantly. A last-minute change of drivers. What did that mean?

A man swung a huge megaphone into position. The Bear held his breath to catch the announcement and wished himself nearer the starting line.

"Driver Rodman of Cyclone Special replaced by ——"

(Concluded on Page 84)

EXAMINE YOUR PASSPORT!

MEN of means — and men whose hobby is immaculate dress — have found in PALM BEACH Suits, an ideal addition to their Summer wardrobes — and — what is even more interesting: A PASSPORT TO COMFORT. But be warned! Examine your Passport before you journey through the Summer. Be dead sure it's a PALM BEACH. There are hosts of Summer suits that bear labels, but only one that bears the trade-marked PALM BEACH Label shown below.

When you are convinced you have the Genuine — go your way rejoicing!

PALM BEACH SUITS

Shown in many shades and patterns

THE PALM BEACH MILLS
GOODALL WORSTED CO., SANFORD, ME
A. ROHAUT, AGENT, 229 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Palm Beach
REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE
THE GENUINE CLOTH
MFD. BY GOODALL WORSTED CO.

Look for this Label — your safeguard against imitations

FLATO

(Concluded from Page 82)

A sudden roar from the Cyclone's exhaust drowned the rest. The minute hand moved to the second mark.

Old J. D.'s lips tightened on his cigar. Who was that driver? What was the meaning of this new move? He glanced apprehensively at his test car.

Behind him the crowd abruptly surged and broke. "Let me through! Let me through!"

Fred Wheeler hurled himself at Old J. D.

"Stop him, J. D.! Stop that car! The Cyclone! It's Toodles!"

The Bear stood as one petrified.

"My God, J. D.! Don't you understand? That car is Toodles' old Kummer. We found it in San Diego. Rebuilt it! Rodman was to drive! Toodles tricked me! Stop him! Fargot gang thinks it's your test car! Going to wreck it! I know! Toodles knows! Good God, J. D. ——"

In one wild mad lunge the Bear went through the human barrier. The open track was ahead!

"Get back! They're starting!" A policeman hurled his bulk on Old J. D.

Then a huge bomb roared. An inferno of noise was loosened on the night. The minute hand vibrated on the hour! The starter's arm dropped. With a defiant roar and a flash of flame the Cyclone was off.

Old J. D. seized Wheeler and bore him back against a box. "Where's Cummings? He entered that car! He can order the referee to stop it. They can phone to the first control."

"He's — he's disappeared," gasped Wheeler. "Friend of Toodles."

Old Bruin leaned heavily against the box rail. Cummings, the entrant of the Cyclone, was the only one who could order it stopped. The evidence of the Fargot's fiendish plot was too frail to influence the referee. But to Old J. D. it was plain. A dark lonesome stretch of road! A little crowding on a turn! A crash! The pieces of the supposed test car carried to a country garage for inspection. And its crew—Toodles ——

Then another picture snapped before the Bear's eyes—a scene set within the background of a Hollywood bungalow. He whirled and dodged through the line of cars.

"Want to change my driver!" he bellowed at the referee.

"Certainly, Mr. Ward. Who?"

"Myself!"

The referee hesitated a second. "All right! Got ten minutes!"

In one charge Old Bruin reached the Darco. "Get out!" he demanded of Roget, the mechanician.

He hauled the protesting mechanic to the side of the track. "Give me your outfit! Hurry up!"

After a fashion the Bear wriggled into the coveralls of the slim Roget. Buttoning the head hood he plunged for the Darco. It had moved up to second place. Darby grasped the situation and crawled over. Old J. D. scrambled in behind the wheel, slammed in the gears and moved up to the line.

The megaphone man bawled: "Darby replaced by Ward!"

Up from the crowd welled a mighty roar. Old-time racing fans went crazy. Time had snapped back. Jimmy Ward and a Darco again smoked on the starting line.

J. D. gripped the wheel. Somewhere out there in the blackness was a plunging crimson car. For Toodles—the irrepressible schemer, Toodles—Old Bruin had not a thought of censure. Toodles had suspected the Fargot plot; schemed with Wheeler; found his old car; rebuilt it; and because he felt his actions had been responsible for the success of the Fargot's trap had taken upon his own shoulders the dangerous task of beating the wreckers.

The starter's arm fell sharply. Flame leaped from the Darco's exhaust.

Old J. D.'s jaws set savagely. Between him and the Cyclone were fourteen cars, two of them the Fargots of Oldham and Ritz. Another few minutes and Compton and Kerhoff, the rest of the pack, would be in full cry behind him. The pressure of his foot increased. The Darco leaped for the blackness ahead. No more of the enemy would get past. Oldham and Ritz—well, he would settle with those fellows when he caught them.

The Darco roared into the sharp right-angle turn at Hollywood and Cahuenga Boulevards, skidded wildly, grazed the curb with its left rear tire; straightened out and leaped for the Pass ahead. The spectators who packed the dangerous turn gasped. Surely a madman was behind that wheel.

There was, agreed the crowd at the top of the stiff Cahuenga grade. The Darco topped the hill, leaped straight into space, fell with a terrific jar back onto the road, and dropped down the steep incline like a falling star.

Through the long straightaways of the San Fernando Valley, over the Conejo grade, past Ventura, and across the pounding trestles of the Rincon Road, the Darco, its glaring eyes boring searchingly into the black curtain ahead and its exhaust a vivid tail of fire, fled like some wild frightened man-controlled comet of the night.

Darby gripped the iron control bar of one pivoted searchlight and consigned his future to the mercy of the goddess Chante. How and where would this mad flight end?

At Santa Barbara, the first control, the Darco was in fifth place. Eleven cars had been overhauled and dropped behind in that wild hundred-mile flight. Ahead, according to the time sheet, the Cyclone still led with Ritz, Oldham, and Hooper, in his big white Rexton, in the order named.

"How long can Toodles hold the lead?" the Bear muttered.

In the old days Toodles' Kummer had been fast—faster than the Fargots.

Then a horrible doubt gripped Old J. D. Was the Cyclone really leading or were Oldham and Ritz playing a waiting game? Were they trailing behind that crimson car waiting, like a pair of hungry vultures, for the right stretch of road?

The next one hundred and twenty-one miles between Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo, J. D. knew, were rough and lonesome. Was this the selected spot?

Twenty miles and the headlights swinging round a curve came to rest on a standing car. The Bear's heart missed a beat. The Darco's brakes ground harshly.

"Rexton!" yelled Darby. "Tire change!"

The Darco leaped forward. Nothing was between them and the Fargots.

Old J. D. crouching over the wheel of the lurching, pounding car fought to keep his eyes on the road. Any one of those deep ravines that hurdled past might conceal a twisted broken heap of crimson metal. The thought numbed his soul.

Miles fled rearward. The Darco careened madly round the twisting, jolting curves of Gaviota Pass. Perspiration rolled down from under Darby's goggles. Time after time, as the plunging car balanced for a sickening instant on the brink of some dark cavern, he closed his eyes and braced himself for the crash.

The first gray streaks of dawn were in the sky when they screeched into the San Luis Obispo control. Again the time sheet told of the grim fight being waged ahead. Toodles first. Ritz second. Oldham third.

"We'll get 'em!" yelled Darby as the Darco roared back onto the road. "Oldham's only five minutes ahead!"

Old J. D. nodded grimly. He was not surprised at the phenomenal speed of Toodles' old car. Kummer or Cyclone, the name made no difference. Only three racing cars had ever duplicated its speed and they were Darcos—the cars sold to Henderson.

But Old J. D. could not understand why he hadn't caught the Fargots. He had left Los Angeles only thirteen minutes behind Oldham; yet with more than two hundred miles gone Oldham still led by five minutes. It confirmed Wheeler's warning that the Fargot drivers were after the Cyclone—the supposed Darco test car. Old J. D.'s tired muscles stiffened. The Darco with a mighty defiant roar lunged ahead.

Ten miles south of Salinas they swept past a bulky black car stranded beside the road. It was Oldham's Fargot. The deep lines at Old J. D.'s mouth hardened. Now only Ritz remained. The thundering road song of the Darco motor seemed to take on an exultant note.

The suburbs of Salinas rushed to meet them. With a harsh grind of brakes the Darco smoked into the control. Abruptly an expression, the ferocity of which Darby had never seen equaled, flashed over the Bear's face. Beside the curb stood a crimson car with Toodles and Griggs half buried inside the engine hood. Parked twenty-five feet behind was the Fargot, Ritz and his mechanician tinkering with the carburetor. Like a snake coiled for the strike they were waiting—stalling for Toodles to go on ahead.

Old J. D. leaned toward Darby. "Watch Ritz!" he ordered. "All I want is a reasonable start."

The Darco stumbled to a stop near the Cyclone. Toodles glanced up, saw the familiar figure behind the wheel; and his face went dead white.

"J. D. and the test car!" he breathed.

He glanced apprehensively toward the Fargot. Would they suspect?

A mask dropped across the Bear's face.

"Well, well, sonny," he boomed, lifting his voice to a tremendous bellow, "you remember I told you we'd show 'em a damn long trail from the trap to the cage. Your old Kummer didn't do so bad, eh?"

Toodles, using his car as a shield, made frantic signals in a vain effort to stop J. D.'s blind boasting. Not one instant did he suspect the Bear's real motive.

"Let me crow, sonny," roared Bruin. "We've got 'em licked. Compton and Kerhoff are miles behind me! Oldham's out! Ritz's finished! Great Pete, what a walkaway! Some motor, this, eh? Say, I trimmed eleven cars between ——"

Darby's foot pressed against the Bear's.

Old J. D. dropped in the clutch and the Darco spurted fire as Ritz's mechanician, catching his mate's eye, dived for the starting crank of the Fargot. The Bear's jaws clamped grimly together. Ritz had swallowed the deliberately tossed bait; had been led away from his prey.

"Now, let's see you get me!" muttered Bruin, and there was a triumphant note to the growl. His eyes were on the road ahead, but his thoughts were miles behind—back in a Hollywood bungalow.

Miles fled rearward beneath the lurching Darco. Gradually J. D.'s eyes took on a puzzled half-frightened expression. Darby, gazing back and his lips close against the Bear's ear, reported the steadily gaining Fargot. It was not understandable. Why couldn't he beat that car?

The Darco roared into a turn, skidded, straightened out and fled down the long straightaway. Darby craning rearward grunted a startled exclamation. Round the curve behind the plunging black Fargot a crimson car had suddenly shot into view.

"Toodles," breathed the mechanic. But he did not tell J. D.

Yard by yard the Fargot gained. Slowly its black hood crept up alongside J. D.'s left elbow. Inch by inch it moved farther abreast. The exhausts of the rocking cars blended into a thunderous bedlam. Behind, the crimson car, like a leaping tongue of flame, swept nearer.

The Bear braced himself and called on the laboring Darco for its last ounce of strength. But the Fargot held alongside. In that instant Old J. D. sensed the bitterness of defeat. A sharp left angle-turn hurdled down upon the rushing cars. J. D.'s lips pinched into a white line. He would be on the outside. Closely, from the corner of his eye, he watched the Fargot. At that instant Ritz was on trial. Would Wheeler's suspicions prove correct?

Gradually the Fargot crowded toward the right—toward the outside. The verdict was plain.

Abruptly Old J. D. slowed. Quickly Ritz checkmated and moved perceptibly nearer the edge. The turn was at the Darco's radiator. The Bear jammed on his brakes and swung the wheel to the right. The Darco skidded; swung broadside on the narrow strip of road and balanced on the cramped front wheels. The Fargot pulled over to the extreme right. J. D. had anticipated the move. He released the brake; jammed down the throttle and jerked the wheel to the left. The Darco careened perilously, caught the leverage of the suddenly applied power and the twist of the steering wheel; grazed the rear of the Fargot and leaped for the inside of the curve. The positions were reversed.

Too late Ritz grasped the strategy of J. D.'s move. He checked his car too quickly. The Fargot skidded drunkenly; turned completely round; missed the Darco by a scant two inches and balanced sickeningly on two wheels.

Toodles, directly behind, roared down on the turn at fifty miles an hour. Before he sensed the danger a dust cloud had dropped between himself and the careening cars. Frantically he fought to check the momentum of the blind monster beneath him. Suddenly ahead in the fog loomed a gray-black shape and ——

"Good God, what a smash!" yelled Old J. D. "Who was behind us?"

Darby's face was ashen. For a minute his tongue refused to function.

"A—a white car—Hooper's Rexton!" he lied.

Old J. D. nodded.

"Poor old Hooper," he mused regretfully. "Innocent one always gets it."

The Darco thundered on. Darby huddled in his seat.

Over and over he muttered to himself: "I couldn't tell him! I couldn't tell Old J. D.!" Then he would argue fiercely: "I saw some touring cars parked beyond the turn. They'll pick 'em up."

A startling thought crept into Old J. D.'s mind. There were no cars ahead of him. He was leading. His new stock-car motor was winning against the pick of motordom's special-built racing cars. Presently the corners of his mouth twitched speculatively. Wouldn't that little Mister Somebody when he arrived be proud of his champion gocart?

From San José to San Francisco the Darco roared triumphantly down a lane between masses of wildly cheering race-crazed spectators. But Darby, gazing rearward, a worried half-panicky expression in his eyes, was deaf to the great ovation. Once he had caught a fleeting glimpse of a flashing white car that threatened to overtake the Darco. Suppose that white machine should pass them? The mechanic's face blanched.

Then a checkered black-and-white flag crackled in the Bear's face and a surging sea of humanity closed round the Darco. Newspaper reporters and photographers fought for their unsteady perches on the tires, the radiator—every point of advantage.

Old J. D. pushed back his dirt-caked goggles and smiled wearily.

"Get back! Get back!"

An army of police charged into the track. Through the open lane plunged a grease-smeared white car. Second-place winner.

The crowd round the Darco eddied and parted. Old J. D.'s startled eyes fell on the new arrival—on Hooper's big white Rexton. With a deep-throated intake of breath that was a heart sob he slumped down in his seat. The face he turned toward Darby was one of a heartsick, broken old man.

"Darby"—the words were a mere whisper—"Darby, you—you lied."

And in the mechanic's averted eyes he read the answer. The cheers of the crowd faded to the murmur of a surf on a far-away beach.

How long he sat there Old J. D. did not know. Then abruptly across his vision rolled a dusty black car—Compton's Fargot. And in the mechanician's seat beside the dark-garbed Compton was a vivid splash of torn, dirty crimson. Hardly daring to hope the Bear plowed through the crowd.

"Ouch! Careful, J. D.," grinned Toodles. "I got an awful shaking up."

"Picked him up to take him into the San José hospital," put in Compton, "but the durn fool wouldn't let me stop. Insisted I had a chance to finish in sixth place. Funny, he wanted a Fargot to win."

"Fargot, the devil!" howled Toodles. "I wanted another Darco in the money. Sure, J. D. The old Darco racing cars—new bodies, radiators and trimmings, but still Darcos. Fargot figured on—on beating us with our own cars. I got wise when I smashed Ritz's wagon wide open." He broke off to sigh deeply. "Poor old Cyclone!"

"And Griggs ——" began Old J. D.

"Left him sitting under a tree crying like his heart was broken," explained Toodles. "He worked himself sick rebuilding the old Kummer. Too bad, too bad!"

Then he climbed out and hobbled painfully toward the Darco test car.

"Say," he chided the still sober Bear, "I don't think it was fair for you to win your own money. I—I had a—a particular use for first-place money, myself—grandpa."

Old Bruin chuckled. A newspaper man seized the opportunity to press an interview.

"What's that?" rumbled Bruin. "Have I anything to say? You bet! Tell 'em when faster cars are built Darco will build them!"

Toodles grinned broadly.

"And," he mused, "that's the fellow who thinks everybody but himself has the speed fever. Well, if he'd been with me when I went into that dust cloud ——"

Premier actually cuts work in half

HOW to save work and still make the home more enjoyable. That is the problem facing every housewife. What part, then, of household work requires first attention? Cleaning! This seemingly endless task brings fatigue. It leaves toil-marked hands and faces and weary minds and bodies as evidence of its tyranny.

Premier was made to free women of the tax imposed by drudgery and to clean as they want it done. It makes cleaning a pleasant, single hour task instead of the usual nerve-racking, all day job. Thus it saves time for indoor rest and outdoor pleasures.

Discard dust-scattering brooms and the various sweeping devices that take up but part of the germ-laden floor dirt. Shun those that shorten the life of rugs and carpets. Bring Premier into your home and get *all* the dirt without harming even the finest materials.

Everything favors those who select Premier. Its General Electric motor is a vital factor in permanent satisfaction. Other features insure plus service and long life. Visit the nearest Premier merchant's store and see a Premier demonstration. Or write us and we will arrange for this demonstration in your own home. Moderate prices. Convenient terms.

Also write for "Household Efficiency"—a book of helpful suggestions by Mrs. Helen Ruggles, Household Efficiency Engineer.

Electric Vacuum Cleaner Company, Inc.
(Formerly The Frantz Premier Co.)
Cleveland, Ohio

Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company, Limited
Toronto, Ontario

The Premier ELECTRIC CLEANER

Merchants not now selling Premier should investigate the opportunity we offer

THE very first sip is like stepping out of August dog-days into a land of snow. One glass of Clicquot refreshes you from head to toe. And when you've finished the glass, you reach again for the bottle. No wonder children cry for Clicquot Club Ginger Ale, women pine for it, and men demand it. It's such a delightful ginger drink! So cooling! So

quenching! So prime in quality! This great antidote to thirst is made of purest juices of lemons and limes, purest Jamaica ginger, and crystal-clear spring water that gushes cold and sweet out of the deep, sheltered well. Buy a case from your grocer or druggist, keep on ice and serve on every thirsty occasion.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, Millis, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

"I thought I heard somebody CALLING ME!"

At grocery stores and delicatessens in the 1½-pound blue-and-orange sealed carton.

—And it's always a welcome call when there's Amerikorn on the table. This time Mamma fixed up a treat for the tea party by this new recipe—

Pour hot Amerikorn Breakfast Food into individual molds—first a layer of Amerikorn, then a layer of strawberry gelatin, and so on until the mold is full, taking care that each layer is "set" before another is added. Serve with strawberries and whipped cream.

Of course they all had Amerikorn in the morning, too. It is the ideal breakfast food, for everybody, the year 'round—delicious, nourishing, economical.

Cooks in three minutes

No delay, no bother, no overheated kitchen. Ready to serve in a jiffy, with milk or cream or only a lump of butter.

Amerikorn
NOURISHING - DELICIOUS - ECONOMICAL

"The Nation's Breakfast Food"

Prepared by CHAS. A. KRAUSE MILLING COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis.

"ÇA NE FAIT RIEN"

(Continued from Page 19)

was over. He dreamed a dream of a little house within motoring distance of town and Peggy in it and golf for two on Saturday afternoons.

Having thus begun to see the brighter side of things he wandered into town to look for the disbursing paymaster and buy him a drink or two, this being preliminary to an appeal to get permission to sign a cash receipt for his month's pay, thus saving a certain amount of time in case the armistice meant twenty-four hours' leave—which was important. It meant getting into the near-by city early and thus getting the best room in its only hotel. And it meant, too, sending off as soon as possible a letter to Peggy which was in his pocket.

"I've been recommended for my commission," he had written, "and it ought to be along pretty soon. I shall get a few days' leave then, and I thought if you didn't mind I'd drop in and see you." Dropping in to see her meant traveling a day and a night in a French train and probably sleeping on the floor or in a baggage rack. He had tried this last and it wasn't bad. "I'm pretty well knocked out by the armistice naturally, but I suppose a lot of poor devils who have had it hard will be mighty thankful." He had hesitated over the signature and finally ended it "yours."

"And that's God's truth too," he had muttered.

Then he went out and played the eternal game of the private soldier in a small French village full of officers—did his best to avoid saluting by trying to look as though he was invisible and, if that ruse failed, never looking above the second blouse button of any uniform he met.

"What you don't see won't hurt you," he muttered.

In ten days or so Peggy's letter came back.

"How splendid to think you are going to be an officer," she wrote. "But I always knew you would be. And, of course, I shall be delighted to see you, though I'm afraid I shall be awfully busy. Yesterday we served ——"

All the balance was about her work. It was not entirely a satisfactory letter, and there was a casual mention of a Red Cross major that set him frowning. Of course those Red Cross chaps would be hanging round her. There was always someone hanging round her. He added that day a new jealousy to the ever-present one of Tommy, and had to go out and buy his lieutenant's insignia to cheer himself up.

Then one day a rumor spread through the camp; an incredible thing that took all the courage out of the hundreds of expectant young hearts and sent the weak sisters among them to the French wine shops to forget their wrongs in cognac. The rumor was that all promotions were canceled.

Gray got it from the one-time mess sergeant of the Headquarters Troop from the old division. The M. S. had been recommended, too, and was looking blue round the lips.

"I don't believe it," said Gray stoutly but with a sinking heart.

"All right. You'll find out."

"But—but why? We've worked like dogs. Sending us here was equivalent to a promise that if we made good ——"

"Any old time they'll keep a promise they don't want to! Come on and have some cognac. I'm going to drink myself to death."

Candidate Gray went back to his barracks and sat down on his bed. The bottom had dropped out of his world. All that study and effort, and now—nothing. Back where he had been. And not even a fight to look forward to. Something of the fine faith he had in his Government and its promises died that afternoon, never after to be wholly revived. For the incredible rumor proved to be true. All promotions were canceled. All earned commissions were canceled. From that time on effort in the Army was to be without reward.

"Look Here," Tommy Said Finally in a Low and Furious Voice, "When I Want More Food I'll Ask for It. D'you Understand?"

The Army generally adopted an attitude of *ça ne fait rien*. And Sergeant Gray said it, too, but without any conviction. He was seared to the very soul.

There were thirty-eight desertions from the Candidates' School in the first twenty-four hours. After that they lessened, for most of the weak sisters had gone. But the spirit was gone out of the men.

On the tenth day Gray wrote again to Peggy—a cheerful letter which almost made her cry.

"I had expected to put on a little side when I came to see you. But two things have interfered. First, I won't be able to come. Second, there isn't any side to put on. I have buried my officer's equipment in an old beet field and perhaps some day it will be recovered and hung in a museum as a relic of the great war. Probably I wasn't officer stuff, anyhow, so it's just as well. Way down in my little inside I'm a bit disappointed, but *ça ne fait rien*.

"I'm not going to bother you with any more letters. I know you are busy and I haven't any right to take up your time."

He hesitated a long time after that and then just wrote "God bless you" in a shaky hand and sent it off before he lost his courage. Because his courage was not quite so good as it had been. He was beginning to lose faith in himself.

Of course his psychology was wrong. He felt this new and cruel army order as a personal stigma. He was somehow less of a man for it. He gave the girl up on the head of it and took to wandering round the camp at night, giving her up again every minute.

He was entirely inarticulate and there was no one to voice his misery to, so he did like most lovers and chose some other's disconsolate words to fit his case. On a bright night he was prone to sit on the barracks steps, for instance, and plaintively bay at the moon:

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me.

He would be carried away by emotion after a time and forget the one hundred and eleven disgruntled candidates within.

My rosary. My rose-a-a-a—ree.

His heartbroken wail would penetrate the thin walls and loose window frames of the barracks, and a chorus of groans would echo from the inside, followed by the opening of a window.

"Aw, go to bed and forget it!" a voice would say.

And after a time, chilled to the bone and having finally renounced her, he would retire to his cot, take off his shoes and putties, his hat and blouse, and turn in.

Once warmed through, he slept extremely well.

He went back to the old division after a time, to find things going on much the same. The general was too good a soldier to tolerate any slacking. But there was a subtle difference. Only the chaplain remained the same, for only the chaplain had not hoped for promotion; and the general, who had been in the Army a long time, and had therefore developed a sort of armor-plate philosophy.

And on the third day of Gray's return Tommy came back from seven days' leave. Sergeant Gray saw him coming back, gay and debonair and clanking, and viewed him with lowering suspicion. A little later Lewis came to the door for a breath of air and Gray stalked up to him.

"Where has he been?" he asked. "Trowbridge?"

"He says he's been to Paris," said Lewis rather fretfully. The general's uncertain temper had been very certain the last few days.

"Like hell he's been to Paris!"

"I don't know where he's been," said Lewis, "and what's more I don't care. I'll tell you this, Gray: If the Old Man doesn't stop working me day and night I'm going to ——"

"I know where he has been," said Gray darkly, and stalked away.

That night, the chauffeur being laid up, Sergeant Gray drove the aides to a Red Cross dance, and carefully and with extreme deliberation ditched the lot of them six miles from anywhere. The aides, after considerable conversation, walked back in the mud and Gray curled himself up inside the car and gloomed for quite a length of time. After which he went asleep and wakened in the cold dawn with a sort of ready-made conviction that he was going to ditch Tommy as easily as he had the car and much more permanently.

But that very day he had to acknowledge that the honors of the game Tommy and he were playing were Tommy's—to that point.

After nightfall it was the chaplain's benevolent custom to show moving pictures in the village square.

The chaplain considered it an excellent time to enlighten the French population as to America; but as most of the pictures were of the old Wild West, doubtless the French will continue to think it our native pastime to shoot up gambling hells and ride madly on horseback with drawn revolvers after people we do not happen to fancy.

In the square Gray met Lewis and paired off with him out of sheer loneliness.

"The Old Man thinks we'll be going home soon," said Lewis.

(Continued on Page 92)

Un-retouched photograph of a Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tire after 15,000 miles on a motor truck owned by the Acme Chain of Basket Stores, Fred W. Albrecht, Proprietor, Akron, Ohio. Since being photographed, this tire has traveled 8,000 additional miles.

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

He Lists Seven Advantages of Pneumatics

"TO sum up the reasons why we use Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires, I will say that, (1) the big pneumatics are a great deal easier on the truck, the driver and his helper; (2) they are easier on the goods being hauled; (3) chassis upkeep much lower; (4) greater gasoline mileages; (5) greater operating radius of truck; (6) the Goodyear All-Weather Tread makes driving safer; (7) therefore, an all-around economy in motor delivery."—Mr. Fred W. Albrecht, Proprietor, Acme Chain of Basket Stores, Akron, Ohio

The last year has brought a mass of significant reports regarding Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires from every part of the United States, from the war zone and even from the Never Never lands of Australia.

The main lessons of this world-wide experience, however, are well summed up in the single statement of one of the users right here in our home city, Mr. Fred W. Albrecht, proprietor of a chain of forty-two grocery stores.

Mr. Albrecht's statement, given above, is based on a direct comparison of the work done by a solid-tired truck and that done by a pneumatic-shod unit, and also on a monthly cost analysis of their operation and upkeep.

His ledger pages show a difference in maintenance charges of about 33⅓ per cent in favor of the Goodyear Cords, noted largely in fewer truck repairs and slower depreciation.

Almost the same amount of difference is found in the gasoline account, evidencing that the easy-rolling Goodyear Cords effect daily fuel-money savings which mount up to a sizable total in a year.

The drivers' reports also make plain that the truck on Goodyear Cords frequently accomplishes twice as much hauling as the solid-tired carrier, although the former always is chosen for the longest, hardest deliveries, including the emergency runs.

Mr. Albrecht points out that this is partly because of the wider radius of truck action on the athletic Goodyear Cords and partly because it is not necessary to slow down as much or as often as when on solid tires, particularly over rough stretches.

And the men of his transportation department make pertinent reference to the big diamond blocks of the Goodyear All-Weather Tread, which, they say, supply firm traction on miry or snow-covered roads that stall solid-tired trucks.

Fresh bread is handled only on the pneumatics, since their cushioning affords effective protection of this load, especially when it must be distributed to the forty-two stores located in Akron and eight towns roundabout.

Any description of this entirely successful use of these Goodyear Cords would not be complete without mention of their mileages which run as high as 23,000, demonstrating the toughness of these tires for such hard general service.

Nor would this narrative be complete unless it included the fact that the drivers much prefer to work on the big smooth-going pneumatics.

Certainly the foregoing explains the action of truck owners who change over to Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires without waiting for solid tires to wear out.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

TRUCK TIRES

(Continued from Page 89)

"Humph!" said Sergeant Gray, whose faith in the general was moribund along with other things.

"Well, don't you want to go?"

"*Ça ne fait rien*," observed Sergeant Gray out of a low mind.

The hero in the picture, having rescued the girl from eleven bandits and fired sixteen shots without reloading his revolver, now took the girl in his arms and turned Lewis' mind into a new channel.

"Say," he offered, "you were right about Trowbridge. He didn't go to Paris."

"No?" observed Sergeant Gray indifferently but with an extra heartbeat.

"He went to see that niece of the general's. They're kidding him to death about it."

This receiving no acknowledgment he turned toward Sergeant Gray, but that young gentleman was moving rapidly away in the crowd. So that was it. This then was what the Army did to a fellow. It took him over to France and stuck him in a mudhole and didn't let him fight and offered him a commission and then took it away. And any stuffed shirt in a belt and leather putties could amble all over France and give the impression he'd won the war. Hell's bells!

The winter passed slowly. Once he got a letter from Peggy and he walked a mile out of town to read it alone.

"I was so sorry about your commission," she wrote. "I think it's a perfect shame, and somebody ought to write to the War Department about it. I know you had counted on it."

Good heavens—sympathy! He didn't want sympathy. If he wasn't a better man than a dozen aides-de-camp he'd cut his throat. He threw the letter away and then got it out of the mud again and stood for quite a time holding it in both hands. But he did not answer it. He had, you understand, given her up.

So the winter passed and the general sent for the chaplain one day and said: "There's something wrong with Gray, chaplain, and I'm blessed if I know what it is."

"What's he been doing now?" said the chaplain, helping himself to a tin of commissary chocolates on the executive desk.

"Nothing! That's what I'm wondering about. Don't throw that paper on the floor! It's about six weeks now since he's been up to any mischief. That was when he ditched my aides."

"Must be sick," said the chaplain rather thickly through the chocolates.

"He ditched Tommy, you may recall, the night he returned from his leave."

"I see. Probably meant to kill the lot to get Tommy."

"Very likely," said the general calmly. "I could have spared one or two of them too. However, I didn't send for you about Gray—only I'm blamed if I know what's got into girls nowadays. They can't see any farther than their noses. What I want to know is, why the deuce when you get twenty-four hours' Paris leave you stay a week."

IV

ALONG about February the division received its orders for home. It drew new equipment technically, which means that a certain large percentage of it was old stuff done over—shoes that had been resoled, uniforms sterilized and somewhat shrunken, but clean at least. And it was most thoroughly and awfully deloused. There was a great run on the post-card shop, and the chaplain got up a final boxing tournament and fought for three rounds himself, while the division cheered itself black in the face.

He came out of it rather the worse for wear, but nothing whatever to Tommy, who had been his opponent.

"Fights like he works," said the general, chuckling, to the chief of staff. "No rules and no control, but gets results. Did you hear what he said when Tommy got him that time on the ear?"

But the chief of staff had been discreetly deaf.

So the division prepared to move and the staff went ahead, taking a day or two in Paris to buy souvenirs and eat at the Ritz and visit the Folies Bergere. And with the general went Tommy and the other aides and the chaplain and the C. of S. and Lewis and William and Sergeant Gray.

Sergeant Gray went along because of a rumor that food was scarce in Paris, and in an extra kit bag he carried three loaves of real bread baked with white army flour, a box of sugar, a tin pail of butter and the general's tea and tea ball. But there was plenty of food in Paris, it developed, and so he *cached* the bag under his bed in the hotel and reported at the general's door.

The general was not there, but Tommy was—and at the telephone.

"Can't you hear me?" he was howling. "Confound these French phones, anyhow. Hello! Hello!"

"Stick your head out the window and you won't need a telephone," muttered Gray in the hall.

"Hello! That's better. Yes, sailing from your town. Just learned it. Isn't that great?"

Sergeant Gray's eyes narrowed.

"You fix things so you'll have some free time. . . . But look here. You know you promised. . . . I—there are some things I want to talk to you about. All right. Good-by."

Something wild and reckless and very young surged in Sergeant Gray's breast. She'd promised all her time to him, had she? Very well! He could have it. If she thought for a minute that he was going to hang round for a word ——

He went out—to find Lewis standing disconsolately on the curb.

"This is Paris, old-timer," he said recklessly. "Let's go to my bankers and get some money and then see the town."

Lewis eyed him.

"What d'you mean, see the town?" he inquired cautiously.

"Eat and drink. Mostly drink," said Sergeant Gray with the devil of rage in full control now.

"Not for mine," said Lewis. "But if you're hell bent for trouble I'll go along and keep an eye on you."

But for all his wild talk Gray neither ate nor drank much. He was white and silent and the eye Lewis kept on him was rather an alarmed one.

"If you call this seeing Paris," he said finally in an aggrieved tone when Gray had stood for some time leaning over a parapet looking at the Seine, "I'm darned if I do. The Hudson's got that creek beat a mile."

"More people have drowned themselves in this river per square inch than in all the rivers you ever saw," said Sergeant Gray.

"Don't be a damned fool," said Lewis nervously.

But Gray only laughed. He intended his laugh to be hollow and it was—rather.

"Come on, old-timer," he said. "We'll see Paris, all right."

So they ate again and drank a trifle and became extremely dull with too much food. And that night they did the most sensational thing they could think of and went to a Montmartre restaurant, all red velvet and gilt mirrors, with a band trying to play American ragtime and a considerable percentage of the women not what they ought to be but undoubtedly what they were.

And they were no sooner seated than Sergeant Gray said: "Why, look who's here!"

It was Tommy, of course.

Lewis was no fool and he was awfully uncomfortable. But Gray was quite calm and slightly exhilarated. He bought a dozen vastly expensive roses from the flower girl almost at once and sent them to Tommy, who looked first puzzled and then extremely gratified. He pulled at the small mustache he had grown in France and interrogated the flower girl. But she professed entire ignorance.

"May start something," said Gray, sitting rather low to escape observation. "Watch him!"

Tommy was alone and rather plaintive about it. He sat for some time staring at the flowers, and then he gathered them up and presented them to the girl sitting next to him.

Gray yawned.

"He bit all right," he said. "Don't catch his eye, Lewis."

Tommy was now in earnest conversation with the French girl. Gray was silent but watchful. Soon he called the flower girl and bought from her double his previous purchase. He gathered them up in his arms and rose.

"Watch again, Lewis," he said, "and keep watching."

He wandered across the room and bowed before the girl.

"Every morn I bring thee violets," he said in English. And then in French: "I, too, am laying a tribute at mademoiselle's feet. But perceive that it is double the other."

Then he sat down on her other side. For some time the scandalized Lewis watched a battle between the two—fought without speech between them. Tommy bought lilies of the valley; Gray doubled his purchase. Violets; Gray again.

"You darned idiot!" Tommy muttered. "If you think you can carry this on indefinitely I'll show you."

"I beg your pardon, sir?" said Gray respectfully.

The restaurant was on to the game now and applauding. Tommy was hot and perspiring and—what was more tragic—financially very low. At eleven o'clock he was a beaten and a broken man and Sergeant Gray held the field. Loud laughter greeted Tommy's discomfited exit.

"And now," said the French girl. "Why, monsieur?"

"It was a little game, mademoiselle."

Some time later he prodded the exasperated and drowsing Lewis in the chest.

"Come on," he said. "We'll have to get a truck to get that girl's flowers home if she's got a home. Call a taxi, will you?"

"You blamed young fool," said Lewis savagely. But Gray only smiled.

"I got him again, Lewis," he said. "Once more. And I'll get him yet for keeps."

Lewis called the taxicab and helped to pile in the flowers and the girl, and followed himself under protest.

Then to his horror he heard the door shut, and the taxi drove off, leaving Gray on the pavement.

A half hour later Lewis got back to the hotel and banged furiously at Sergeant Gray's door. But the unmistakable sounds of that young gentleman sweetly sleeping sent him raging off to bed.

Sergeant Gray spent the next day in the train in formulating a new plan of campaign. Their stay at the seaport might be anything from one day to three weeks. He went on the theory, therefore, that it was to be for one day and proceeded on that hypothesis.

During the intervals between meals he sat in a compartment with Lewis, who sulked and plotted. At the dinner signal he joined the procession which followed the general's majestic figure to the dining car, and which carried:

The chief of staff—the tea ball.
Tommy—a loaf of bread.
First aide-de-camp—using the Shaksperean method—the pail of butter.
Second ditto—a tin of chocolates.
Gray—the box of sugar.
The chaplain—a bottle of Scotch procured by various underground methods from a British sergeant major.

As the day went on Sergeant Gray grew perceptibly more cheerful. He went back to the day coach and fraternized there with Tommy's striker by shooting craps with him and losing, and by ignoring the fact that that worthy was obviously carrying a contraband bottle in a method well known to the army private—that is, buttoned under his blouse in exact center front and held there by his belt.

That night they reached the seaport. Sergeant Gray after a private conversation with Tommy's striker was in high good humor again and the general eyed him with suspicion.

"There's some new devilment in the air," he confided to the chaplain. "When that young rascal begins to sing he's up to something."

For Sergeant Gray, carrying kit bags to the various rooms, was caroling blithely:

Oh, promise me that some day you and I
Shall take our love together to some sky-y-y.

"I've got a hunch," said the chaplain, whose speech had been strangely changed by army life, "that I'd better keep an eye on Tommy."

"Nothing of the sort!" the general observed pettishly. "Let him look after himself. The next few days ought to settle it between them. Let 'em alone. I'm betting on Gray, myself."

"Two to one on Tommy," said the chaplain, who didn't particularly care for Tommy but wanted to brighten the days of waiting for the transport.

"Fifty francs," said the general.

"Done," said the chaplain. "But I make a condition. Don't use your influence, general."

"My influence! You honor me. Don't throw matches on my floor!"

It was rather late then and most of the party went to bed. Tommy gave his boots to his striker and shaved, to save time in the morning. He intended to get an early start. He also spent some time with a pair of nail scissors and his trench mirror, trimming his hair at the back of his neck, and set his alarm watch for seven o'clock.

Then he went to bed and dreamed that Sergeant Gray was sitting on the foot of his bed in a major-general's uniform and majesty—except that he had his thumb to his nose.

But Gray did not go to bed early. He had a number of things to do. First, he saw Tommy's striker again and a certain sum of money changed hands.

"Got 'em all?" he inquired first.

"He's only got three pairs. Here they are. I'll get a D. D. for this, most likely."

"For going A. W. O. L.? You will not. Anyhow, I'll see to that," said Sergeant Gray largely. "You hide 'em and don't tell me where they are. That's all. And then disappear. Get arrested. I only want about six hours."

Then with a clear conscience he went out into a drizzling rain and wandered through the streets. He was, of course, immediately challenged by an M. P., and addressed him solemnly.

"Approach, varlet," he said in a deep, sonorous bass. "I would have speech with thee."

"You're out of bounds and out of hours," said the M. P.

"Wouldst know my errand?" queried Sergeant Gray in a deep, tense whisper. "Then I will a tale unfold. Know, minion, that I seek a lost child—my own, my littlest one. A tiny thing with curls that reached ——"

"I guess I can take you to her," said the M. P. cheerfully. "Come along, old man. We've got a nice little place for lost kids."

"Have a heart, old man," said Sergeant Gray in his normal voice. "For particular reasons this town means a lot to me. There's somebody here—well, I can't sleep. That's all."

Even M. P.'s are human at times, and after a short further argument Sergeant Gray passed on.

The M. P. watched him out of sight and sighed. There was nobody in the darned town he cared a whoop about. He sighed again, and from far off in the rain floated back a blithe young voice:

When we shall be alone and faith renew,
And find those hollows where the violets grew-ew-ew ——

He turned a corner and faded away into the night.

Now, Peggy had not slept much that night either. She was cold, for one thing; and homesick, for another. Service was a wonderful thing, but there were hours and places in one's heart that it didn't entirely fill. And all this movement homeward, too, left her with a feeling sometimes of being eternally left behind. The men came in and got their sweaters or safety-razor blades or whatever they needed—she was in the supply department now—and went out again for that final leg of the journey home; and always she remained behind.

And now that the general was going home—she put it on the general—the feeling of loneliness was rather acute.

She slept finally and rather overdid it toward morning, so she was late and nearly cross and certainly cold to her very bones when she reached her headquarters the next morning. She always opened up. She put her key in the lock and then turned, somewhat startled, because a tall and familiar figure was beside her, saluting.

"Let me open that for you," said the figure out of the early morning mist.

"Good gracious!" she said. "I—why, Mr. Gray!"

"I've been here since five o'clock," he offered. "Afraid I'd miss you. It's hard to tell how much time we have here, and I had a number of things to settle."

He did not mention that he had already settled one of them. It was a full hour later when Tommy missed his boots.

They were inside by that time and she turned on the electric light. He had a good look at her then, and he saw that she was thinner and considerably pinched with cold.

"D'you mean to say you've been doing this all winter?" he demanded fiercely.

"Doing what?"

"Coming to this barn, without a fire, and getting things going?"

"There's a Frenchwoman. She'll be along soon."

"What have you had for breakfast?"

"Coffee. Coffee and a roll."

"Exactly. You look it. Where d'you keep the coal?"

(Continued on Page 95)

How Exquisite Finish Indicates the Quality of a Shoe

A woman's quick eye for beauty takes her straight to the most exquisitely turned out shoe in the store.

And while *style* may be the one thing uppermost in her mind—she is really showing the keenest appreciation of *quality* as well.

Such a dainty shoe as this "Fifth Avenue" Oxford *(fresh from the Regal Shops)* can be made only of fine "glovey" leather—a leather that takes kindly to the last, and "works in" smoothly at sole and tip and arch and throat.

And by its clean, suave lines you may know that it is soundly built through and through—*right* from the very start, stitch by stitch.

The "Fifth Avenue" is made of fine Black Ooze calf—a most desirable leather for early Fall wear. A leather so scarce that only such an institution as the Regal Company can command a supply, or can buy it to advantage.

The "FIFTH AVENUE" *$12.00*

Presenting the graceful Lace Oxford—which is one of the leading style features of the Coming Season. Black Ooze Calf of beautiful quality. The last long and slender in line, with very high arch and high Louis heel of wood covered with the same Black Ooze calfskin. The toe smartly perforated. Turn sole effect, light and flexible. A shoe equally charming when worn by itself early in the season, or with *Spats* when the days grow colder.

(Canadian prices slightly higher because of import duty.)

All in all, the "Fifth Avenue" is a most interesting example of the *values* at your service in the Regal Shoe Stores this coming Season.

Sixty Regal Stores in the Great Metropolitan Cities and over a thousand Regal Agency Stores in other cities and towns.

REGAL SHOE COMPANY

268 Summer Street, Boston

REGAL SHOES

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Fisk Cords made with Ribbed and Fisk Non Skid Treads

LIFE TODAY — WORK AND PLAY — TAKES ITS pace from the motor car, a willing servant that adds minutes to each hour and enlarges our horizon in all directions. But it can render this service dependably only as excess mileage is built into its tires.

FISK CORD TIRES are built to endure, to roll off the miles, thousand after thousand, without interruption and without inconvenience to the user.

BUILT BY an institution sharing with you its experience of twenty years, they save your gas, add to your comfort, and they do endure and endure, giving you mileage in excess of what you buy.

AND THEY are big, handsome, good looking—you have the satisfaction of thoroughbred appearance plus excess mileage.

THESE TWO things, mileage and appearance, which you demand in a cord tire, Fisk Cords give you in large degree. Next time—BUY FISK.

FISK CORD TIRES

(Continued from Page 92)

She had been on her own for such a long time that she was rather dazed. She watched him build a roaring fire. Then he lifted her chair—with her in it—up close to it and stood off and surveyed her grimly.

"Some things being a noncom has taught me," he said. "I'll be a darned good wife for somebody some day. Now for the ham and eggs."

"There isn't such a thing."

"Oh, isn't there? You wait and see."

He caught up his service cap and started out, but paused in the doorway.

"If you're not sitting right there when I come back," he threatened, "I'll court-martial you. And believe me, I'm some court-martialer."

She was still rather stunned. The men of the organization worked hard enough, but they blew in somewhere about nine o'clock, when the house was warm and things going. She had never resented it. After all, getting a house going was woman's work. But she was most awfully contented before her fire, and rather like a kitten.

He came back in a surprisingly short time, having left consternation in his wake at the hotel. He brought a frying pan and six eggs and most of the general's private stock of bread and butter and tea, including the treasured tea ball. She recognized this last and fixed him with a suspicious eye, but he was quite brazen.

"Yeah," he said, grinning amiably. "It's his. So are the butter and the bread and the tea. The eggs I salvaged elsewhere. Now, if you can get something to heat water in we'll breakfast. A real breakfast." His voice changed and softened. "You poor little kid!" he said. "When I saw you coming along in the cold, alone ——"

That wouldn't do. It was dangerous. He fell to breaking eggs violently.

"I'm some cook," he boasted. "Watch me tie the pan to the end of the poker, and then watch some more."

It was about that time that the chaplain heard a fine hullabaloo in the hotel corridor; and on inquiring the reason put on his bathrobe and paid a visit to the general. He found that gentleman sitting up in bed with the eiderdown comfort round his shoulders, drinking a cup of French coffee and cursing it as he drank.

"About that wager, sir," he said. "Does it stand in case of trickery on either side?"

"Hog wash!" said the general angrily. "Slop! Swill!" He banged his cup down. "What sort of trickery?"

"Gray has made off with Tommy's boots."

"All of them?" inquired the general.

"All of them."

"D'you know," observed the general genially, "the more I see of that boy the more I think he'll succeed in life. He has a way of getting what he goes after. Now, the time he yanked me over that fence ——"

"I remember, sir," said the chaplain hastily. "But we said nothing last night about conditions. If theft ——"

"Fiddlesticks!" said the general rudely. "Let Tommy go out in his stocking feet. Gray would. Why didn't Tommy steal Gray's boots? Not that I won't court-martial Gray. Do him good. Military discipline."

But after the chaplain had gone the general lay back and lighted a cigarette and smiled at the ceiling.

Now, sometime later in the day Tommy got a pair of boots. They pinched his feet and affected his temper—which was bad enough, anyhow. And he went to Peggy like a needle to the pole. He found her, too, but he found Gray also—behind a counter and dealing out supplies with a lavish hand. That is, it had been lavish, but the supplies were almost gone.

"Serve you anything, sir?" said Sergeant Gray in a businesslike manner. "Soap? Talcum powder?"

Tommy ignored him and bent low over Peggy's hand. He was in full regalia—crop, spurs, cap, and gloves in left hand.

"He was the very picture of a modern major general," hummed Gray to himself, but not too low to escape Tommy's ears.

"I tried to get here earlier," said Tommy in a tense voice, "but ——"

"Sweater, sir?" said Sergeant Gray loudly. "Razor blades? We have the best quality. Toothbrush? Best bristles—standard make."

"Gray," said Tommy coldly, "when I wish anything I shall ask for it."

"You wouldn't," implored Sergeant Gray in a wistful tone, "care for a pair of socks, sir? Or a ——"

"Gray," thundered Tommy, "report to the general and say that I shall be here for some time unless he wants me!"

"Sir, I do not clearly understand. Will the captain please repeat? Paragraph C, Lesson XV, Method of Instruction in Military Courtesy," he added in an undertone to Peggy.

"You heard me!" said Tommy in frenzied repression. "Go and do it. And if I find out that you had any connection with the loss of my boots this morning I'll see that something is done about it."

Gray looked at Peggy. There was perhaps the slightest twitch at the corners of her mouth. That was all.

He took the message to the general, who was shaving with cold water and who eyed him grimly over the lather.

"Very well," said the general. "I'm going there myself soon. You'd better go back there and wait for me. But—Gray."

"Yes, sir."

"Captain Trowbridge's boots have been mislaid. Before I go I want to see them outside his door. Don't leave until they are found."

The general was looking in the mirror just then. Through that medium they exchanged a brief glance of understanding.

"Yes, sir," said Gray.

But Tommy's striker had gone most effectually A. W. O. L. and it being necessary to get the general to Peggy as soon as possible Gray solved that problem by taking two pairs of boots belonging to the chief of staff and one pair of the adjutant's and ranging them in a neat row outside Tommy's door. But Tommy's boots had to be found. There had been an air of cold finality about the general.

The morning passed and at noon he saw the general and Tommy and Peggy lunching together in the hotel, and felt a cold chill of terror. The general had missed his tea ball, too, and even the story of the breakfast had not made up for his sense of personal indignity. Hang the boy, anyhow! Was nothing safe when he was round?

In the afternoon came the word that they would sail the next day, and Sergeant Gray's heart fell lower and lower. But at four o'clock he located the striker and the boots and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"Now for it," he muttered.

Now, the end of this story might have been different but for two things: One was Gray's popularity with the Headquarters Troop. And the other was that the feud between Tommy and Gray was better known than either of them guessed—cause and all. So it became in a small way a matter between the officer personnel and the troop.

Late that afternoon Sergeant Gray raced to Peggy's headquarters, assuming when near the door an air of extreme if slightly breathless leisure. And he found Peggy alone, except for about forty enlisted men and three young women assistants.

"What's happened to Trowbridge?" he asked. "Not dead, is he?"

"I don't see why you don't like Captain Trowbridge," observed Peggy primly. "He's been very kind. Our trucks are all out or broken down and we need all sorts of supplies. He's gone to find a car and bring us some."

"Oh, he has, has he?" said Sergeant Gray bitterly.

"I was going to ask you to see about it. But you've not been here all day."

"Sorry. Couldn't get back."

"We always say here," said Peggy sweetly, "that when we really want anything done it is the army officers who do it for us."

"Really? Well, he hasn't got the stuff yet. Where's he going to get a car?" he asked disagreeably. "If he does get one he'll ditch it somewhere. I've seen him drive."

"I think you are in a bad humor about something," said Peggy, still pleasantly, and left him.

He was frightfully ashamed of himself immediately, but Tommy was pretty badly on his nerves by that time. He followed her and apologized and had hard work not to tell her he worshiped her before the forty enlisted men and the others.

"It's all right," she said. "Only—you're so queer."

She was of course young in things of that sort or she would have known that men in love are mostly queer and frequently irritable—and always unreasonable. She was simply puzzled.

"I hate the idea of his getting that stuff for you, that's all," he said. "As far as that goes, I think I'll get it, anyhow. What do you want?"

"Everything," she replied promptly.

"You shall have it."

He stalked out, very tall and as much like the general as he could carry himself, and on the pavement reflected that he stood committed to something he couldn't by any stretch of the imagination carry through. Yet if ever he was to prove that he was a better man than Tommy, Sam Browne belt or none, this was the time.

"Either I put it through," he reflected, "or I don't."

But he really meant much more than that.

Down on the wharf the members of the Headquarters Troop had become longshoremen. They played in their time many parts, it being the particular function of the Headquarters Troop to do everything in the army not otherwise definitely assigned, from surrounding major generals, and stopping shells intended for them, to building bridges when the engineers were engaged elsewhere. They froze their noses dispatch riding and broke horses, when there were any, and looked after headquarters and got the blame for everything that went wrong, being always handy and expecting to be jumped on. Incidentally, of course, they had an intimate personal knowledge of a number of extremely confidential military papers that they were not supposed to have.

So that late afternoon they were longshoremen, working on the wharf under gasoline flares and muttering things about getting to mess sometime that week.

Now, in certain ways Gray's mind and the general's worked alike. The general, you remember, had picked Gray for Peggy by imagining himself Peggy for a moment. And Sergeant Gray in similar fashion figured out what he would do if he were Tommy. There was only one car in the outfit by that time, and that was the general's. If Gray had been Tommy he would have commandeered the general's car, and to do that he would have had to wait until the general was out of it.

His whole chance, then, rested on the general being in it somewhere. He went swiftly back to the hotel and the car was there and Tommy standing beside it.

Now, it is one of a sergeant orderly's privileges to ride with the chauffeur of a general's car and open the doors when necessary and generally give that air of military dignity without which no army can really thrive. So Sergeant Gray saluted and opened the door for Tommy, who eyed him suspiciously, and then saluted again and closed the door and got in beside the chauffeur, who wanted food and was in a towering rage.

Gray didn't lose a minute.

"Look here, old man," he said cautiously. "I'm in the devil of a mess and you've got to help me out."

"I have, have I?"

"All I want is to hang him up somewhere, I want an hour—that's all. I'll fix it all right with you. You can stall the engine somewhere and I'll get out and examine it. Once I get under the hood ——"

"Oh, is that all?" jeered the chauffeur, steering deliberately at an M. P. and turning out with a grin as the M. P. leaped and bellowed. "And me stuck all night fixing it up again! What d'you take me for, anyhow?"

"Fifty dollars if you'll do it now," said Gray desperately. "I'm up against it, old man. Just stall 'er and leave the rest to me."

Still cautiously, with Tommy's suspicious eyes boring into his back, Gray laid five American ten-dollar bills on the seat between them.

The engine stopped. The chauffeur, having shut off the magneto, made various futile efforts to start.

"What the dickens is wrong?" came Tommy's exasperated voice from within. "If you fellows can't drive this car I'll do it myself."

Sergeant Gray hopped out and raised the engine hood. In exactly thirty seconds it was quite certain that the car would not start for an indefinite period. Then he opened the door and saluted.

"Sorry, sir. Seems to be the wiring. Shall I get you a taxi?"

"Taxi!" shouted Tommy. "You know there isn't a taxi in the whole —— town."

"Anyhow I can try, sir," said Gray and saluted again. "But I won't," he added, and faded away in the general direction of the wharf.

An hour or so later Peggy was alone in her little office upstairs in her bleak headquarters building. She was very low in her mind, for there was a big troop movement on and her supplies were gone. The long line of men waiting for sweaters for the cold homeward voyage had had to be turned away sweaterless—and that with thousands of sweaters near at hand. The district manager was in Paris begging for trucks and the other men somehow didn't act. And just now had come a frenzied note from Tommy Trowbridge that he had broken down somewhere or other and couldn't get the supplies, but would she dine with him.

She wouldn't dine with him. She didn't want any dinner. Wasn't there anywhere anybody to depend on? It was always dinner with men. What she wanted was razor blades and sweaters and toothbrushes and comfort bags. Not food.

She got up and went to the window. There was a brisk tramping of marching feet beneath in the street and a voice shouting orders. The company stopped. Heavens! There were hundreds of them, and her shelves were empty. She ran down and opened the door and there was Sergeant Gray's back, very fierce and soldierly; and Sergeant Gray's voice, most triumphant, bellowing orders. Then he turned and looked down at her.

"If you'll just stand aside," he said, "I'll give you a little demonstration of the value of man power in the Army."

They filed in then, grinning cheerfully, and every man of the troop carried a crate or a box or a bundle. There were two hundred and fifty men, to be exact, and they had stripped the warehouse as locusts strip a tree.

"Say the word," shouted Gray exultantly over the din, "and we'll bring the warehouse too. We had to rope and tie your warehouse man."

At ten-thirty that night the general left a dinner party given him by the officers of the port. He had had a very pleasant evening, having told the story of being roped over the fence with great success and having indicated the various weaknesses in the General Staff to the exact degree of propriety. At the last minute he had taken Tommy with him, but Tommy had added nothing to the general gayety.

The general's car had been mysteriously missing for several hours, but the general had dined well and was not in a captious mood. So he footed it round to Peggy's lodging, to find she had not returned.

"They work these girls too hard, Tommy," he observed. "They ought to take it easier. *C'est l'armistice.*" He liked the sound of that and he repeated it. It reminded him of the chaplain, who used a great deal of French, and that reminded him of the wager.

"I'll see if my niece is at her headquarters," he said. "You go back to the hotel and get some sleep."

"I'm not at all tired, sir," offered Tommy desperately.

"In that case," observed the general, "you might take a look round for my car, and if I find out who took it from in front of the hotel this afternoon I'll make things pleasant for him."

Tommy turned and with a sinking heart limped off. The general was rather sorry for Tommy. But he had been his aide-de-camp for a good while and there had always been a girl in the offing somewhere. He didn't take Tommy too hard.

He turned toward Peggy's headquarters. At the foot of the street lay the sea and beyond that—home. The war was over and they had had no active part in it. Mingled with the general's regret was a vast thankfulness. The war was over and his boys and millions of other splendid boys were turning their faces toward the setting sun—and home.

There was a prodigious sound of hammering from within Peggy's building, punctuated by the rip of rending wood. The general stood in a doorway and observed a number of things. First of all Sergeant Gray, with a hatchet in his hand and a checked gingham apron tied round his neck, straightened up from a box and looked down at Peggy, who had an armful of sweaters and was therefore helpless.

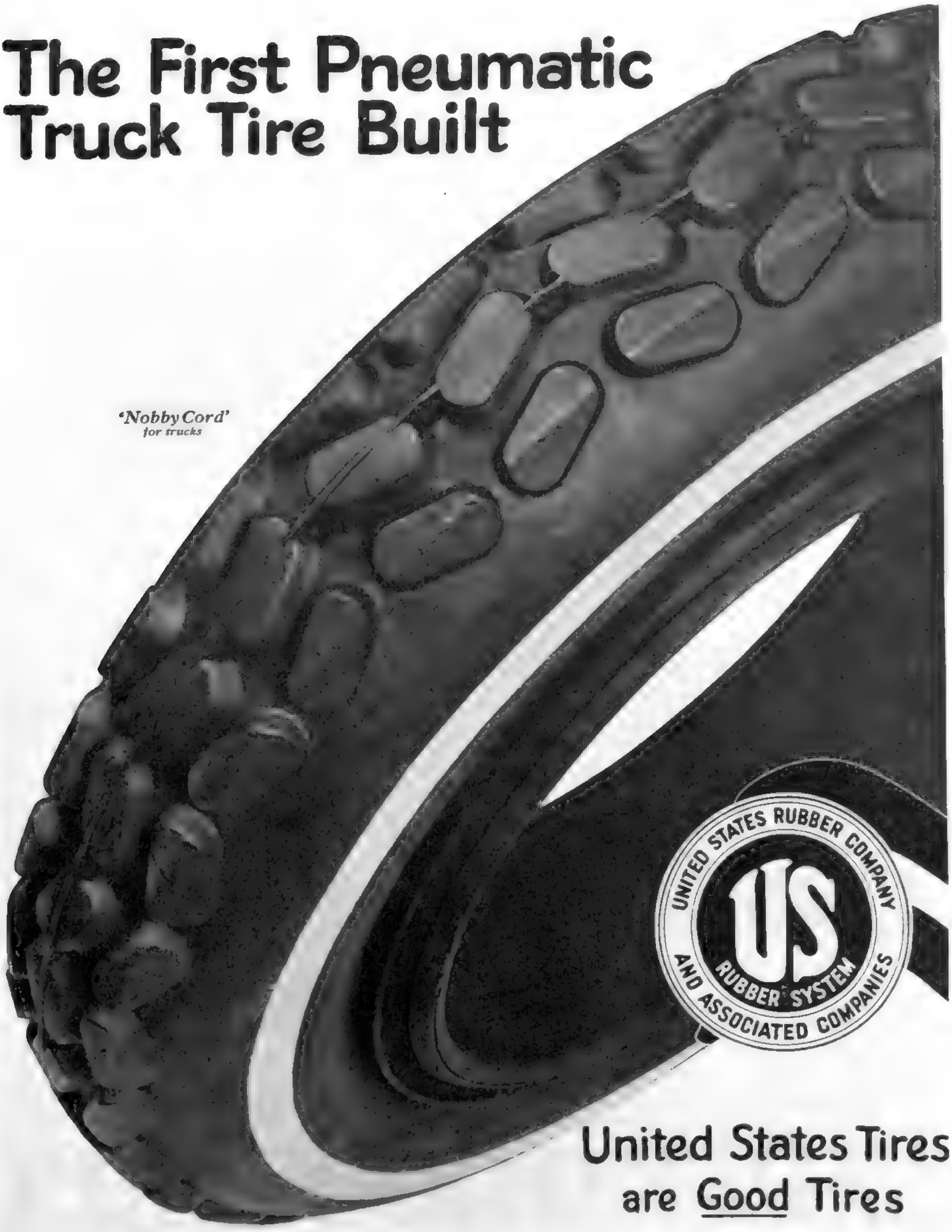
"Attention!" said Sergeant Gray sternly. "Eyes front! Unsling equipment!"

"I will not!" said Peggy. "I've just got these sweaters ——"

"Discipline," observed Sergeant Gray, "is the instant and willing obedience to

(Concluded on Page 98

The First Pneumatic Truck Tire Built



'Nobby Cord'
for trucks

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
US
RUBBER SYSTEM
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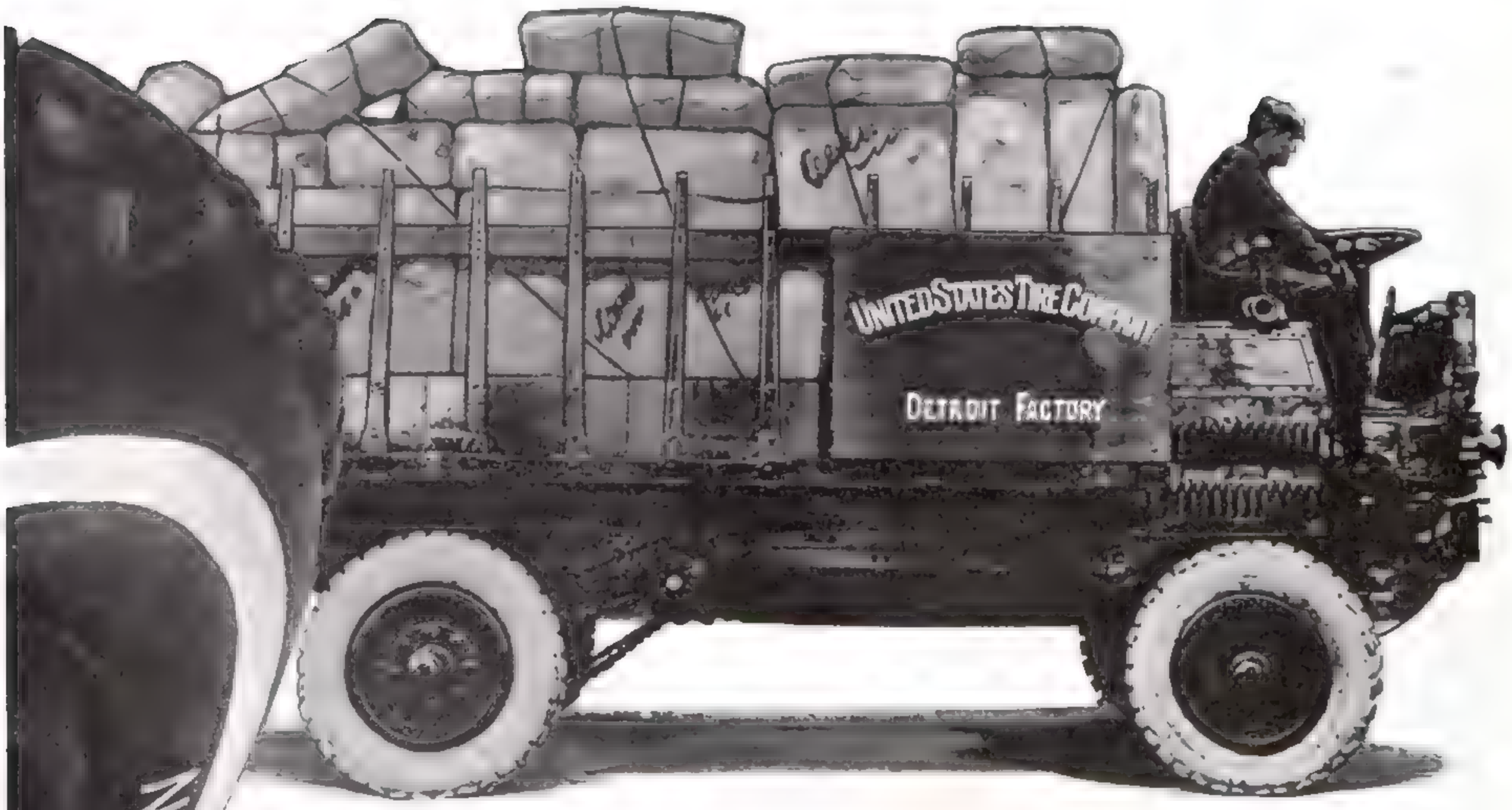
United States Tires
are Good Tires



OFTEN it is asked:—"When and where were the *first* big pneumatic truck tires developed?"

Here is the answer:

It was in 1911—at the Detroit factory of the United States Tire Company.

This old truck ran on them. And ever since—for eight long years—it has run continuously on United States heavy-duty pneumatics.

The photograph, taken in 1911, shows the old truck, used for test purposes, mounted on 'Nobby' Pneumatics. Its capacity was 3½ tons, weight 8,000 pounds, equipped with iron disk wheels and special demountable rims adapted to 38 x 8 inch tires.

Later this truck was sent to Canada and put into the service of the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Co. at Kitchener, Ontario. It is still in operation, running between neighboring towns, carrying a daily *average* of twenty tons of freight.

From those early experiments came the wonder tire of today—the 'Nobby Cord'. And the old truck proved the value of the big tires! It still survives—long years after practically all other trucks in service at that early date have gone into the discard. A tremendous tribute to these pioneer pneumatics!

It is demonstrated—'Nobby Cords' *do* prolong life. They *do* relieve shock and strain and lessen depreciation. They *do* permit more speed with safety. They *do* save from 30% to 50% in gas and oil consumption. And they *must* exert an influence in the better development of trucks—and *trucking*.

For passenger and light delivery cars—'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco' and 'Plain'. Also tires for cycles, airplanes and solid tires for trucks.

(Concluded from Page 95)

orders. Paragraph I, Section I, Manual of Instruction in Military Courtesy. I'm going to kiss you."

"Why didn't you say that before?" Peggy demanded—and unslung equipment immediately.

"The first one is for me," said Sergeant Gray, "and the second one is for me, and the third is for the general, bless him."

"Sergeant!" said the general from the doorway. "There are certain duties I prefer to attend to myself."

At midnight that night the chaplain was wakened by a knocking at his door and mumbled "*Entrez*" drowsily.

A uniformed shadow stepped inside, saluted and said in Sergeant Gray's voice, but with an almost lyric quality to it: "Sir, the general wishes the chaplain to report to him in his room."

"My compliments to the general, sergeant, and tell him to go to blazes." However, he reconsidered that instantly and added: "What's up, Gray? Have I got to get into uniform?"

"I believe not, sir. The general has had some recent information, I think, sir."

"You don't see my bedroom slippers anywhere, do you?" asked the chaplain peevishly. "Only death would make me do this at home. If I ever get out of the Army ——"

"It's not so bad, sir," said Sergeant Gray, restraining an impulse to burst into song. "Here they are, sir. You've put them in the washbasin."

"Gracious!" he said. "I meant to rub out a pair of socks and I must have ——"

Sometime later the chaplain, in a pair of army socks and a dressing gown, knocked at the general's door and entered. The general was in bed, smoking the last of his best cigars, with the eiderdown over his shoulders and a bottle of champagne and a glass and a toothbrush holder beside him on the stand.

"Come in, chaplain," said the general cheerfully, "and lock the door. If any of my aides-de-camp knock, snore. They can smell champagne through a brick wall."

"I don't drink and you know it."

"Neither do I," observed the general. "But we're going home and home is going to be a very dry place. Anyhow this is a toast."

The chaplain was thrusting his feet into the general's slippers but he looked up at that.

"Then she's settled it?"

"She has," said the general. "You owe me fifty francs. And if anyone had told me three years ago that I'd be paying eight dollars to drink to a noncom nephew-in-law I'd have said he was crazy."

He poured the wine. Outside on the stairs a soldier was making a leisurely and tuneful way to bed. Both men listened and smiled.

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me,

warbled Sergeant Gray.

"To—them!" said the general, raising his toothbrush mug. "Sorry about the fifty francs, chaplain."

The chaplain took a modest sip.

"To them!" he said. "As to the fifty francs—*Ça ne fait rien.*"

THE GIBSON UPRIGHT

(Continued from Page 25)

of course cling to the equal distribution of all our labors. We ——

SALVATORE [fiercely]: We? How do you git in this? Where do you git this we stuff?

FRANKEL: Yes; what you mean—we?

SALVATORE: You ain't goin' to edge in here. Your kind's done that other places. Some soft-handed guy that never done a day's work in his life but write and make speeches, works in and gits workingmen to elect him at the top and then runs 'em just the same as any capitalist.

MIFFLIN [mildly protesting]: Oh, but you mustn't ——

SALVATORE [sullenly]: That's all right; I read the news from Russia.

MIFFLIN [firmly beaming]: But I was upholding your contention for an equal distribution.

SALVATORE [much surprised and mollified]: Oh, that's all right then; I didn't git you!

MIFFLIN: Right, comrade! I'm always for the under dog.

SHOMBERG: Call him an under dog! He's a loafer and don't know a trade!

RILEY: He was gettin' two and a half a day, and now he draws what I do!

MRS. SIMPSON [attacking Riley fiercely]: Yes, and you're gettin' as much as my husband is, and your wife left you seven years ago and you livin' on the fat of the land; Steinwitz's pool parlor every night till all hours!

SHOMBERG [attacking her]: Yes, and you and your husband ain't got no children; we got four. I'd like to know what right you got to draw down what we do—you with your limousine!

CARTER: What business you got to talk, Shomberg? When here's me with my seven and the three of my married daughter—eleven in all, I got on my shoulders. Do you think you're goin' to draw down what I'd ought to?

ALL [shouting]: "Here! We got rights, ain't we?" "Where's the justice of it?" "I stand by my rights." "Nobody's goin' to git 'em away from me." "I bet I git my share." "Oh, dry up!" "You make me laugh!" And so on.

RILEY [standing up and pounding the table, roaring till they're forced to listen]: You ain't any of you got the rights of it. The rights of it is—who does the most work gets the most money. Look at me on that truck!

CARTER [pounding on the table with a ruler]: You set down, Riley! The rights of it ain't who does the most work; but I'm willin' to leave it to who does the *hardest* work.

SIMPSON: No, sir! It's who does the *best* work.

CARTER: There ain't only three men in my department out there that ain't soldiering on their job. I do twice as much skilled work as any man at this table, and I do it better.

[Shouts of "Yes you do!" "Rats!" "Shut up!"] I'll leave it to Mr. Gibson; he knows good work if he don't know nothing else.

[Shouts of "Leave it to nothing!" "How'd he get in this?" "You're crazy!"]

CARTER [bawling]: Get back to business! We're running a meeting here!

FRANKEL: For goodness' sake, we ain't getting nowhere!

SALVATORE: No, and you ain't never goin' to git nowhere long as you try to work big business and privilege on me. We got to keep it like Mr. Mifflin says; it's a sacred brotherhood, everything divided equal. Let's get to business and count that money.

FRANKEL: Well, for goodness' sake, let's get some system into this meeting!

RILEY: How you goin' to get any system into it before you settle what's going to be done about Frankel's twenty-four shares?

CARTER: Twenty-four? He's got twenty-six; he got two more yesterday!

MRS. SIMPSON: He's got thirty-five; he got nine more this morning!

FRANKEL [hotly]: You *bet* I got thirty-five!

ALL: What! Thirty-five shares?

FRANKEL: Well, ain't I got thirty-five men workin' out there?

SIMPSON: How in thunder we goin' to settle about him holdin' all them shares?

SALVATORE: Are we goin' to let him take all that money? Thirty-five ——

FRANKEL [leaping up, electrified]: How d'you expect I'm goin' to pay my men if I don't get it? Are *you* goin' to let me take them thirty-five shares' profits? No, I guess you ain't! You ain't got no say about it! The money's mine right now! I get it!

SIMPSON: I object!

RILEY [pounding the table]: Look at the ornery little devil! He took advantage of the poor workingmen's trustfulness, got 'em in debt to him, then went and begun buying over their shares, so they had to leave the shop because he wouldn't hire 'em to do their own work, but went and hired cheaper men. Listen to the trouble they make among us!

SIMPSON: It's an undesirable element.

RILEY: He had no right to buy them workmen out in the first place.

SIMPSON: And on top of that we can't git no work turned out because the fourteen skilled men he's got in there have gone and started striking just like the unskilled and they tie up everything.

RILEY: I claim he hadn't no right to buy them shares.

FRANKEL: I didn't?

ALL [except Shomberg]: No, you didn't!

FRANKEL [hotly, at Riley]: You look here. S'pose you needed money bad? Ain't you got a right to sell your share?

RILEY: Sure I have!

FRANKEL: What you talkin' about, then? Ain't I got a right to buy anything you got a right to sell?

RILEY: No, you ain't, because I object to the whole system.

FRANKEL: You do!

[Points to Shomberg.]

Look here! Ask him what he says. He's got two!

RILEY: I don't care who's got what! All I say is I object to the system, and this factory'll git burned up if them wop workmen stay here jest because he holds them shares.

SIMPSON: You're right about that, Riley!

SALVATORE: Why, you can't hear yourself *think* out in the shops, when you might be havin' a quiet talk with a friend.

RILEY: When them wops gits to talkin' strike it sounds more like a revolution to me!

SIMPSON: Why, they're all inflamed up. They know what's what, all right.

FRANKEL: What do they know?

SALVATORE: They know you're drawing down on them shares about five or six times the wages you pay 'em. What I claim is, that extra money he makes ought to be divided amongst us.

[Emphatic approval from Carter, Simpson and Riley. "Yes sir! You bet! That's what!"]

FRANKEL: Just try it once!

SIMPSON: Them men ain't workin' for you, they're workin' for us. Ain't we the original owners?

FRANKEL: Ya-a-a-h!

RILEY [pounding the table]: That's the stuff! We're the original owners! Any money made on them wops' wages is ours. We'll tend to business with them!

[The noise outside has increased deafeningly; there is a loud hammering on the door, which is now flung open, and Polenski in patched overalls, a wrench in his hand, enters fiercely, slamming the door behind him. He begins an oration at the door.]

POLENSKI: Don't we git a hearing? We got to take direct action in this rotten factory before we even get a word in!

[Shouts from the committee: "Get out of here, you wop!" "You ain't got no business in here!" "This is a committee meeting!"]

Committee meeting, my nose!

[Shakes his fist at Frankel.]

Do you know what you're up against? You're up against the arm of labor! You monkey with labor a little more the way you have, and you'll be glad if it's only a little nitroglycerin that gits you! Hired us for two and a half, did you?

FRANKEL: My goodness, I rose you to three this morning!

POLENSKI: Yes; rose us to three! What do we care you rose us to four, to five, to six? Look what the rest you loafers here at this table is gittin'!

SALVATORE: Here, don't you bring us in this!

POLENSKI [half screaming]: I *won't?* Every one of you is in his class.

[Points at Frankel.]

You sit up here and call yourself a committee, dividin' up the money and runnin' this factory that belongs just as much to us men he hired as it does to you. It belongs to us *more*—because we're the real workin'-men!

[Beats his chest.]

Don't labor's wrongs *never* git avenged? Are we *always* goin' to be wage slaves? We demand simple justice. We been workin' here two dollars and a half a day; now we want the wage scale abolished and double profits for each of us for every day we worked here before we found out what was goin' on, with you sittin' up here like kings in your robes, tellin' the poor man he should have only two dollars and a half a day—sittin' up here in your pomp with your feet on the neck of labor!

[To Carter]: You in your fine broadcloth, ridin' up and down the avenues in limousines with never a thought for the toiler! Don't think for a minute we deal with this little vampire here.

You're all in the same boat, and the toiling masses will hold every single one of you just as responsible as it does him, you—you *capitalists!*

Instantly upon this the door is opened enough to admit the heads of two wops very similar to Polenski.

FIRST WOP: Parasites!

SECOND WOP: Bloodsuckers!

POLENSKI: Capitalists, parasites, bloodsuckers, bourgeoisie! Do you think we expect any justice out of you? Do you think I came in this room ever dreaming you'd grant our demands? No! We knew you! And if we do assert our rights, what do you do? You set your hellhounds of police on us! Haven't we been agitatin' for our rights among you for days? We've got our answer from you, but you look out for ours, because as sure as there is a hell waitin' for all parasites, we'll send you there, and your factory too!

[Looks up at the clock.]

What—is that clock right?

[He runs out at top speed.]

SIMPSON: They don't seem to know their place!

SHOMBERG: Them fellers think they own the earth.

RILEY: Next, they'll be thinkin' they own our factory!

CARTER [solemnly]: Well, sir, I wonder what this country is coming to?

[Here there is a muffled explosion in the sample piano, which rocks with the jar, at the same time emitting a few curls of smoke, followed by general exclamations of horror and fright as all of the committee break for shelter.]

SHOMBERG [his voice rising over the others]: Send for the police!

SALVATORE [shouting]: Wait! We ain't divided up the money!

NORA: It's over; it hasn't done any harm!

FRANKEL [on his hands and knees under the table]: It was in that piano.

[Nora goes across to the piano.]

Look out, he's probably got another one in there.

[Mifflin helps Nora to take off the front of the piano, which is still mildly smoking; a wreckage of wires is seen.]

MIFFLIN [smiling]: It must have been an accident!

FRANKEL and MRS. SIMPSON [coming out from under the table]: Accident!

MIFFLIN: Of course it's unfortunate, because it might be misconstrued.

RILEY: Yes, it might.

MIFFLIN [confidently]: Let me go talk to these new comrades!

RILEY: Comrades? Frankel's wops? Ha, ha!

SALVATORE: Aw, them ain't comrades; them's just Frankel's hired workers.

MIFFLIN: They are comrades in the best sense of the word. I am in touch with all the groups. A moment's reasoning from one they know to be sympathetic ——

[He goes out into the factory.]

SALVATORE: Hey, let's get that stuff divided up. I got an engagement.

FRANKEL: Yes; let's hurry. You can't tell what they got planted round here.

CARTER [rapping]: The meeting will please come to ——

SALVATORE: Here, cut that out! We ain't got no time to ——

SHOMBERG: No. Come to business; come to business!

NORA: The only way, comrades, to know how much we have gained since the last division is to read the bookkeeper's report.

FRANKEL: Well, for heaven's sake, go on—read it!

CARTER: Well, I did want to a long while ago, when we first set down and begun the meeting. I says then, I report on my committee and ——

VARIOUS MEMBERS: Oh, for heaven's sake! Go ahead! Cut it out!

CARTER [picking up the sheets]: On the first page it says Soomary.

RILEY: What's that mean?

MRS. SIMPSON: Oh, my goodness!

FRANKEL: Git to the figures!

CARTER: Well, here, on one side it says gross receipts ——

SHOMBERG [rubbing his hands]: Ah!

CARTER: What?

SIMPSON [shouting]: Read it!

(Concluded on Page 101)

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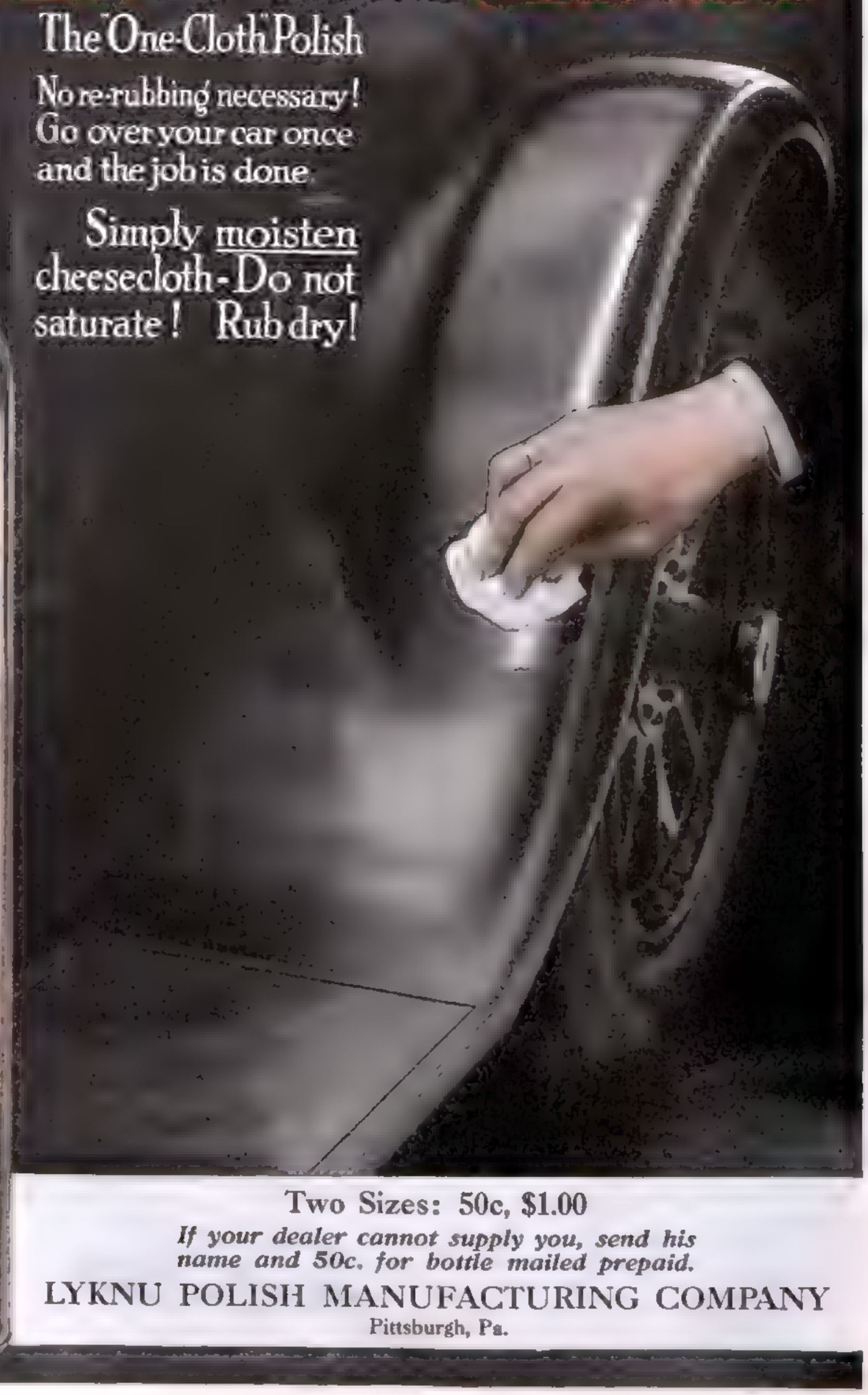

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(Concluded from Page 98)

CARTER: Gross receipts $2,162.43. On the other side it says: "Cash paid out $19,461.53."

All are puzzled.]

It didn't sound right to me, even the first time I read it. Looks like he's got the wrong words, crossed over.

FRANKEL: Why, gross receipts last month was over twenty-four thousand dollars!

SHOMBERG: Yes, and that was a fall off from the month before.

CARTER [rubbing his head]: Well, I don't pretend to understand it, but he told me all them was mostly payments on old sales anyhow.

RILEY: Read it again, read it again!

SIMPSON: Yes, let's see if we can't get what the sense of it is.

CARTER: It says "Gross receipts, $2,162.43" -that's over here. "Cash paid out, $19,461.53."

[All seem dazed.]

RILEY: What else you got there?

CARTER: As near as it seems to me, just a lot of items.

SALVATORE: Well, we must have a lot of money in the bank; what's the matter we draw that out and divide it?

RILEY: Wait a minute! What's there besides them items?

CARTER: He's got a note. "Note," he says; here it is. He says: "Bank notified us this morning we're overdrawn $59.01."

RILEY: Overdrawn?

SHOMBERG: Then we got to deposit some to our account. Who's got charge of the checks that comes in?

NORA: The bookkeeper has charge, but there aren't any checks.

CARTER: No, they ain't been any checks comin' in for some days; a week or so, or two weeks, you might say. We've looked everywhere for 'em ——

FRANKEL [aghast]: You looked all through them letters?

CARTER: They ain't none left in 'em that wasn't took out a good while ago.

SALVATORE: You ain't looked through the safe, have you?

CARTER: They ain't one in it; it's got me all puzzled up, I tell you. I was jest waitin' for the meetin' to settle it.

FRANKEL: But heaven's sakes! There must be checks comin' in from new sales!

CARTER: It says here sales has fallen off. So fur this month they was only three instruments sold.

SIMPSON: But my gosh, this is the end of the month!

CARTER: They was two in Council Bluffs and one in Detroit.

[General agitation and excitement.]

MRS. SIMPSON [trembling with rage and fear]: You mean to stand there and tell me we ain't goin' to git any money to-day, and our apartment rent to pay to-morrow?

RILEY: Don't talk about your apartment rent to me, lady! There's others of us got a few things to pay.

SHOMBERG: But my golly, when *do* we git paid?

CARTER: I can't make out from what he's got here.

SALVATORE [rapping fiercely on the table]: Hey! I got to have my money!

CARTER: Well, I got to have mine, don't I?

SIMPSON: Go on. See what else it says.

CARTER: Well, here he's got this. Here it says: "Bills payable, $17,162.48."

FRANKEL [leaping up]: Bills payable! No money in bank, and we're $17,162.48 in *debt?*

MRS. SIMPSON [shrieking]: Who owes it?

SIMPSON: We do!

SHOMBERG: Who's goin' to pay it?

RILEY: Who run us into debt that way?

SALVATORE: That's the man we're after!

FRANKEL: Who's the man responsible for us bein' $17,162.48 bankrupt?

RILEY [hammering the table]: Who run us into debt over seventeen thousand dollars?

SIMPSON: Well, give him a chance to answer.

CARTER: What do *I* know about it? That's what the report says. That's all I know.

SHOMBERG: Well, *somebody's* got us into debt. And who is it?

NORA: It's all of us! Haven't we all done this thing together?

FRANKEL: Well, who's got to pay it?

NORA: We've all got to!

SHOMBERG, SALVATORE, FRANKEL and MRS. SIMPSON: You expect to git blood out of a stone? What do you take us for? You're crazy! You helped get us into this! [Shomberg and Salvatore begin shouting at each other.]

SHOMBERG: You pay me back that twenty-five dollars you got from me Friday!

SALVATORE: How I'm goin' to pay you twenty-five dollars when I'm seventeen thousand dollars in debt?

SHOMBERG: I'll have that money!

[He takes a paper weight from desk.]

SALVATORE: You throw that at me, I'll give you a little sticker where you won't like it!

[Puts his hand in the breast of his coat. Murder appears imminent. Sudden and general dispersal from the neighborhood of the combatants, which brings Nora to Gibson, unconsciously seeking his protection.]

SHOMBERG: Aw, I didn't mean anything serious like that.

[Puts down the paper weight.]

But I'll get that money.

SALVATORE: You'll need it to pay your share what we owe!

MRS. SIMPSON: I'd like to see 'em get one cent out of me!

CARTER: It ain't just us here of course. The whole factory's got to pay it.

SIMPSON: Great gosh! Do you think we can go out there, when they're expectin' a month's pay and tell 'em they're gettin' only a seventeen-thousand-dollar debt?

FRANKEL: And me, me, me! Look at me! Do you think I can go out and tell them thirty-five bloodhounds I ain't got no money to even pay their wages?

RILEY [vehemently]: What's more, you owe thirty-five shares of that debt, Frankel!

ALL [with vindictive satisfaction]: That's it! Sure he does. He owes thirty-five shares of the debt! That's right!

FRANKEL: What?

RILEY: You owe thirty-five shares of the seventeen-thousand debt.

FRANKEL: My heavens! Ain't the meetin' just settled it I didn't have no right to them shares and it was all to be divided even?

CARTER: What we got to do, we got to go out there and tell 'em they owe this money.

FRANKEL: I can't tell mine!

SALVATORE: I know one game little fellow that ain't goin' to pay nobody nothin'. Excuse me, gents; they'll have to find me!

[He goes out hastily, by the door that leads to the street.]

CARTER: Well, somebody's got to go out there and tell 'em.

SIMPSON: Well, I won't!

MRS. SIMPSON: It's the chairman's place.

CARTER: We all got to go!

FRANKEL: Not me!

SIMPSON: Yes you will! [Takes him by shoulders.]

RILEY [taking him from Simpson]: Put him first!

[They begin to jostle toward the factory door.]

FRANKEL [as they push him he waves a despairing hand at Gibson]: Mr. Gibson, that was a fine trick you played on us!

THE COMMITTEE [shouting]: You go on there. Come on. We got to take our medicine!

FRANKEL: Lemme alone! Take your hands off me!

[They jostle out, leaving Nora and Gibson alone together. Nora has gone to the large table, sitting beside it, with her head far down between her hands. As the noise dies away Mifflin comes in from the factory.]

MIFFLIN: What wonderful spirits! Just great rough boys!

[Smiles as he gets his hat, magazines, newspaper and umbrella.]

Everything is working out. Some little inevitable friction here, some little setback there. But it all works, it all works to the one great end. I'm sorry I wasn't present for the end of the meeting to hear what success there was this month, but that's a detail. The dream has come true. It's here, and we're living it!

[At door.] I'll send you a copy of my next article, Mr. Gibson.

[Modestly laughs.] They tell me the series is making a little sensation in its way. Good morning!

[He goes out jauntily. Gibson has never moved from his chair; he turns his head, still not rising, and looks fixedly at Nora. She slowly lifts her head, meets his eye; her head sinks again. He rises and slowly walks over to her, looking down at her. Then bending still lower she begins to cry.]

GIBSON: Well, Nora, what was the matter with it?

NORA [not looking up]: I don't know. What was?

GIBSON: You needed a manager to do what I had been doing.

NORA: Couldn't we have learned? Couldn't one of us?

GIBSON: One of you did—Hill.

NORA: But he left!

GIBSON: Why did Hill leave?

NORA: Other people offered him more money.

GIBSON: Yes; he was the one man that all the rest of you depended on. He was worth more.

NORA: But were you worth all that you took? You took all that the business made.

GIBSON: Yes; and last year it was fifty thousand.

NORA: Were you actually worth that much to it?

GIBSON: Other men in the business think so.

[Shows her a letter.]

Here's an offer from the Coles-Hibbard people, out in Cleveland, of that much salary to do for them what I did here.

NORA: It isn't right; you pay labor only what you have to pay.

GIBSON: The Coles-Hibbard people would pay me what they'd have to, and they're pretty hard-headed men. The whole world pays only what it has to.

NORA: It isn't right! It isn't right!

GIBSON: Last winter I saw you in a three-dollar seat listening to Caruso. Have you ever given that much to the organ grinder that comes under these windows?

NORA: Will it always be so?

GIBSON: I don't know. But it's so now.

NORA: But will the plan always fail?

GIBSON: I think it will until human beings are as near alike as the ants and bees are. Your system is in full effect with them, but we—we strive; even in this fellowship here of yours the striving began to show.

NORA [looking up at him appealingly]: But are these inequalities right?

GIBSON [gently, rather sadly]: I don't know. I only know what is.

NORA: Well—I'm whipped.

[Smiles ruefully, away from him; then she turns again to him]:

Are you going to accept that offer?

GIBSON: What do you say?

[Her head droops again. Angry voices are heard, growing louder as they approach. The door is thrown open, and the members of the committee, noisily talking, appear in the doorway.]

FRANKEL: It was a bum deal all through!

SHOMBERG: Shovin' his run-down factory off onto us!

RILEY [fiercely]: You never give us no *deed* to this plant, Mr. Gibson!

SIMPSON: They ain't a court in the land'll hold us to it!

CARTER: No, sir; and we've voted this is your factory, Mr. Gibson! *We* ain't responsible!

GIBSON: It is my factory and I'm going to run it! Any man of you not back at work in ten minutes on the old scale of wages will be fired!

[The members whoop with joy. Frankel and Carter both try to shake hands with Gibson at once.]

CARTER: Well, that's a relief to *me!* Thank you, Mr. Gibson!

FRANKEL: That takes a heap off my mind!

RILEY: God bless you, sir!

GIBSON: Never mind that! You go back to work.

[Whooping, the committee, in great spirits and with the greatest friendliness to one another, depart rapidly. Closing the door Gibson turns briskly to Nora, and speaks in a businesslike way.]

GIBSON: Nora, will you marry me?

NORA [meekly]: Yes—I will.

GIBSON: Will you marry me to-day?

NORA [with a little more spirit]: Yes, I will!

GIBSON: Will you go with me and marry me right now?

NORA [more loudly and promptly]: Yes, I will!

GIBSON: Well, then ——

[He gets his hat and coat, then thinks of something he wants from his desk and goes over to get it. Meantime Nora, not moving so rapidly as Gibson, but more thoughtfully, goes up to the wall where hang her jacket and hat, takes off her apron, puts on the jacket and hat and goes to the door that leads to the street, where she stands waiting. There is a knock on the factory door, which opens without waiting and Simpson comes in.]

SIMPSON: I don't want to detain you if you're goin' out, Mr. Gibson, but there's something's got to be settled. And the men in my department say it's got to be settled right now. That wage scale says we get time and a half for overtime, and the men in the finishing department, they ain't gettin' no time and a half on piecework and we never understood that agreement you claim we signed with you anyhow. So what we says, if we don't get double time instead of time and a half for overtime—why, Mr. Gibson, it looks like them men couldn't hardly be held back. Now what we demand is ——

[He is still talking as the final curtain descends upon these three: Gibson seated at his desk, looking fixedly at Simpson, Nora waiting thoughtfully by the door that leads to the street.]

[CURTAIN]

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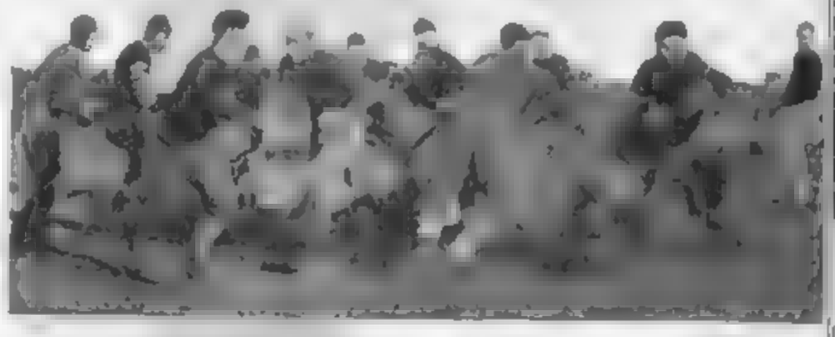

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THE FROST ON THE PEACH

(Concluded from Page 38)

"Frost, did you say? You—you poor old fat-head!" she whispered to the reflection in the mirror. "Frost yourself an' see how you like it!"

IV

IT WAS Mr. Rosewater who greeted the best customer on her arrival at the salesrooms the following morning.

"My goodness gracious, if it ain't Miss Tepe!" he cried jovially. "Believe me, this is a sight for sore eyes! How are you? How is business? But no need to ask you that—a lady that always turns her stock clear over every season."

"Kidder!" With a smirk which showed a gleaming collection of eighteen-carat gold Miss Tepe shook a playful finger in the face of the junior partner.

Her hair was of a peculiar dull red—a red that patently never spouted in Nature's fountain. Her misses' dress of gauzy light blue crêpe de Chine consorted not with angles such as her thin tall figure revealed. Her hat, an adaptation of the early colonial, nodded with bright cherries and two coy drooping ribbons. A large beaded bag dangled from a thin wrist otherwise graced with a watch inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

"Naughty boy!"

Mr. Rosewater winced, but managed a smile—weak, but brave. Six months before he would have smiled joyously—and sighed perhaps; but now, with a certain dark head forever before his eyes, it seemed almost a sacrilege.

"Is he glad to see his old friend?"

Mr. Rosewater's weak reply was lost in the bustling entrance of the senior member of the firm.

"Here she is!" he cried. "Honest, Nate, would you think that she was over twenty-six years old? Huh?"

"N—no."

The lady smirked.

"Honest, the way some women carry their age! Positively get younger every year!"

"Oh, you boys!"

"Don't you dare say I'm kidding you. Eh, Nate?"

Mr. Rosewater's reply was mumbled.

"Honest, Mr. August, I don't think Mr. Rosewater is glad to see me a-tall." With a high soprano giggle: "I'll just bet he's gone and got another girl."

Mr. Rosewater restrained a shudder. That upholstered old wreck his girl! Why didn't Miss Glaub arrive?

Once more Mr. August stepped into the breach. "Don't you believe a word of it!" he advised loudly. "Every day Nate has been sayin' to me: 'I wonder when Miss Tepe is comin'?' Ain't that right, Nate?"

Once more the junior partner prevaricated with an effort. Mr. August coughed wrathfully. With an effort Mr. Rosewater spoke lightly.

"Sure," he said. "An' we always save the good things for a certain young lady from Des Moines. A—a surprise."

With the exuberance of youth Miss Tepe clapped her hands together. "Oh, ain't that wonderful! You must tell all about it right away. Is it some eight-dollar-a-dozen Georgettes? Or—or some wonderful new place to eat?"

"Neither"—hastily. "It's—it's something new here in the business."

But such foolish talk angered Mr. August.

"You should be worried about Nate's surprises," he advised. "Better you should be seeing the wonderful surprises that we have been making up here all summer for your trade, Miss Tepe. Believe me, never did you see such styles for the money. We gotta new number with a military cut to the collar an' with sleeves cut extra full an' flowing, that your trade will buy till they're blue in the face."

What could be keeping Miss Glaub? If he, Mr. Rosewater, was to be free in the future it was imperative that she should sell this customer.

"Maybe Miss Tepe should like to rest a while before looking over ——"

"Rest?" Exasperated beyond all endurance at such procrastination Mr. August almost shrieked. "Honest, to hear you talk anybody would think that Miss Tepe was forty years old—sit roun' resting! Ain't I right, Miss Tepe? Huh?"

"Any time you gentlemen ——"

"In a little while ——"

"Right over this way, Miss Tepe. We have some new pastel shades in square collared effects that positively ——"

The door to the salesroom opened slowly. Like a good actress Miss Glaub had timed her arrival for the last. Mr. August turned about, and a frown crossed his broad features. Halfway across the room Mr. Rosewater stopped dead. Miss Tepe turned—and stared.

The vision in salmon and white stood smiling in the doorway. A large floppy hat of salmon silk and straw gave an additional note of artistry to the picture that the doorway framed.

"Ah!" explained Mr. Rosewater. "Here we are."

Mr. August looked at his watch.

Slowly as the trio stared the vision undulated across the salesroom.

"This," said the junior partner, stepping quickly forward in front of the darkening face of Mr. August, "is the surprise I was telling you about. You know Miss Glaub, don't you, Miss Tepe? She used to be a buyer with the Mammoth in Bigburg. She is our new sales manager, under me."

Slowly a green light crept into the thin eyes beneath the dull red hair; a light that glinted as she noted the warmth which had come into the eyes of Mr. Rosewater.

"Oo-oo, yes indeed, I know Miss Tepe! An' I am delighted to meet her again in my new position."

The proverbial pin might have been heard to drop as the partners awaited the reply of Miss Tepe.

Slowly that lady regarded the hand outstretched before her. Slowly the bitter green glint turned to survey the gaping features of the junior partner.

"Oh, certainly," she tittered. "Of course I do. So glad to have seen you again. An' you, Mr. Rosewater; an' Mr. August. I am sorry that I must be going, but ——"

"Going!" It was the agonized contribution of Mr. August.

"But, Miss Tepe—you—you ——"

"An' you haven't looked at a single number. Honest ——"

"An' the way Nate has been looking forward to seeing you, why ——"

Miss Tepe laughed hysterically. "Don't say that!" she shrilled. "Don't add insult to injury—please. I can see quite plainly that now that you have a new sales manager"—the lady dwelt on the words—"all your old friends—an' customers are no longer needed. Good day."

"But, honest, Miss Tepe, we ain't ——"

"Please!" It was the sweet plea of the assistant sales manager.

But the lady moved firmly toward the doorway.

"Wait a minute!" It was Mr. August, his voice grown hoarse with impending disaster.

But the lady continued to move straight upon her predetermined course.

With a bound he was at the door.

"Listen," he commanded tensely: "I know what you mean an' I feel just like you do. Honest, I don't blame you a-tall. Under the same circumstances I would be walking out myself. An' I ain't goin' to stand for it!" Mr. August's voice rose to the high tenor of the fleshy. "Ain't I the senior member of this firm? Ain't I got a say about the way a good customer an' a charming young lady should be treated about here? Ain't I?

"You bet I am! An' believe me, things are going to be different. Y'understand what I mean, Miss Tepe? They're going to be different in a hurry, too, believe me! So now that you understand—won't—won't you come to dinner with us to-night? Both of us?"

Miss Glaub caught the implied meaning of the last three words. So he meant that, did he?

"We will all meet by your hotel prompt at seven. That is—me an' Nate. An' furthermore, let me apologize. Y'understand what I mean?"

With a smile the lady nodded.

"An' to-morrow ——" she began.

"An' to-morrow," promised Mr. August, "we will be in the waist business—if y'know what I mean—an' not like a moving-picture the-a-ter."

"Till to-night, then."

She was gone.

With a howl of rage the senior member of the firm took the floor and held it with never-ceasing vigor for slightly over fifty minutes.

"Approaches!" he roared in finishing. "First they cost us twelve thousand dollars, an' now likely they will cost us fifty thousand more. Approaches! Woman to woman—you see how the idea works out, don't you? Just like I said it would. Good for nothing! An' you were so sure—you—you—fooling away your time with this mushiness ——"

"Stop right there!" Three steps and Mr. Rosewater was towering over his heavier but shorter partner. "Enough right now! Listen: You can say all you want about my idea—if it didn't work out exactly like what we hoped, that was my fault, wasn't it? What you want to sneer about as far as that was concerned was all right—but when you start in about a certain little lady who is entirely innocent, y'understand, an' talk as if she was a drunken cutter—why, I ain't goin' to take a word from you—partner or no."

Unmindful of the danger Mr. August continued. "A vampire!" he jeered. "A Beda Thara what sits roun' an' does nothing but costs us fifty thousand dollars a year! Yah, I should shut up. Yah, I should say nothing while the business goes to the dogs an' you sit roun' sighing! Yeh!"

"Stop!"

"Stop? Why should I stop? Ain't I got a right to express my opinions about any employees of my own business?"

"You ——"

"Not that she is an employee any longer, y'understand, because she's fired right now."

"She ain't!"

"She is! Am I the senior partner or no? Huh?"

"Have I got any rights?"

"Didn't we agree that in a month she should show us that she could make good? An' did she? Didn't she send away the best customer we got? Didn't she get you into such a condition with her movie motions till all you do is let your eyes follow her roun', y'understand, like you was a puppy?"

With a choking cry of rage Mr. Rosewater grasped the other sharply by the arm and shook it vigorously.

"An' now you called me a puppy, eh?" he cried. "Not content with insulting a perfect lady you call your partner dirty names! An' why? Just because a old fool can't stand the sight of real beauty—you—you ——"

The senior partner wrenched free of the grasp and danced pugilistically about the salesroom.

"Come on!" he shouted. "Come on! You think I am too old to defend myself, do you? You think you can bulldoze me with your fists? Come on!"

"Yeh, you ——"

"Come on! You think ——"

"Gentlemen!"

Majestically the vision in salmon and white stepped between the panting men. "Ain't you ashamed of yourselves—an' in front of a lady too?"

Mr. August sneered, but stepped back.

"This can all be settled very easily. Why are you mad, Mr. August? Because Miss Tepe didn't buy a great big order?"

"Not me," jerked Mr. August sarcastically. "We ain't making waists to sell, y'understand—we just love to have them roun'!"

"Shut up, you you ——"

"Yeh, you call me ——"

"Lissen!" With a dramatic uplifted hand she stilled them. "I am going to settle this. I resign to-night ——"

"Good!"

"No, you won't! He can't bulldoze ——"

"—— unless I sell the lady at least as big an order as she bought last year."

Mr. August laughed loudly.

"Sure you resign but right now!"

"Lissen!" she commanded again. "Be reasonable. Ain't Mr. Rosewater got some say? Let's get together. You let me go to that dinner to-night with you, an' if that woman don't change her tune before even the dinner starts—you can tell her right then I'm fired."

For a moment Mr. August hesitated, a sneer on his lips. Then the sneer disappeared. Why not? It was her proposition and would remove the chances of a continuation of the present unpleasantness by Mr. Rosewater. And what would be pleasanter to Miss Tepe, if the other failed, than to have her discharged before her face?

"All right," he assented. "I'm a reasonable man, ain't I? If only some other people were half as reasonable—even if they are partners, y'understand."

V

MISS GLAUB was late. She had gone home early, and with close-pressed lips removed the late glory of salmon and white. For twenty minutes she had sat and stared reflectively into the mirror before her, then with a grim smile had thrown open the door of a clothes closet behind the bed and gone to work.

Miss Tepe, Mr. August and the junior partner sat down at a table set for four on the Metropolitan Roof. Though comparatively early nearly every table had its full quota of diners. It was slightly cooler above the street level. A boneless, jointless eccentric dancer slithered about, to hearty plaudits. A jazz orchestra crashed freely.

The party sat down. Mr. August was loudly jovial. Miss Tepe remained politely noncommittal. The junior partner, despite continued efforts to brighten up, always relapsed into abstracted silence.

The lady noted the fourth place.

"Ah," she said, "another guest, yes?"

"Yes," said Mr. August shortly.

Mr. Rosewater coughed.

"Who is it?"

But the question was never answered by word of mouth, for the answer came down the line of tables. And what an answer!

Mr. Rosewater, rising, a defiant smile of welcome on his face, stared, frowned and then sat down suddenly.

Diners glancing idly up nudged others and laughed lightly. Mr. August, staring with an unmistakable frown, stopped frowning and merely stared.

She came forward and stumbled awkwardly over the foot of a diner at the table behind.

"Lord, what an awkward mess!" said that gentleman.

Mr. Rosewater winced as if he had been slapped very suddenly.

She reached the table.

"Good evening, people," she greeted.

Miss Tepe with her back to the voice frowned and then turned.

Mechanically Mr. Rosewater pulled out the chair beside him. And then for many a second they merely stared.

Piece by piece the costume was impossible of description, but the general effect was that of an atrist's pallet, badly scrambled. And the face! The face of pallid aristocratic white with its red rosebud lips—was not. Instead a shiny skin fresh from a thorough basin of hot water and foaming suds, untouched by powder, tiny lines running here and there from the eyes. And the rosebud lips—they were not.

A woman at another table snickered audibly and called the attention of her companions to the terrible green waist on the shiny-faced dame. A business acquaintance of Mr. Rosewater's passed—and laughed.

"I'm so-o sorry," Miss Glaub cooed, "that I was late, but, honest, it was so hot—I—I ——"

"Oh, don't mention it." It was Miss Tepe, and her voice was soft, really compassionate as she noted the look—almost of horror—in Mr. Rosewater's eyes.

The meal passed on, gleefully on the part of Mr. August, who noticed the change in his largest account. Once more Miss Tepe was coy—she giggled and called both Mr. August and Mr. Rosewater naughty boys. By fits and starts Mr. Rosewater was gay—and horror-stricken. While the others looked Miss Glaub tried to be young and joyful—in a pathetic way. At other times a queer smile played about the corners of her mouth.

Later, over the dessert, Miss Tepe with a proprietary crook of finger called Mr. Rosewater to her ear.

"Naughty boy," she whispered, "making his best girl jealous! Honest, I—got—I have a great mind not to give you this great big order I have all made out."

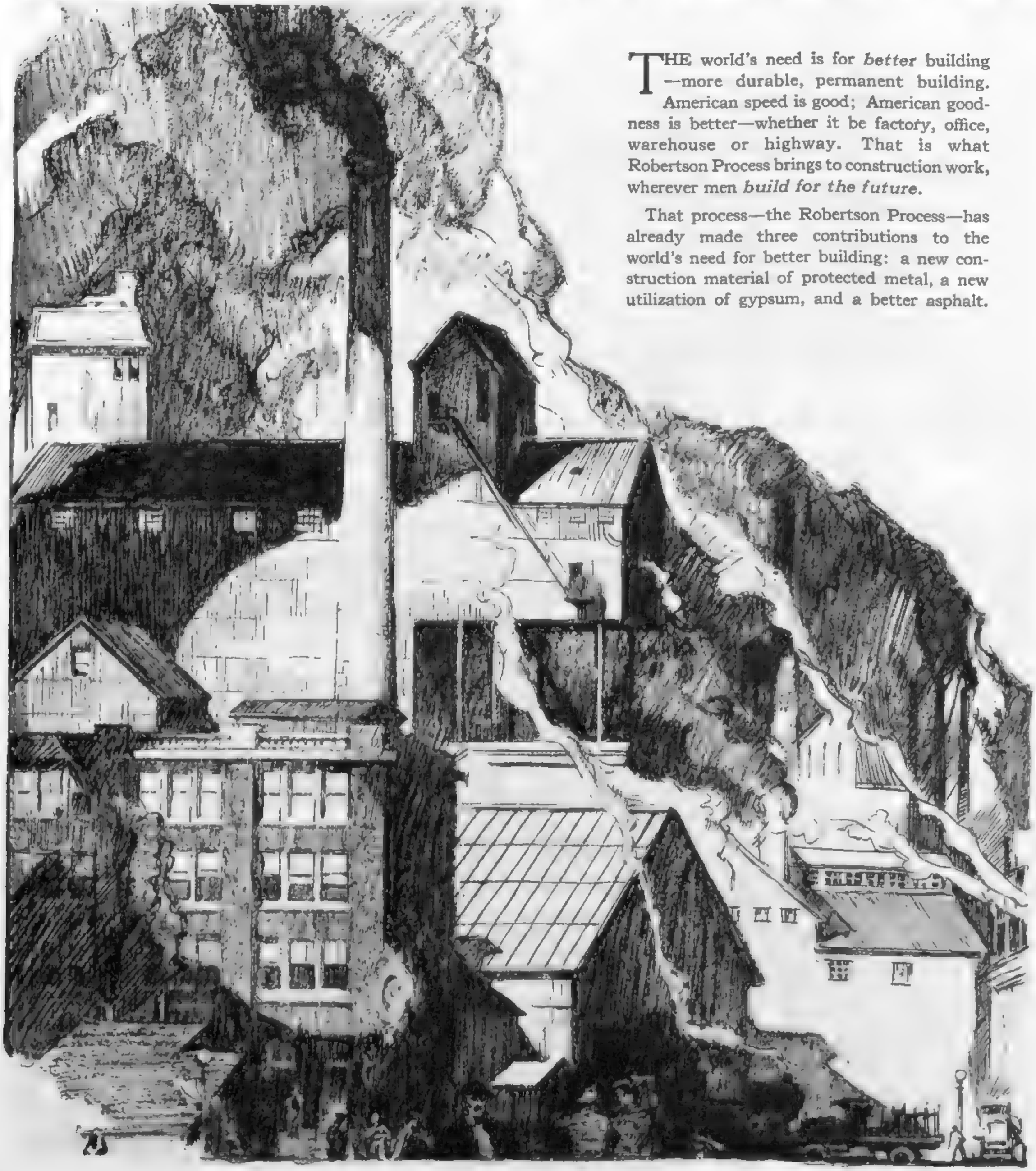
"Don't!" pleaded Mr. Rosewater. "Honest, if you only knew ——"

A moment later as they were passing out Mr. Rosewater got his partner's ear.

"I—I'm sorry, Herman," he apologized, "for all my fool talk. An'—an' I guess maybe you better leave her go—even if we did get the order."

"Leave her go!" roared Mr. August "Leave go a jewel of a salesman like that! Over my dead body!"

ROBERTSON
BUILDING PRODUCTS



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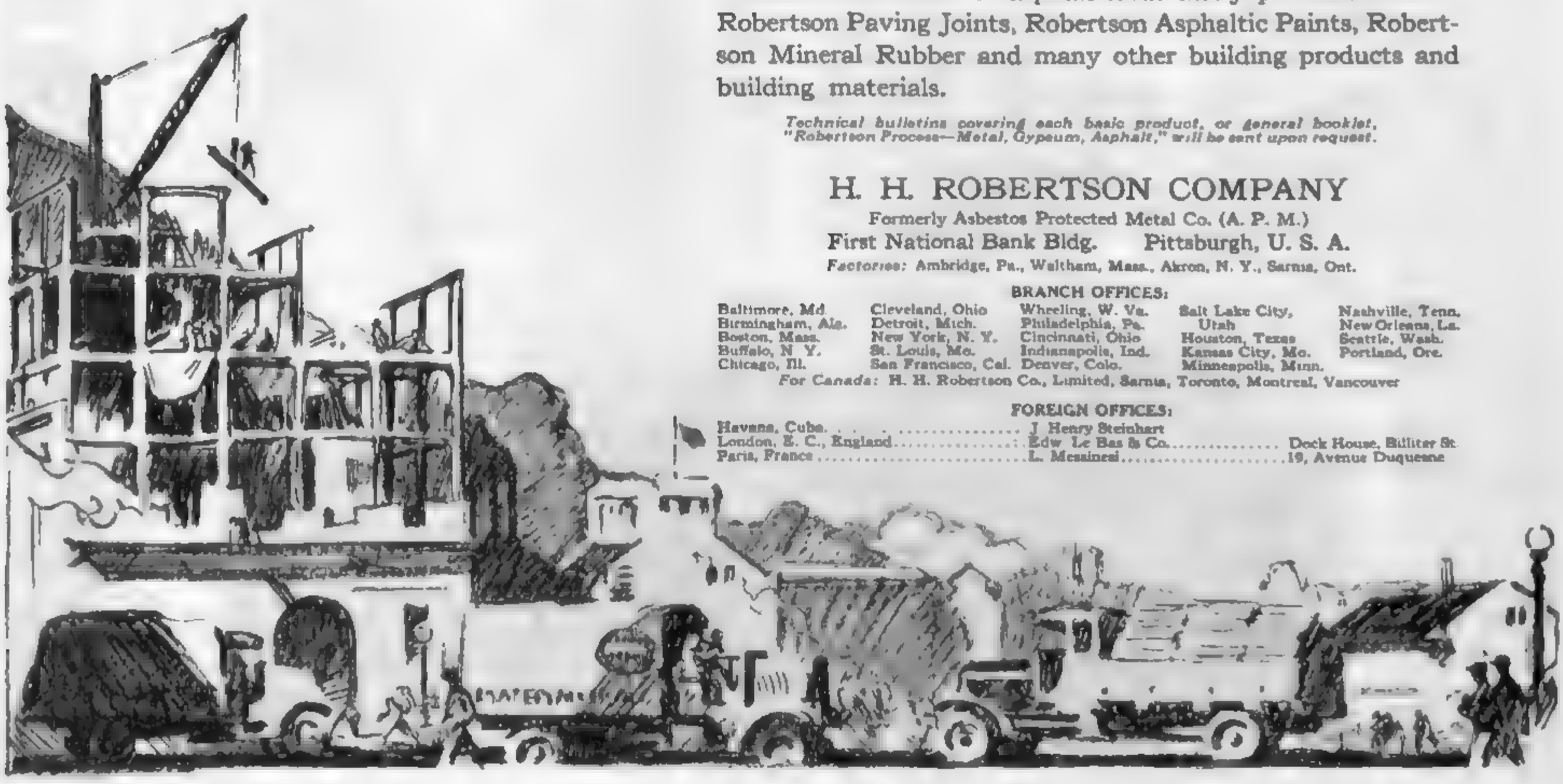
Technical bulletins covering each basic product, or general booklet, "Robertson Process—Metal, Gypsum, Asphalt," will be sent upon request.



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OUR DAILY BREAD

(Continued from Page 8)

Romans; and it feeds the peoples of the states of South Africa and those to whom it is exported by them. If Australia and New Zealand had been colonized by the Japanese, the Chinese or the Malays, as for thousands of years they had the chance to be, they would have been devoted to the growing of rice; but under Caucasian control they have become great in wheat production. Spain is a country rich in wheat; and her colonies having become independent republics are wheat-growing countries, and the world looks to Argentina, for instance, for this essential article of food. The best part of Italy is her best wheat country.

Russia has carried wheat and the white race from the frontiers of Poland to the Pacific Ocean. The vast plains of Russia and Siberia must become the great wheat-growing region of that future to which the world looks forward when North America will need all her wheat for herself. All the Balkan States and the struggling peoples emerging from the control of Austria, Germany and Russia are wheat-growing countries. The British Isles produce more wheat per acre on the average than any other country. One may easily believe that those great differences in institutions and in psychology which exist between the Far East and the nations of the West may be traced to the dietary and agricultural and economic differences growing up between nations of wheat eaters and nations of rice eaters. The wheat production of the world in normal years is nearly four billion bushels!

Will Prices Ever Come Down?

The world war was fought by the wheat-eating nations, and at once after it began wheat became as much a matter of anxious thought to the warring nations as guns and munitions. Wheat was involved in the submarine warfare. It was a scarcity of ships that left accumulations of Australian wheat to the mercy of mice and weevils while the European world faced starvation; so that the ship question was in part a portion of the wheat question. And it was wheat shortage, even more than ship shortage, that forced the American people to eat war bread and obliged us to buy with every order of anything containing wheat a certain proportion of other truck which we never liked and much of which we allowed to spoil. It was this death grapple among the wheat-eating nations that causes flour to sell now at eight cents a pound in most American cities, and has boosted the price of bread to about a cent an ounce for most American consumers.

It was this scarcity and the need for a stimulation of wheat growing that caused the United States Government last year to promise to every wheat grower a price of $2.26 a bushel at his home station, less freight. And it is this scarcity which still persists to such an extent that in Maine, at last accounts, wheat was selling in the local markets at $2.35 in Vermont at $2.36; in North Carolina at $2.30; in South Carolina at $2.60; in Georgia at $2.66; and in Mississippi at $2.50 a bushel. All these prices are above the governmentally fixed price.

The war, we hope, is over. When the Government fixed the price for the 1919 crop it was not generally believed that it would end so soon. When that price was fixed it was anticipated that at this time we would be fighting Germany to her last barrier, and that the wheat of 1919 might take its turn with a lot of other things in winning the war. The consumers of the United States have recently been wondering whether or not they will have to pay war prices for bread in a year of peace. They have speculated as to whether or not the farmers will walk off with the most enormous bit of swag ever captured, in the form of war prices for wheat. They have asked themselves when the price of bread will fall.

On the other hand, thoughtful citizens have been wondering whether or not the Government will find itself saddled with an enormous loss on its great deal in wheat futures, the most gigantic transaction of the kind in the history of the world. It agreed to pay $2.26 a bushel for all the wheat the farmers of the United States could raise and garner in in the year 1919. Predictions have been freely made that it stood to lose a billion dollars by the arrangement. The answer to this has been that whatever the loss it should cheerfully be paid as a part of the cost of the war; and this answer has been accepted as valid. The object was to grow wheat. The question put to the farmers was, "Will you grow a record crop at $2.26?" And the answer seems at this writing to be in the affirmative. Official estimates seem to indicate a total yield in the United States of something like 1,236,000,000 bushels, as against the record crop of the past, grown in 1915, of 1,025,801,000 bushels, and a normal production averaged over the past ten years, including the great 1915 crop, of something like 746,000,000 bushels. It looks as if we as a nation shall be required to pay the wheat growers of the nation this year a price of nearly or quite three times the average that they have received, for a crop that will be nearly twice as large as they have normally grown—or say something approaching six times as much for their surplus wheat.

As my forecast I should be obliged to predict, if asked my opinion, that the crop will not turn out so well as is now expected. There is an old farmers' maxim that a dry season will scare a man to death, but it takes a wet season to starve him; and the present season has been, save in certain localities, one of excessive moisture. The wheat looks well, but there are too many reports of worms, fly, rust, smut and lodging to be ignored—and in some parts of the semiarid West there has been drought and the blowing out of the wheat by high winds. For all that, we shall grow some wheat—undoubtedly a record crop. Will the Government have to sell it for less than it must give for it? If it can get the price it pays will it exact this price or more, in spite of the price of bread? Will there be a surplus of wheat in the world? Even if there is need for all we grow will the hungry peoples be able to buy and pay for our surplus? When will the price of bread come down? And is it necessary to sell bread for a cent an ounce with wheat at $2.26? Does the high cost of bread go to the farmers or to others? These and other related questions will be asked over and over again for a year or more to come.

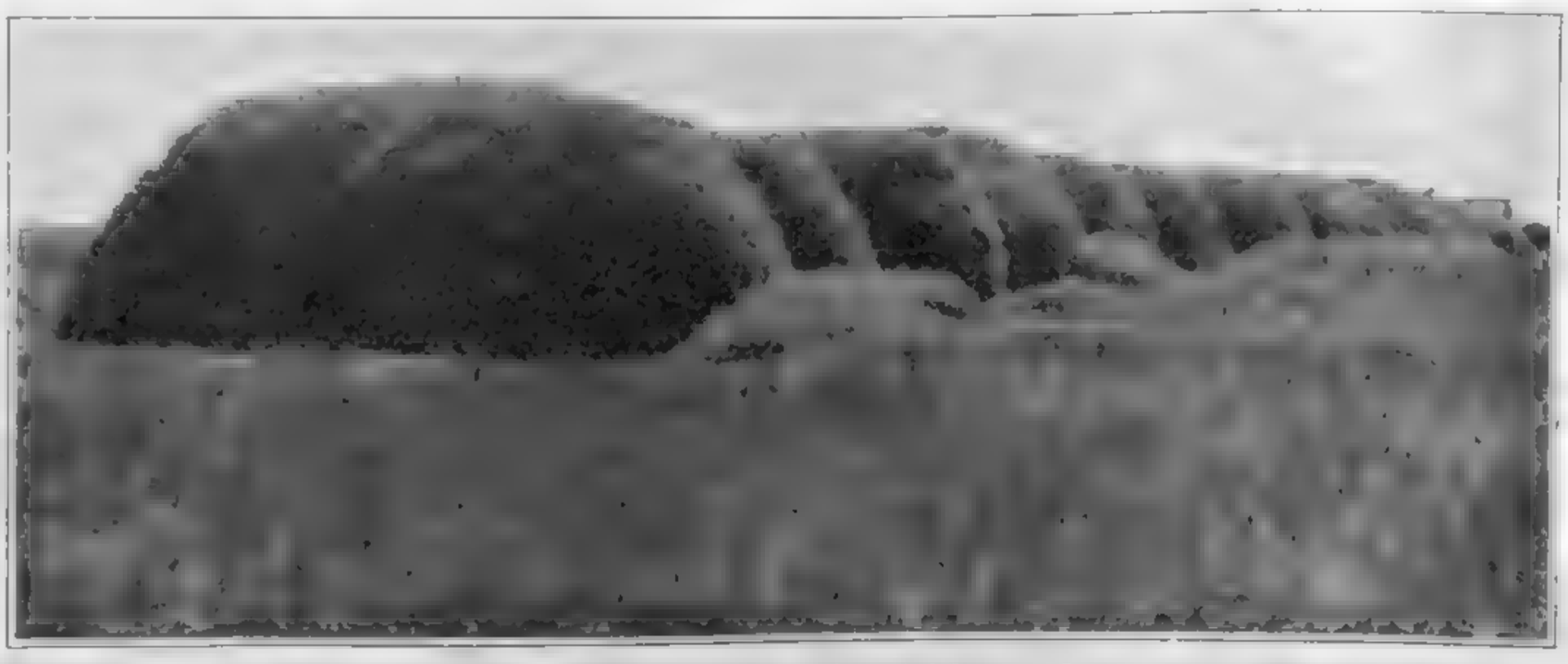
Aside from the general depreciation in the purchasing power of money, and such factors as the impaired credit of the hungry peoples, the controlling factor as to the price of wheat lies in the world supply. The great wheat-exporting nations of the world in prewar times were the United States, with an average net export of 100,000,000 bushels; Canada, 92,000,000 bushels; Australia, 50,000,000 bushels; India, 51,000,000 bushels; Russia, 162,000,000 bushels and Argentina, whose exportable surplus is estimated by the British Board of Trade Journal at 106,566,000 bushels. Added to these ordinary items are the surpluses of the Balkan States and some others. The nations in this group which showed ability to increase output of wheat during the war have been Argentina and the United States. The war history of Argentina, in view of her great areas of fertile and uncultivated lands, is interesting. During the years 1917 and 1918 she brought more than a million new acres into cultivation, and her 172,000,000 bushels produced in 1916 increased to 220,000,000 bushels in 1918. Canada, sending her young men to the Front, fell off in acreage in 1917, and in total yield in 1918. Australian acreage—for similar reasons, I assume—fell off nearly three million acres from 1916 to 1918, and her production went down more than a third. British India increased her acreage in 1918 over that of 1916 by more than five million acres, and her production by more than 50,000,000 bushels; an increase which with the increase in Argentina would have more than made up for the deficits in Canada and Australia, a part of the latter being caused by ship shortage, had it not been for the failure of the Indian crop this year.

The Situation in India

Ordinarily foodstuffs are shipped out of any Oriental country, even when it is famine-stricken, a famine being the presence of more people than usual who have no money; but the dearth was very acute in the early part of 1919, and the world was surprised to find out a few months ago that India instead of shipping wheat abroad was placing orders for large imports from Australia. All at once India had become a liability instead of an asset, and Australia's contribution to the world's wheat pool began to be drawn upon. It is a good thing that Australia happened to be well supplied. There was a rumor abroad last year that Australia's accumulations of wheat had suffered to the point of ruination from spoilage; but agents of our Government who visited Australia for the purpose of finding out the truth as to this discovered that the damage had been overestimated, and that though natural deterioration and vermin had worked some harm Australia had a good carry-over.

The darkest phase of the world, no matter how one views it—governmentally, mentally, morally, economically, psychologically or sociologically—seems to be the state of Russia. Note that her normal wheat surplus for the rest of the world has been upward of 160,000,000 bushels annually, and that in her present insanity she is wiped off the map, so far as wheat is concerned, as completely as her prospects for political liberty have been erased by Lenine and Trotzky. And Russia is not alone in her failure to contribute to the bread basket. A nation can no more than an individual burn her candle at both ends perpetually.

Wheat is only one item of subsistence, and subsistence has been secondary to war in France, Italy and the United Kingdom. Serbia, Rumania and Greece are factors in the wheat situation; and they are poor in men, perplexed as to purpose, weakened by conflict, miserable and wretched and discouraged. So it is with the new nations coming up, as Poland, Czechoslovakia and Jugo-Slavia—all normally rich grain-raising countries. Hungary, torn by Bolshevism, has the



Photographs Taken on a Texas Farm. This Land Yielded Forty-six Bushels to the Acre

(Continued on Page 112)

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Its safety, interlocking, swinging wringer is electrically operated. It swings conveniently into five different locked positions.

We would not use a swinging wringer until we had perfected one that combined durability with convenience and safety. A handy, dandy wringer that is another reason for buying the Eden Washer.

Try the Eden in your own home without obligation or expense. It makes clothes last five or six times as long because it washes them without rubbing. It will save you time, trouble, money and hard work —as it has in so many other homes for so many years.

You can pay for the Eden as you paid for your Liberty Bonds. Let that same thrift purchase you liberty from wash-day drudgery. The Eden quickly pays for itself.

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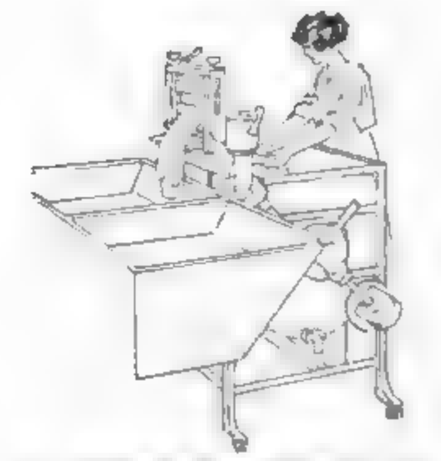
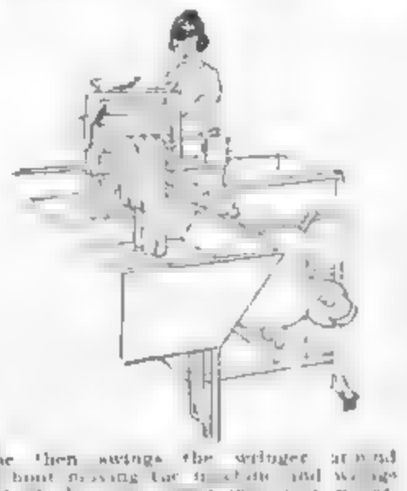


The electrically driven wringer of the Eden swings into five different positions, where it is securely locked. Its part first wrings out of the Eden into a tub of rinse water



She then swings the wringer around without moving the clothes and wrings out of the rinse water into soft water. Each operation is simple and light work

Another turn of the safety swinging wringer and the clothes are ready to go from the blue water—through the wringer to the [illegible] basket. [illegible] of this operation, a typical Eden [illegible] Compare the Eden with other machines.

Eden

ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 108)

richest wheat fields on the Continent of Europe. But their deficit only aggravates the poverty of any wheat situation in which Russia is eliminated.

Statements come to me from people who have broken from the awful prison of life in Russia, all of whom tell the same story. The transportation system has broken down; the robberies of the Bolshevists and the partisan armies generally have taken away from the peasants their hope; the seed grain was lacking last spring, and those who made money in normal times by selling seed were gone; the soldiers and the young men generally are to a large extent demoralized; the whole nation seems to have made up its mind to live by decrees and regulations instead of by industry; in Siberia thousands are living in railway cars taken from the railways; and east of the Urals food is in some regions so redundant that it is worth practically nothing, while there is no way after all these years of Russian railway building to get it to the part of the former empire in which the people are starving; livestock are slaughtered and their hides taken for clothes, the meat being thrown away; everywhere everybody refuses to take any kind of money but insists on barter, so that one man, whose case came to my notice, came out of Siberia with most of his money, but without any of the luggage with which he had started, having bartered shoes, clothes, everything for subsistence as he came along.

This in lieu of a crop of 800,000,000 bushels—which is what Russia might grow. Yes, she might grow a billion and a half bushels if she would only grow even as good a crop as we grow. If you, dear reader, find that your bread is dearer than you think it should be on account of the price of wheat, you may attribute a part of the evil to the poor deluded, betrayed, bedeviled Russian peasants.

Foreign Requirements

Then there is the feeding of Germany and the fragments of the Austrian Empire—fragments not heretofore named. It is a fine thing for the world that the United States has a good wheat crop this year of grace 1919. In January, 1919, the Department of Agriculture at Washington, taking into account all the factors then in sight, made an estimate of the needs for this year of the European Allies and the neutrals—as things then stood in the record of the births and deaths of nations, excluding everything which was Germany or Austro-Hungary or Turkey or Bulgaria. It was then reckoned that Europe would not need to import more than 728,000,000 bushels; and Herbert Hoover, in a statement made June third of this year, now places the minimum needs—not the maximum—at 700,000,000, leaving Russia's needs out of account, and adds as the possible maximum, 850,000,000 bushels. There was an estimated surplus, before the Indian shortage developed, in Canada, Argentina and Australia, of 495,000,000 bushels. India is expected to call upon Australia for perhaps 50,000,000 bushels of this supply, leaving, say, 450,000,000 bushels for the rest of the world.

Those who have been on short rations for years and have the wherewithal with which to pay for food are sure to come to the table with a keener appetite for bread than ever before. The fighting nations of Europe for five years have been tightening their belts instead of filling their stomachs. This is certain to result in increased consumption of wheat per capita. Not only will the consumption go back to the prewar normal but it will undoubtedly exceed that normal. This is a fact that will affect the price of bread all over the world. In the competition for food the keenest competitors will be those whose appetite has been so long only partially satisfied, who are depleted in body through restrictions in the quantity and deterioration in the quality of food, and who when they have a good chance will strive to make up for the deprivation of the past.

Wheat Ready for Shipment to Europe. Saving Your Slice a Day Made This Possible

Let us now see how the balance sheet stands for the year: The average per capita consumption of wheat in the United States is five and one-third bushels. Our consumption of this year's crop will be 550,000,000 bushels. We shall be obliged to use for seed for next year's crop about 90,000,000 bushels. It is never possible to use up the entire crop of wheat in the form of flour and bread. A reserve is always carried over by the farmers. The prospect for a good corn crop this year is not very bright. There is a fundamental conflict between corn and wheat, so far as conditions are concerned, and the cool wet weather which has produced a great growth of wheat and the small grains and hay has been unfavorable for the planting and cultivation of corn. I do not remember a year when crop reports on June first showed so many unplanted cornfields, so many weedy cornfields or so much of the work of growing the corn crop in arrears.

Corn is the great American crop. In spite of the enormous wheat crop which we grow each year, and especially of the wonderful crop which we are growing this year, the United States as a whole is not a good wheat country. Our corn crop is usually two to three times as large in bushels as our wheat crop. Converted into meat and to some extent consumed as bread, the corn crop is the most important of our food crops. A scarcity of corn may be anticipated this year. The high price of wheat and other grains has caused the price of corn to shoot up almost to a parity with the price of wheat, and even with wheat at $2.26 a bushel, less freight, a good deal of wheat, especially of the inferior grades, is likely to be fed to stock. The amount of wheat that will thus become unavailable for the bread market may be conservatively estimated at not less than 60,000,000 bushels, and it may easily reach from 100,000,000 to 150,000,000 bushels.

This item of the normal wheat reserve is an interesting one just now. It will be remembered that during the crucial food crisis of the war our wheat reserve was supposed to have dropped to 40,000,000 bushels

By the extraordinary efforts of the Food Administration not only was the amount of wheat which we scraped together and shipped equal to the supposed amount on hand but it exceeded it by 110,000,000 bushels. In other words, when we were supposed to have only 40,000,000 bushels we shipped abroad 150,000,000 bushels. This has greatly depleted our normal reserve and this will have to be restored.

Add 60,000,000 bushels to our items for consumption and seed and we have 700,000,000 bushels of the present crop to be devoted to domestic uses. This leaves a surplus for possible export of 536,000,000 bushels. Add to this the item of 450,000,000 bushels of exportable surplus from other nations and we have a grand total of 986,000,000 bushels which could apparently be raked and scraped together for Europe's needs.

Compare this sum with Mr. Hoover's estimate of a possible maximum of 850,000,000 bushels and we have only 136,000,000 bushels left as a world surplus, with a large part of Germany and all of Russia unprovided for, with no allowance for excessive consumption by those who have been partially starved, and with that fringe of nations lying eastward of Germany, Austria and Italy torn by war and internal dissension, and developing new needs every day.

A Chance to Break Even

It is true that Mr. Hoover's estimate of 850,000,000 bushels is his maximum, but the conditions are such as to indicate that this maximum in the way of needs will be overpassed if the actual needs are supplied. Neither does the above statement make any allowance for any further development of the famine in India, with its call upon Australia for additional shipments; nor for the restoration of the American wheat reserve. These two items alone may easily wipe out the 136,000,000 bushels of surplus. The prospects are, therefore, that the deal of the United States Government in futures will entail no necessary loss, and that it can sell in the world's markets all the wheat it has bought at $2.26 a bushel, plus freight, thus coming out even on a transaction to the undertaking of which it could not have been impelled except by the exigencies of a terrible war.

My question as to whether there is likely to be a surplus of wheat in the world must be answered in the negative. As to whether or not the hungry peoples will be able to buy and pay for our surplus, the reply is dependent, in my opinion, upon the outcome of the conference of the nations at Paris. If we get peace, if the League of Nations is established, if order is set up in the place of anarchy, if the

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Two Uses for Gasoline. Traction Engine Hauling Binders in Mighty Wheat Field While the Owner's Car Stands in the Roadway. This is a Scene to be Met With in All Parts of the Far West

The Dealer in Memorials

An Appreciation

THE erection of memorials to the memory of the departed is a custom as old as the ages. A custom as sublime as it is venerable—linking, as it does, the past with the future—the earthly life with the life to come.

IT is unfortunate but true, however, that the heart promptings of our forefathers which moved them to place in their burying grounds evidences of their love, were not always guided by proper advice in the selection of materials that would withstand the destructive influences of time.

SO it is that, in many of our older cemeteries, many monuments and markers bearing the noblest sentiments have crumbled and broken away, and the records which they were erected to perpetuate are lost.

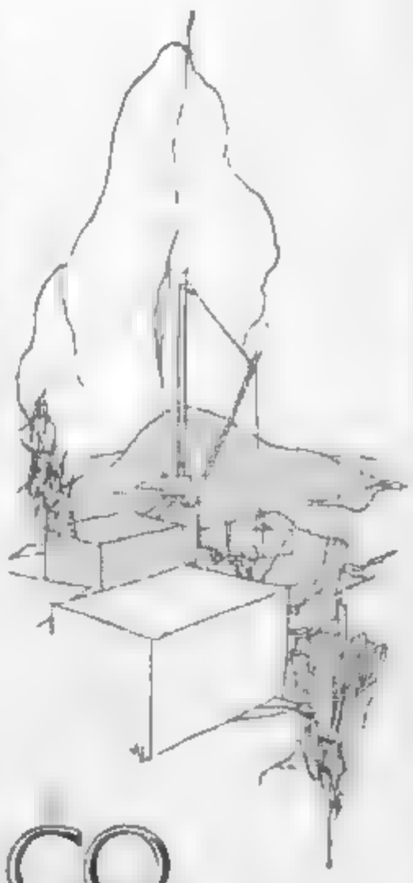
TODAY, in nearly every hamlet and town in this country, there is a reliable man who can guide you properly in the selection of material. He is the local dealer in memorials. It is his business to know the relative time and weather resisting qualities of various stones—their cost—the proper method of setting—the appropriateness of different designs—and how and of what material they can best be executed. He is a dealer in sentiment in the rough.

AS the average man or woman purchases a memorial only twice in a lifetime, it would seem comparatively easy for the dealer to consider the selection of material as of little importance so long as the customer was pleased in design. But, so highly do the majority of these men regard their calling that, in nearly half a century of supplying them with "Rock of Ages," we have had little or no evidence of cases in which they have recommended or sold imperfect stones.

IN fact, so much pride do they take in their work that, in spite of constant enlargement of our facilities, it is still with difficulty that we can keep pace with their demands.

WE do not mean to imply that "Rock of Ages" is the only time and element resisting material. But its qualities are so well known it has made us the largest producers in the Barre district—the Granite Center of the World. And this despite the fact that the local dealer in memorials in many cases when he has recommended and specified "Rock of Ages," could have substituted a less durable material at profit to himself.

These facts are printed here that you may have a better conception of the integrity and highmindedness of the dealer in memorials. We wish, also, to express a feeling of keen appreciation of the service he renders his community and the country at large in perpetuating the finest sentiments and best traditions of our land.



BOUTWELL, MILNE & VARNUM CO.

Quarriers of

Department A ROCK OF AGES Montpelier, Vermont

Quarries at Barre, Vermont — The Granite Center of the World

Do the cracks in your floors spoil the looks of your rooms?

Above are two pictures of the same living room. The only difference in the two pictures is in the floors. On the left a wood floor is shown, with its unsightly (and unsanitary) cracks. On the right a Blabon Art Floor of Linoleum—with its wide expanse of smoothly beautiful (and sanitary) surface. Let your own eyes be judge between them.

And remember, the superior attractiveness of Blabon Art Floors rests not only on this one point. Unlike wood floors Blabon Art Floors are made in a variety of colors and designs. For example, the plain Blabon Art Floor shown above is made in brown, gray, green, blue and terra cotta. The colors go clear through the material *and wear as long as the material wears.* We also make 357 tile, mosaic, carpet, matting, hardwood and other designs in many colors for every room in the house.

Blabon Art Floors when waxed and polished have all the lustre of hardwood. They are much quieter and softer to the tread than any other type of floor. Unlike wood floors they never require refinishing. They are easy to clean and easy to keep clean.

As for durability and price, Blabon Art Floors of plain or inlaid linoleum will wear a generation and more, and are sold at a range of prices to suit most any purse. See your dealer, or write for booklet.

A good floor-covering dealer can lay Blabon Art Floors right over your present wood floors. Or if you are planning to build a home, Blabon Art Floors can be installed *in place of* finished wood floors. In this case, we will gladly send you full information and specifications for installation.

Important Notice! Floor-coverings made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum. Such felt paper products have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge of the fabric.

The George W. Blabon Company Established 68 years Philadelphia

BLABON ART Linoleums

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powerful nations of the earth can be brought to agree to a regulation of the world, and if the anarchistic movements are put down by those influences in the world which stand for law and order—it means that the peoples will be fed and that public credit will be pledged for their food where private credit and private cash are unavailable. In other words, in my opinion the Government will not lose money on its great wheat transaction if the Versailles Treaty is adopted and the League of Nations established, but if the whole great scheme for the stabilization of the world is broken up there will be starvation on one side of the sea, along with anarchism and Bolshevism, and fearful danger of the dissolution of civilization, while on the other side of the sea the greatest accumulation of food products in the history of the world will rot unconsumed.

Let us now consider the price of bread. In view of the fact that the probabilities favor such conditions as will prevent the dreadful calamity just mentioned as a possibility, it may be assumed that the price of bread will be based in the wheat regions on wheat sold at $2.26, less freight, and in the great consuming regions at $2.26, plus freight from the central shipping points. A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds and to make this barrel of flour requires 270 pounds of wheat. There are, however, other things used in the making of bread besides flour, so that one pound of wheat makes at least one pound of bread. Stated in another way, the bushel of wheat which sells for $2.26 will make sixty one-pound loaves. A good deal of valuable food is lost in the offal, but this loss is due to perverted taste; anyhow we must take the American milling system as it is and accept our 196 pounds of flour from 270 pounds of wheat, leaving in the hands of the miller 74 pounds of bran, middlings and offal, which he disposes of at its full value.

Price Regulation in Turkey

Whether or not it is fundamentally necessary for a pound of wheat which is sold by the farmer at the government price for three and two-thirds cents to be charged up to the consumer as is often done, I find, after milling and baking, at about sixteen cents, is a very important and interesting question.

The people of the United States, most of them, are nominally Christians, and it may be assumed that they frequently repeat the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread." Certain heathen nations, however, have shown much superior energy in the matter of assisting Divine Providence in regulating the price of the staff of life.

In Turkey there once prevailed the custom of nailing the ear of the baker to the doorpost of his shop whenever it was believed that the price of bread was excessive, and in certain other Oriental countries a few bakers were hanged whenever the price of bread approached the famine point. This arrangement gave to certain of the unemployed an opportunity to hold jobs in bakeries under which they assumed the responsibility of being hanged or nailed to the door whenever the market situation demanded victims. Aside from these advantages such practices would seem to be very undesirable.

Flour is an article that may be freely bought in every market, and if the people of the United States permit themselves to be overcharged for this primal necessary of life it would seem to be the fault of the people. Extortion is always practiced upon those who tamely submit to it, and always will be. I am not charging that extortion is practiced, but it would seem to me that the correct relation between the price of bread and the price of wheat is an eminently proper matter for systematic inquiry.

In these days when the tendency of our statesmen seems to be in the direction of making everything a partisan issue, when the horn of the hunter is heard on the hill, and the thing hunted for—greatly to the sacrifice, I think, of the public welfare—is votes and nothing but votes, when no trick or device in the hunt for votes is below the standard of ethics adopted, the great measure for the stabilization of the price of wheat is sure to be loudly and verbosely discussed. Already the vote hunter is riding to hounds, shouting to the farmer that the price of wheat is too low and that if no standard price had been fixed he would have received three dollars or three dollars and fifty cents or more for his wheat. Already other hunters or perhaps the same hunters in other localities are telling the consumers that the price has been fixed too high, that the Government will lose a billion dollars on the deal; and that the farmers, through the fixed price, have been granted a wholesale license to steal.

The real truth of the matter is easily discovered. The farmers for the first time in their history have had the chance of producing a great crop at an assured price. Every man knew exactly what he would get for his wheat. There was a contract between the Government and the farmer under which the Government said: "Sow wheat and we will see that you get $2.26 a bushel for it, less freight." That this contract was fairly satisfactory to the farmers is shown by the fact that the acreage of wheat was this year increased to 71,526,000 acres, which is 12,416,000 acres more than was sown last year.

It is no doubt a fact that in regions of high land values this price of $2.26 a bushel for wheat does not show much profit to the farmer if a charge be made for the fertility taken away from the land in the wheat. Unless a fair crop is grown it may show a loss. Wages of farm labor are high, fertilizers are high; every element of expense on the farm has gone up. On the other hand, millions of acres of this wheat will show a very high profit to the farmer who gets anything like a fair crop. The farmers of Kansas understood this when they sowed an acreage of between 10,000,000 and 11,000,000 acres, which is expected to give them a yield of about 192,000,000 bushels.

The fact is that many of the farmers in the eastern half of the United States seldom expect to make a profit on wheat. It is a part of a rotation which they feel obliged to follow. Wheat growing is the only agricultural operation that will conveniently and with fair returns carry the land from a corn crop to grass and clover. They always have raised wheat no matter what the price, and so far as one can see at this time they will continue to do so until the agricultural system is changed. That they have been gratified at the stabilized price is shown by the enormous fields of waving grain extending from Pennsylvania clear through to the Missouri River.

Satisfied Farmers

In spite of the statements of the critics the farmers are generally satisfied with the price; and it may be assumed they will continue to be so satisfied. This is one side of the question. Facts which have already been stated seem to prove, on the other hand, that the price is none too high and that the Government is under no necessity of losing money on wheat unless the affairs of the world go to universal smash; and in that case the loss on wheat will be the tail which will have to go with the hide.

There is, however, a phase of our wheat accomplishment that it is to be hoped the historian of the great war will not omit to study; and that if studied he will certainly not fail to praise and to admire. The production in the United States this year, of all years, of a crop of more than one billion bushels of wheat is a fact the importance of which can scarcely be overstated. It is an accomplishment on the part of the American farmer that shows on his part and in his field of activity a dogged perseverance, a resolute attack upon difficult situations, a resourcefulness and a bravery in the face of difficulties that to almost any other farmer would have produced discouragement and spelled defeat, that are comparable to the unconquerable spirit of the American soldier on the battlefields of France.

Our production of food, clothing, shelter, transportation, arms and equipment for our soldiery has been one of the marvels of the war, but how did this affect the farmer? It affected him in every way adversely. It shot the price of farm labor up to unheard-of figures. It took away from him his young men. Every factory, shipyard, machine shop and other plant devoted to war industries drew heavy drafts upon the young manhood of every agricultural region. Nitrates and potash, essential to the fertilization of our farms, were almost entirely absorbed in war production. The price of fertilizers soared from month to month; yet the farmers, short-handed, obliged to depend more and more upon machinery, and with the price of machinery and the motive power of machinery rising day by day, worked doggedly on, worked intelligently on, and produced this great crop, which may have no one knows what great influence in saving the world from calamities.

True, Providence smiled upon them and gave them a good season; but it was no gift of Providence, other than their sturdy American character, which enabled them in the face of these difficulties to sow 12,000,000 acres more of wheat for the 1919 crop than they sowed last year, and 32,000,000 acres more in 1917 than in 1914. Let it not be forgotten, either, that this great task so successfully performed by the farmers has been undertaken by millions of them in a high spirit of patriotism. There was a campaign for wheat analogous to the campaign for the sale of Liberty Bonds.

In one of the mountain counties of West Virginia in 1917 there lived an elderly farmer whose two sons were taken from him by the draft. In this family the opinions on the war were somewhat like those of that Tennessee mountaineer who distinguished himself among all the heroes of the conflict by a deed in arms which brought him the highest decoration and the praise and adulation of the nation. They had not felt any great interest in the war; they did feel that the taking of these two boys was a thing of questionable justice. A leading man among the farmers of West Virginia learned of their attitude of mind. He visited the farm and talked with the discouraged farmer. They talked over the situation of the world as brother to brother. Finally the old farmer rose and delivered his ultimatum.

"I've got the rheumatism," said he, "and the old woman ain't feelin' only tol'able; but little Bill is a husky boy, and by the Eternal, we're goin' to get in a crop of wheat and do our sheer here to lick the Germans; and I'm goin' to write my boys in camp that if they don't do their sheer as soldiers I'll take it out of 'em with a gad when they git back."

About this time the sons came home on furloughs, clad in khaki, straight, tanned, and with strange mystery of a growing and abiding purpose which we all noticed in the boys as they came home from their training. This completed the family conversion. Work went on night and day. The crops were sown and tilled and garnered in, and the impelling power was really not the hope for gain, but the fixed determination of these farmers to do their best in a great national crisis. There was a battle of the Argonne in France and another equally great in the United States. The Argonne battle at home was fought in the wheat fields. Both of these great conflicts ended in glorious victory; and both were achieved by trampling upon impossibilities.

ADV.

(Continued from Page 4)

improved. The following leaves much to be desired and to-day would hardly gain space in our best publicity mediums:

But men of the humblest mothers
May win the most lofty dames
If arrayed in a suit of SMITH BROTHERS
They plead their amorous flames.

How the Reverend Doctor Stevens must have winced as he read this verse in a magazine containing his own refined contribution!

And before we leave the far time let us peep across to the column next this arid advertising. Here are two side lights on the civilization of that time. The first is from a column of equally good ones headed "Humors of the Day": "'Have you any fish in your basket?' asked a person of a fisherman who was returning to his home. 'Yes, a good eel,' was the witty reply." Or let us profit by this from "Behavior at Table": "It is not polite in a private house to breathe in your glass and polish it with your napkin, or to wipe your plate, knife, fork or spoon, or in short to do anything which can imply a suspicion of your host's cleanliness. In hotels and restaurants only have you the right, by paying for it, to take these precautions."

Such was the sparse life and the sparse advertising of what we sometimes call the good old days. Whiskers, revolvers, gold toothpicks, steel collars, elegant-colored fruit-and-flower pieces, cabinet organs extolled by the Paderewski of the time, Wild Nell the Spy, the invisible boot drawer, General Rosecrans, Beauty at the Bath, photograph albums "from fifty cents to fifty dollars" and sewing machines.

Where are now the sewing machines that mother used to bend above? I have searched the pages of five of our smartest advertising mediums and find not one. Did whiskers go out because it presently became the foible of snappy dressers to enhance the splendor of their apparel with diamond studs? Is there still in some obscure shop a stock of the gold toothpick once so elegantly exposed in action? Or a photograph of General Butler? Did the invisible boot drawer go out with boots? When did the cabinet organ succumb to the vast square piano, chastely clad as to the legs in some soft but not too clinging stuff? Photograph albums, of course, went out when snapshots came in, but when—and why—did we cease even in hotels to breathe into and wipe our plates and glasses?

These are matters, to be sure, that only a continuous study of advertising to the present could determine. I am sure it would answer all such questions and that the study of no other data would suffice. These and a thousand other bits of information are embalmed solely in the advertising columns of the last fifty years. And fifty years from now some searcher will be noting that the year 1919 marked a decrease and finally a disappearance of the advertisements for Encore Whisky and the appearance of curious little reminders that "To make it in your own home you need only a package of our XXX malt and our little booklet of household recipes. Sent securely sealed for 25 cts."

Reluctantly do I leave that expanding life between 1865 and the current year. Would that I had by me the complete works of that anonymous word artist who lauded St. Jacob's Oil in phrases of acute slim beauty like unto a Chippendale table's. That man knew how to say it in short words. I mourn his passing; after earnest effort I can recall no abler writer of prose. He had the virtues of Ruskin and Pater and the vices of neither.

And I would that communiqués from the great Battle of Baking Powders had been preserved for me. How did that fearful strife terminate? I remember only the terrific onslaughts with batteries of long, thick black lines of varying lengths to show that the enemy baking powder carried too little alum—or was it too much? It was a good fight, but who won? Baking powder nowadays must be smokeless, I find no trace of it.

But time presses and I will say only this more of the years I skip: That there came very shortly after 1865 a period in which advertising was in mighty poor repute. It was the fashion not to believe in advertisements. They were not quite respectable. Nor was this due to a mere cynicism of the public. It was the fault of the advertising itself, which became mendacious, reckless in promises, frankly predatory. I think there must naturally have ensued a period when it was believed that honest goods needed no advertisement; that the very advertising of a commodity more than a little presupposed its doubtful character. If you had a fake or a fraud or something only half as good as you said it was you advertised it blatantly. But if the thing was as good as you said it was it would sell itself.

How, then, has it come to-day, with a thousandfold the volume of advertising, that no one questions the simple truth of nine-tenths of it? Or, in those prosperous periodicals whose space is costly, that no one questions the perfect truth of any of it? At some point more than one factor must have worked for a sharp reaction against shoddy advertising.

I should suppose, first, that advertisers learned it made them nothing to tell more than the truth about their commodities. Second, that sellers of worthy goods found they could double their business by truthful

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Sheldon

THE main difference between the axles of horse-drawn vehicles and railroad axles is the wheel support.

On the wagon the axle is stationary and the wheels rotate—on railroad rolling-stock the wheels are fixed to the axle, which rotates with the wheels.

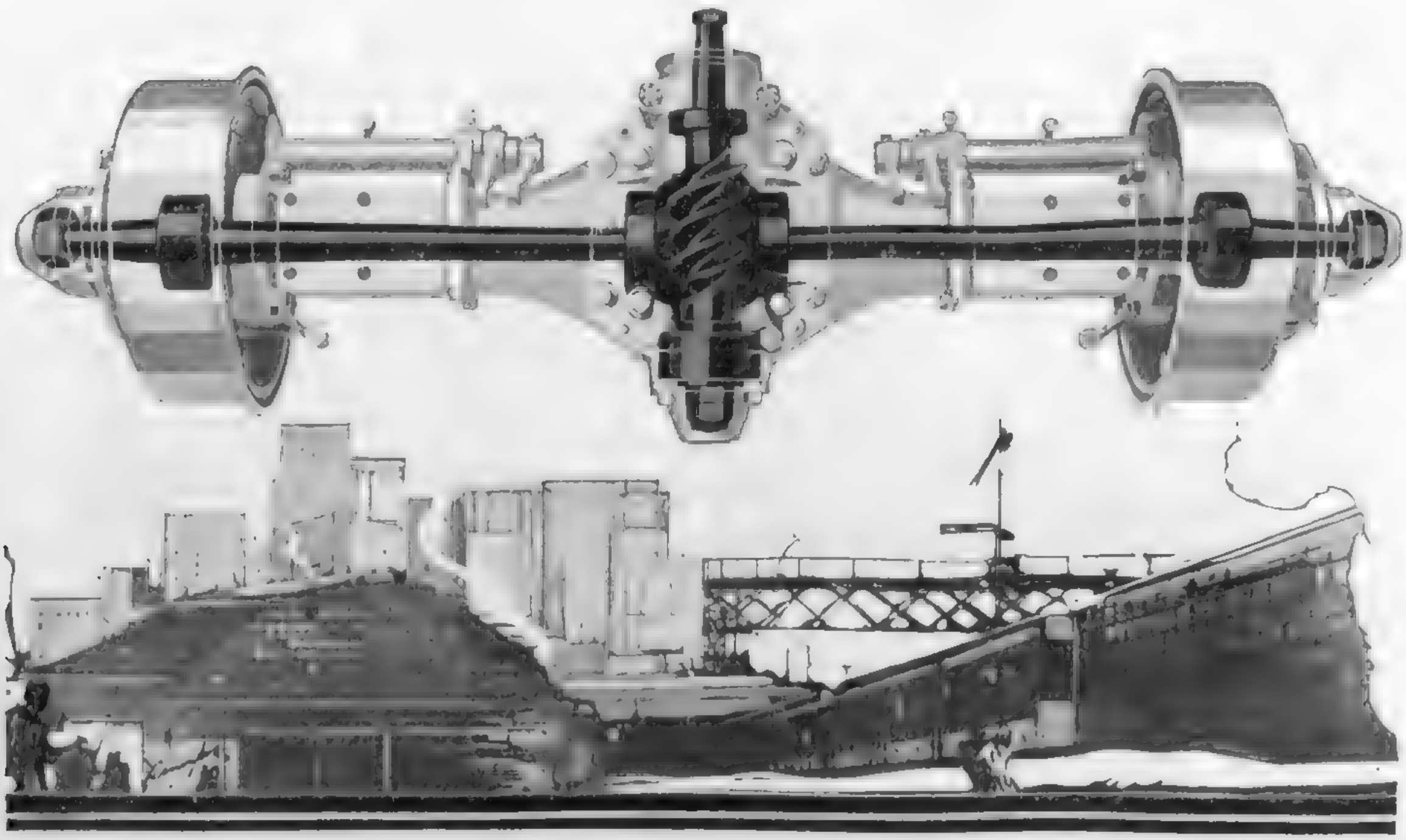
This is to give strength to withstand the side strains in going around curves. Any side strain on one wheel or other is overcome by the leverage of the axle between the wide-spread bearings. On a wagon with free wheels, side strains frequently cause the wheels to tip toward each other at the top, due to the narrow space between the bearings.

Wheels fixed to the revolving axle with wide spread of bearings and long leverage is railroad practice and the Sheldon Principle. The axle is the strength of the truck, and the most expensive unit.

The **Sheldon Principle** is employed to carry the Freight Tonnage of the World.

Write for catalogue showing clearly the points of superiority of the Sheldon Axles.

SHELDON AXLE AND SPRING COMPANY, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania



Axle FOR MOTOR TRUCKS

Sheldon Principle is Railroad Axle Construction

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advertising. And third, that publishers became just a bit touchy about printing obviously fraudulent appeals, though I dare say this was originally due to a change of mind and not to a change of heart, for I have no data on which to suspect that publishers are morally superior to other merchants. I think they merely learned that honest advertising paid them, and paid them better as they printed less of the other sort. However it came about, we have come to rely pretty implicitly upon our advertising columns. To be sure, there are still a few publishers who will flaunt cheats for money. The same publishers, if the need and the opportunity rose, would steal sheep or purloin your watch. They have not yet learned that honesty is the best advertising policy; that one fraudulent advertisement reflects upon the honesty of all other advertisements printed in their paper, be they sound or shoddy, and inevitably lowers the value of the sheet as an advertising medium.

But slowly these few remaining opportunists are learning their lesson. They are being taught by their competitors and by their own clients. I suppose, too, the number of gulls diminishes day by day, despite their alleged birth rate.

The type of thinker who says this here prohibition is an outrage, because look at all the bartenders it will throw out of work; and what's the use of dragging women into the mire of politics, because anyway they'll only vote like their husbands do—this citizen, who has voted three times for W. J. Bryan and writes his name on the walls of the Grand Cañon, will still expect Todd's Tonal Tonic to mend his enfeebled frame and he will trade his Liberty Bonds for the pretty oil stock—only a few shares left—if the ouija board tells him to.

But he is not so many as he was in 1875, or in 1900 for that matter. So let us leave this particular aspect of our subject and hasten to its social values, pausing only to remark that if you had genuine seven-league boots to sell you couldn't get rid of them to-day unless you advertised them, because—directly contrary to the belief of yesteryear—nothing not advertised is now considered worthy. Also, that if you see it in the papers it may be so; but if you see it in the advertising columns that cost real money it's got to be so.

What a blinding glare as we emerge from those shriveled columns of 1865 into the refulgent and bepictured pages of the present! What a pitiful paucity of contraptions those people could buy! For every single advertisement of the magic whisker cream there are at least three safety razors—to mention but one contrast. And their pictures of the promised whiskers were so stingy, the whole head but an inch long, the lovely beard so minimized that the felicitous doings of the Brazilian hair curler go for nothing.

A Coast-to-Coast Sensation

About fifty commodities seem to have been advertised then, while to-day—can you think of anything not advertised; anything we use at our toil, eat, drink, wear, rub in, sit on, walk on, listen to, play with, wash with, shelter or protect with, ride in, get sick with, get well with, feed our babies, canaries, dogs and cats, correct Nature's mistakes with—why go on?

From pills to porch furniture, from the aristocrat of shingle staining to the cellar flooring, from garters to guimpes, from "What a Young Business Man Ought to Know" to "Let Me Keep Your Ice for Thirty Days"; from ham to hammers, soups to soaps, from nearskin underwear to heaviest summer furs, from reducing belts to bird biscuit, from How to be a Mental Giant to—whisper—What You Hesitate to Tell Your Dearest Friend. And all illustrated profusely with an apparent disregard for expense.

The space formerly shared by eight magic whisker creams, five deadly revolvers, two photograph albums and a hair curler used by persons of fashion is now occupied by the propaganda for one mere tooth paste, while to demonstrate the unrivaled merit of certain hosiery requires more room than was once needed by four of Nature's true invigorants and the offerings of two bond houses—with the likeness of a young woman who is not only a lovely view but who is posed in an attitude that would have made her a coast-to-coast sensation in the old tame days.

Indeed it is a confident advertiser who now dispenses with a picture. In the old days I suppose no one ever thought of advertising so lowly a mineral as salt. Now you not only advertise it but you give it a name—say, Saltona. But you don't let it go at that, as you would have done in the middle years of the last century. The literature of fancy has burgeoned in the meantime. You start off something like this: "Salad days, when young green things get soused in oil and vinegar—and of course SALTONA," and you show a delightful young bride being delighted with a box of Saltona. And if your specialty is the garage beautiful you show the same happy matron traipsing about in it in white dancing slippers and a lingerie gown. And no one ever forgets Saltona or your embellished garage. The picture has registered permanently.

Close-to-Nature Sanitaries

And food pictures! Don't they make you hungry? There is often among us the strikingly lifelike portrait of a raisin pie that moves me to the grossest longing. I am left wishing to form an immediate liaison with a raisin pie. But what cold treatment that same advertisement would have received fifty years ago—if indeed raisin pies were then more than a poet's dream!

As for the débutantes and younger matrons of the fashionable set who chorus the demand for a certain ginger ale at all picnics, ride joyously in certain motor cars, pose thrillingly in certain canoes or open candy boxes of the right sort, they interest me more and more as the years draw in. What will they do next? Study them. Observe how woman has come into her own since she was an absurdly stiff, stuffy, overclad creature of the fashion magazine of old. To-day she comes into—or out of—her own as she lists. In the magazines I chiefly affect she is comparatively reticent; likely to take one into her confidence only in regard to her stockings—and the modistes of late years have reduced her stockings to rather slight visional importance. But from time to time I pick up a fashion magazine, through calculated inadvertence, and there you will find the débutante in partial attire that would have had the 1865 editor of Harper's Bazaar languishing in a jail had he tried to get by with it.

I suppose all this has its meaning in the new emancipation of woman. Certainly there are now no silly queens of Spain among us; the world may no longer politely affect ignorance of woman's structural scheme or of the ultimate items of her attire. What, oh, what would the débutante of 1865 have thought of the débutante of to-day as pictured in our best sheets? And I suppose it is quite as remarkable, too, that even father has cast a stubborn masculine prudishness to the winds and now permits himself and the boys to compose an effective family group in their Close-to-Nature sanitaries.

But why not? It helps to sell excellent underwear. And all of it is educative. In a few years I shall expect our painters and sculptors to limn and exhibit the human form as fashioned by God without being set upon by women's clubs for their licentiousness.

How long is it since Boston rejected the most charming sculptural bit now in New York, because the artist had neglected to fit it with stockings or a combination or something dressy? We have progressed artistically and woman's advertising has helped us. I would expect the visiting Martian to devote a whole chapter of his book to this angle of the subject. It is rich in psychology—rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

I have said that everything is advertised. Having said it, I try to recall something that is not. Well, there is sand—common building sand. From my observation of laboring persons who build stone walls and such things, sand is still hauled in wagons directly from places on the earth's surface where it has been accumulated by an interesting process called geology. From my wide reading there is no smart brand of sand yet on the market. But don't worry. Soon you will read of "Sandine—It Makes Your Walls Stick." These words will accompany a stately concrete mansion with striped awnings and children and expensive dogs, and in the foreground the proud owner will be telling his beautiful wife that they owe it all to "Sandine—the Builder's One Best Bet." There will follow a neatly worded rebuke with which you are urged to sting unscrupulous dealers who would foist a substitute upon you.

One other commodity is as yet unsung by the advertising bards. This is common barn or eating hay. Up to now you go to someone and say you would like a ton of hay—just hay—not specifying the brand or anything; and the man says all right, he'll be through baling next Thursday and haul you over some—and this year's crop is the best he ever seen in these parts. Of course it isn't. Hay is hay and no improvements have been made in it within the memory of at least one citizen.

But again, don't worry. Probably next week your eye will be caught by the picture of a dainty hay container and the words: "Platt's Potted Alfalfa Tips for Tired Beasts" or "Tutt's Tender Timothy—Makes Old Stock Young, Makes Young Stock Strong. Our Sun-grown Meadow Grass from the fragrant breast of mother earth to our sanitary carton. If your dealer doesn't keep it write us TO-DAY." Then, I think, the world's last useful product will be named and brought under cover of glass, tin or cardboard.

Hypnotic Salesmanship

Have you thought of how you are hypnotized by advertisements? Do you know that if you go to get vinegar you are bound to tell the man you want a bottle of Somebody's vinegar, even though you didn't know you knew the name? That is because the advertisement sank to the depths of your subconscious mind though your left eye had flicked it as you tried to find the page where winsome Wilfred continued down the old apple orchard to meet the girl of his dreams, little recking that evil-hearted Jasper Judson will have him arrested this very night for robbing the Peerless Pants-Pressing Corporation of eighty thousand dollars—which he hasn't done at all.

Those advertisements are cunningly contrived to stick in the mind like burrs. Here for three years I have been wishing to change my brand of safety razor, but I simply couldn't because of the advertisement. I couldn't think of any other razor. It looked like hard shaving for the rest of my sojourn here. Either that or a luxuriant set of those things so modish back in Harper's Weekly. But advertising released me even as it had chained me. Another advertiser promised me a machine to sharpen the blades, and I bought it and it did.

I confidently hope never to have occasion to erect a concrete roundhouse with a capacity for twenty-five locomotives. As I am at present situated it would be the sheerest nonsense. But if ever I find myself under this dread necessity I shall know the roofing to put on it. And if it sticks in my uninterested mind, think how that roofing must dominate the minds of those who have a fad for roundhouses. They can't think of any other roofing.

And motor trucks! Anyone meaning to present me with a motor truck is hereby notified that I prefer the money, large bills, small bills or even stamps; but if I did start out to buy one at Ye Olde Tyme Gifte Shoppe I would in spite of myself know the name of the right one and would take no other. Too often have I thrilled to its mighty deeds of traction prowess as recorded by the veracious camera.

And don't think I wouldn't know the kind of steel windows to put in my factory in case I decided on a factory instead of some new close-harmony quartet records. In all the world there is for me but one toothbrush, but one device for concealing from a censorious world any possible convexity of the nether limbs. And if I wished to "Be a Banker, Short Hours, Big Remuneration," wouldn't I know how?

How far advertising has contributed to our development; to what extent it has refined and civilized and stimulated us, improved our habits, raised our efficiency, aided us to the enjoyment of cheap luxuries once beyond the reach of all but malefactors of great wealth I am unable to say. The subject is too vast even for me. Have we made advertising or has advertising made us? Both—if you leave it to me.

The One Legal Stimulant Left

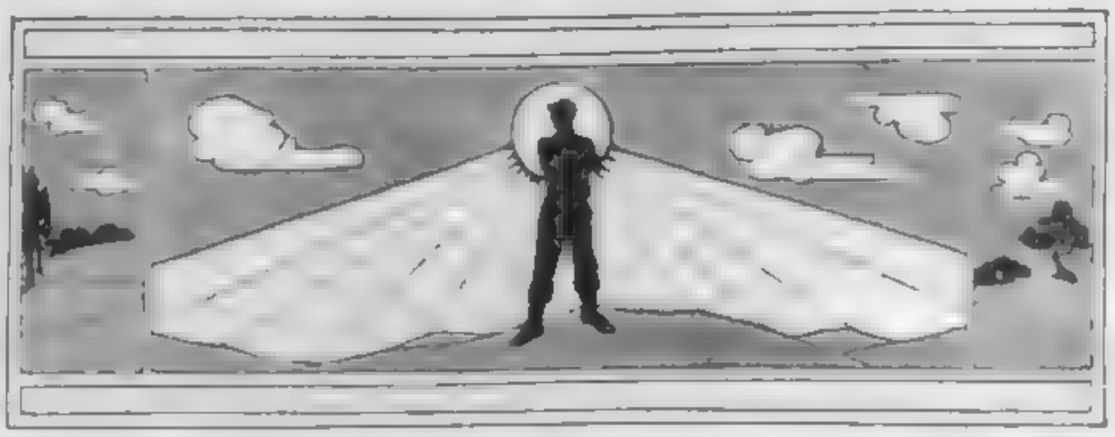
And now even our large cities are advertising. Good thing too. I have lately acquired a new respect for Omaha and New Orleans. However I may have felt about them before, I am now obliged to believe in them. As to our advertising states, I am made to feel mean—because I am too busy to go there—every time I read "Texas Needs You." Presently I count on reading a double-page advertisement in two colors of the United States of America, with snappy pictures and the assurance that having once tried it you will take no other. And note that the advertising agents themselves advertise. When doctors take their own medicine be sure they have good reason to. They have seen it help the people they tried it on.

And our inquiring Martian would go home after a month's study of the data I have indicated knowing us from cellar to cupola. Step by step he would have traced our progress, the evolution of the telegraph, telephone and all the wonders of electricity; the growth of the motor car and airplane, the rise of bridge whist, artichokes and the dance craze that has swept us like a besom; he would know of our wars, our industrial triumphs, our art, music, literature. Our social life would be open to him, our educational methods made plain. He would have all needed data to compare our development with that of other planets he might visit.

And where else could he obtain his information in so short a time? Where else, with all the time in the world, could he obtain information so complete in detail, so minutely accurate? What other data would enable him to calculate our future triumphs?

On this point, it is true, he might leave us with just a shade too much of optimism. About the edge of our solid advertising there is a fringe of promises that sometimes seem to me the least bit too promising. With no one to correct his perspectives our Martian might believe that I could make three thousand dollars a week in vaudeville by sending for the lessons, or that I could become the managing director of a great corporation by signing on the dotted line, or that I might be a marvel of manly strength and beauty with but slight effort; any of which suppositions seem to me frankly to be ill founded. He might wonder that all of us do not have commanding personalities and long, wavy eyelashes. He might suppose that diamonds could be acquired for a pittance, languages learned overnight and a mastery of the piano achieved by mail. He might wonder that all of us do not write a song of love or mother and be enriched by the proceeds, that the most of us are content with less than perfect noses and less than all knowledge. He might excusably believe that arteries have quit hardening and that all of us derive princely incomes from oil and the precious metals.

I think it might be explained to him that this inessential fringe of our solid advertising is but the vigorous young filaments of our matchless optimism, an inevitable sprouting from the abundance of our proved opportunities. And I believe it might be intelligently added that we profit even by the most of the advertisements that promise wildly. Advertising is the one legal stimulant left to us. In striving to keep pace with it we grow.



POWER

Chassis Prices	
1½ Ton	$1965
2½ Ton	$2365
3½ Ton	$3465
F.O.B. Allentown	

The owner of a Bethlehem is General Manager of a perfectly equipped, powerful transportation system. On the fringes of Civilization or in the thickest traffic any road is a Bethlehem road, any distance a Bethlehem distance.

The Motor Truck bought to-day without Electric Starting and Lighting will be out-of-date to-morrow

BETHLEHEM
INTERNAL GEAR DRIVE
MOTOR ★ TRUCKS
DEPENDABLE DELIVERY

BETHLEHEM MOTORS CORPN ALLENTOWN, PA.

"ALONG CAME RUTH"

(Continued from Page 13)

cut at it and hit it over Tobin's head and made 3 bases on it. So when the inning was over Larry Gardner heard him calling himself names and balling himself out and Larry asked him what was the matter and he said he was just thinking that if he had of left that ball go by he would of had a base on balls.

Well I had a letter from Florrie today and she has closed up that deal and sold out her interest in the place out near home and went in pardners in that place down town and she said she thought it was a wise move and she would clean up a big bunch of jack and it won't only take her a little wile to pay for her interest in the new parlor as with what she had saved up and what she got out of the other joint she had over $2000.00 cash to start in with.

Well I don't know who her new pardners is but between you and I it looks to me like she was pulling a boner to leave a place where she knew her pardners was friends and go into pardners with a couple women that's probably old hands at the game and maybe wanted some new capital or something and are libel to get her role and then can her out of the firm but as I say they's no use me trying to tell her what to do and I might just is well tell Gleason to take Collins off of second base and send for Jakey Atz.

Well Al nothing to do till Sunday and if I beat them it will make me 5 straight and you can bet I will beat them Al as I am going like a crazy man and they can't no club stop me. Your pal, JACK.

CHI, May 12.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal its kind of late to be setting up writeing a letter but I had a little run in with Florrie tonight and I don't feel like I could go to sleep and besides I don't half to work tomorrow as I win yesterday's game in Cleveland and Gleason is saveing me for the Boston serious.

Well we got in from Cleveland early this A. M. and of course I hurried right home and I was here before 8 o'clock but the Swede said Florrie had left home before 7 as she didn't want to be late on the new job and she would call me up dureing the forenoon. Well it got pretty near time to start over to the ball pk. before the phone rung and it was Florrie and I asked her if she wasn't going to congratulate me and she says what for and I said for what I done in Cleveland yesterday and she said she hadn't had time to look at the paper. So I told her I had win my 5th straight game and she acted about as interested as if I said we had a new mail man so I got kind of sore and told her I would half to hang up and go over to the ball pk. So she said she would see me at supper and we hung up.

Well we had a long game this P. M. and it seemed longer on acct. of how anxious I was to get back home and when I finely got here it was half past 6 and no Florrie. Well the Swede said she had called up and said she had to stay down town and have supper with some business friends and she would try and be home early this evening.

Well the kids was put in bed and I tried to set down and eat supper alone and they didn't nothing taste right and finaly I give it up and put on my hat and went out and went in a picture show but it was as old as Pat and Mike so I blew it and went in Kramer's to get a couple drinks but I had kind of promised Gleason to lay off of the hard stuff and you take the beer you get now days and its cheaper to stay home and draw it out of the sink so I come back here and it was 8 bells and still no Florrie.

Well I set down and picked up the evening paper and all of a sudden the phone rung and it was a man's voice and he wanted to know if Mrs. Keefe had got home. So I done some quick thinking and I said "Yes she is here who wants her?" So he said "That's all right. I just wanted to know if she got home O. K." So I said who is it but he had hung up. Well I rung central right back and asked her where that party had called from and she said she didn't know and I asked her what and the he—ll she did know and she begun to play some jazz on my ear drum so I hung up.

Well in about 10 minutes more Florrie come in and come running over to give me a smack like usual when I get back off a trip. But she didn't get by with it. So she asked what was the matter. So I said "They's nothing the matter only they was a bird called up here a wile ago and wanted to know if you was home." So she says "Well what of it?" So I said "I suppose he was 1 of them business friends that you had to stay down town to supper with them." So she said "Maybe he was." So I said "Well you ought to know if he was or not." So she says "Do you think I can tell you who all the people are that calls me up when I haven't even heard their voice? I don't even know a one of the girls that keeps calling up and asking for you." So I said "They don't no gals call up here and ask for me because they have got better sence but even if they did I couldn't help it as they see me out there on the ball field and want to get aquainted."

Then she swelled up and says "It may be hard for you to believe but there is actualy men that want to get aquainted with me even if they never did see me out there on the ball field." So I said "You tell me who this bird is that called up on the phone." So she said "I thought they was only the 2 babys in this apartment but it seems like there is 3." So then she went in her rm. and shut the door.

Well Al that's the way it stands and if it wasn't for the kiddies I would pack up and move somewheres else but kiddies or no kiddies she has got to explain herself tomorrow morning and meanwile Al you should ought to thank God that you married a woman that isn't flighty and what if a wife ain't the best looker in the world if she has got something under her hat besides marcel wavers? Your pal, JACK.

CHI, May 14.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal it looks like your old pal was through working for nothing you might say and by tomorrow night I will be signed up to a new contract calling for a $600.00 raise or $3000.00 per annum. I guess I have all ready told you that Gleason promised to see that I got real jack provide it I showed I wasn't no flash out of the pan and this noon we come to a definite understanding.

We was to open against the Boston club and I called him to 1 side in the club house and asked him if I was to pitch the game. So he says you can suit yourself. So I asked him what he meant and he said "I am going to give you a chance to get real money. If you win your game against the Boston club I will tear up your old contract and give you a contract for $3000.00. And you can pick your own spot. You can work against them today or you can work against them tomorrow just as you feel like. They will probably pitch Mays against us today and Ruth tomorrow and you can take your choice." Well Al Mays has always been good against our club and besides my old souper is better this kind of weather the longer I give it a rest so after I thought it over I said I would wait and pitch against Ruth tomorrow. So tomorrow is my big day and you know what I will do to them old pal and if the boys only gets 1 run behind me that is all as I ask.

That's all we got today Al was 1 run but Eddie Cicotte was in there with everything and the 1 run was a plenty. They was only 1 time when they had a chance and it looked that time like they couldn't hardly help from scoreing but Eddie hates to beat this Boston club on acct. they canned him once and he certainly give a exhibition in there that I would of been proud of myself. This inning I am speaking of Scott got on and Schang layed down a bunt and Eddie tried to force Scott at second base but he throwed bad and the ball went to center field and Scott got around to third and Schang to second and they wasn't nobody out. Well Mays hit a fly ball to Jackson but it was so short that Scott didn't dast go in. Then Hooper popped up to Collins and Barry hit the 1st. ball and fouled out to Schalkie. Some pitching eh Al and that is the kind I will show them tomorrow. And another thing Eddie done was make a monkey out of Ruth and struck him out twice and they claim he is a great hitter Al but all you half to do is pitch right to him and pitch the ball anywheres but where he can get a good cut at it.

Well they never had another look in against Eddie and we got a run when Barry booted one on Collins and Jackson plastered one out between Ruth and Strunk for 2 bases.

Well Al I am feeling pretty good again as I and Florrie kind of made up our quarrel last night. She come home to supper and I was still acting kind of cross and she asked me if I was still mopping over that bird that called her up and I didn't say nothing so she said "Well that was a man that was the husband of 1 of the girls I had supper with and he was there to and him and his wife wanted to bring me home but I told them I didn't want nobody to bring me home so his wife probably told him to call up and see if I got home all right as they was worried." So she asked me if I was satisfied and I said I guessed I was but why couldn't she of told me that in the 1st. place and she said because she liked to see me jealous. Well I left her think I was jealous but between you and I it was just a kind of a kid on my part as of course I knew all the wile that she was O. K. only I wanted to make her give in and I knew she would if I just held out and pretended like I was sore. Make them come to you Al is the way to get along with them.

I haven't told Florrie what this game tomorrow means to us as I want to surprise her and if I win I will take her out somewheres on a party tomorrow night. And now old pal I must get to bed as I want to get a good rest before I tackle those birds. Oh you $600.00 baseball game.

Your pal, JACK.

CHI, May 16.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I don't care if school keeps or not and all as I wish is that I could get the flu or something and make a end out of it. I have quit the ball club Al and I have quit home and if I ever go back again to baseball it depends on whether I will have my kiddies to work for or whether they will be warded to her.

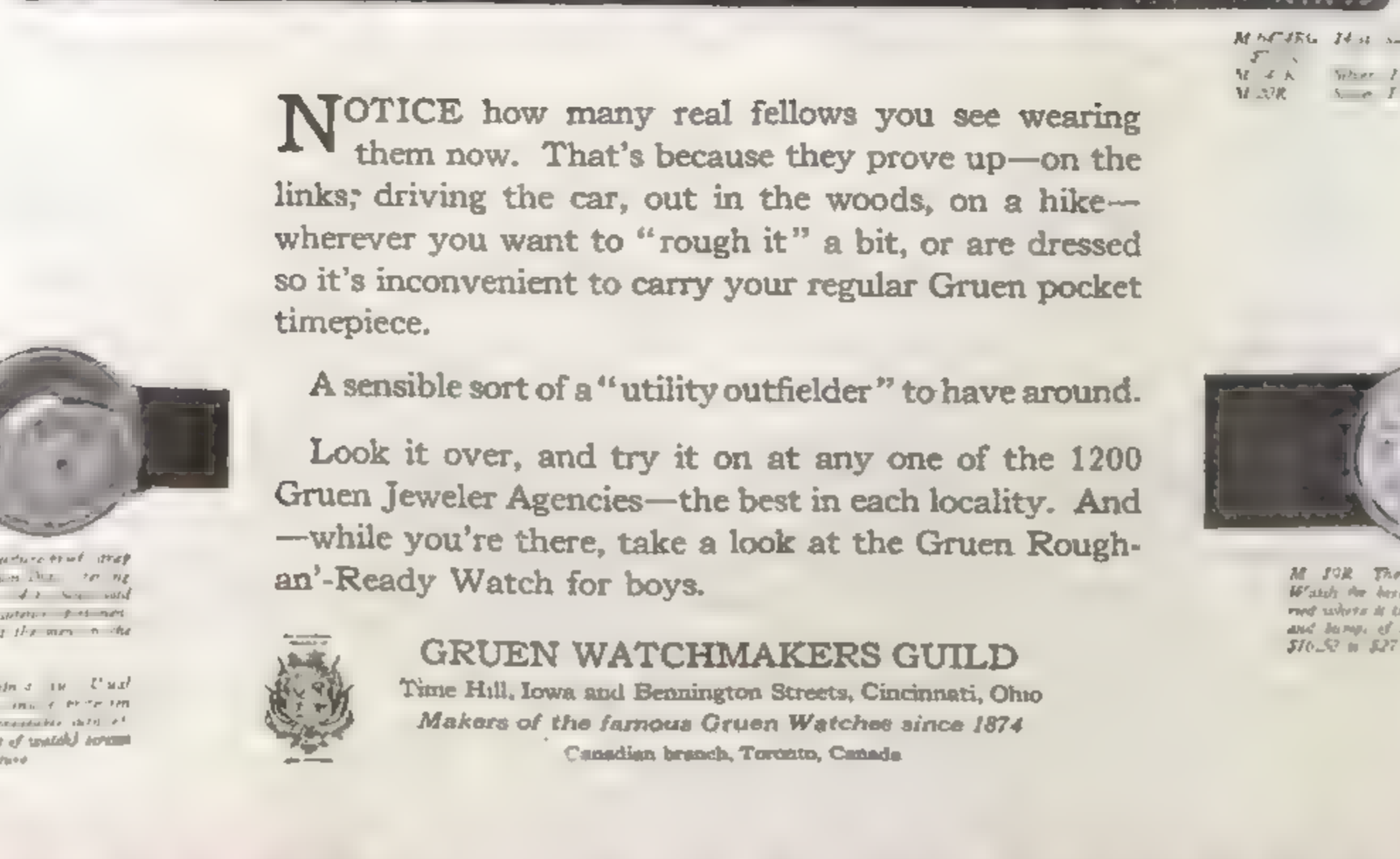
It all happened yesterday Al and I better start at the start and tell you what come off. Florrie had eat her breakfast and went down town before I got up but she left word with the ski jumper that she was going to try and get out to the ball game and maybe bring the rest of her pardners with her and show me off to them.

Well to make it a short story I was out to the pk. early and Gleason asked me how I felt and I told him fine and I certainly did Al and Danforth was working against us in batting practice to get us use to a left hander and I was certainly slapping the ball on the pick and Gleason said it looked like I was figureing on winning my own game. Well we got through our batting practice and I looked up to where Florrie usualy

(Concluded on Page 123)

All as I Had Time to Say Was to Tell Her She Better Get That Bird Out of the Stand Before I Come Up There and Quaffed Him in the Jaw

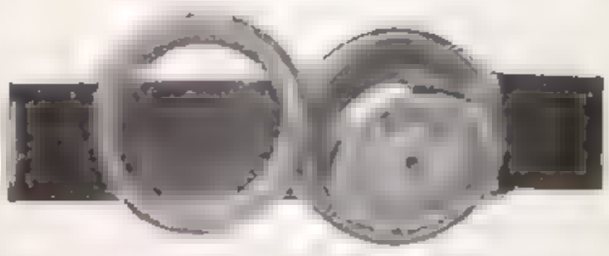
The Gruen out-o'-doors watch

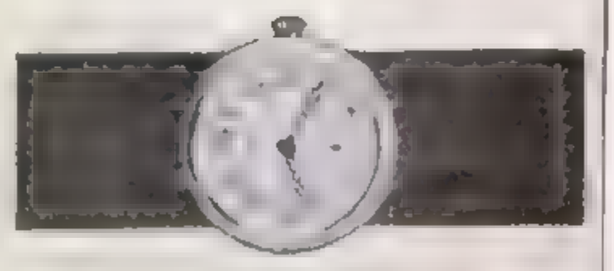


NOTICE how many real fellows you see wearing them now. That's because they prove up—on the links; driving the car, out in the woods, on a hike—wherever you want to "rough it" a bit, or are dressed so it's inconvenient to carry your regular Gruen pocket timepiece.

A sensible sort of a "utility outfielder" to have around.

Look it over, and try it on at any one of the 1200 Gruen Jeweler Agencies—the best in each locality. And—while you're there, take a look at the Gruen Rough-an'-Ready Watch for boys.





GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD
Time Hill, Iowa and Bennington Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio
Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1874
Canadian branch, Toronto, Canada

GRUEN Verithin and Wrist WATCHES

REO

Announcing a New Reo Model—a "Light" Six

¶ You are accustomed to look upon a motor car bearing the name Reo as something substantially standard rather than novel. ¶ In the long history of this company Reo models have been few. ¶ For our policy has been to build, not something different, but something better. ¶ The splendid reputation the Reo product enjoys is largely the result of that policy. ¶ Insofar as the science has advanced and Reo engineering has kept pace, we believe you will find this a better Reo. ¶ You will find in this new model, those features ardently desired by many Reo distributors and a large percentage of the select Reo clientele. ¶ The motor is a Six. ¶ Call it a "light six" if the term pleases you. ¶ We maintain, however, that beyond a certain point, lightness is incompatible with longevity and Low Upkeep. ¶ Reo designed and Reo built, its dimensions guarantee that surplus power you have learned to expect in a Reo. ¶ Clean-cut in design, rugged in construction, it possesses at the same time great flexibility, and great "lugging" power. ¶ In a word it is a Reo. ¶ Outwardly it is entirely different—but close examination will disclose to Reo users a pleasing rearrangement of those distinctly Reo features without which they would not expect to find that performance, that durability and economy which are Reo attributes. ¶ Body design is new—of course. ¶ New bodies are not unusual. ¶ This new Reo Six will strike you as singularly beautiful and in excellent taste. ¶ Deliveries are just beginning. ¶ Your Reo distributor may have his sample by the time you read this. ¶ If so, ask him to treat you to a ride. ¶ Then you will experience the real surprise the Reo engineers have prepared for you in this new Reo Six.

Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Michigan

"THE GOOD STANDARD OF VALUES"

(Concluded from Page 120)

sets right in back of our bench but she wasn't there but after a wile it come time for me to warm up and I looked over and Ruth was warming up for them so then I looked up in the stand again and there was Florrie. She was just setting down Al and she wasn't alone.

Well Al I had to look up there twice to make sure I wasn't looking cock eyed. But no I was seeing just what was there and what I seen was she and a man with her if that's what you want to call him.

Well I guess I couldn't of throwed more than 4 or 5 balls when I couldn't stand it no more so I told Lynn to wait a minute and Gleason was busy hitting to the infield so I snuck out under the bench and under the stand and I seen 1 of the ushers and sent word up to Florrie to come down a minute as I wanted to see her. Well I waited and finely she come down and we come to the pt. without waisting no time. I asked her to explain herself and do it quick. So she said "You needn't act so crazy as they's nothing to explain. I said I was going to bring my pardner out here and the gentleman with me is him." "Your pardner" I said "What does a man do in a beauty parlor?" "Well" she said "This man happens to do a whole lot.

"Besides owning two thirds of the business he is 1 of the best artists in the world on quaffs." Well I asked her what and the he—ll was quaffs and she said it meant fixing lady's hair.

Well by this time Gleason had found out I wasn't warming up and sent out to find me. So all as I had time to say was to tell her she better get that bird out of the stand before I come up there and quaffed him in the jaw. Then I had to leave her and go back on the field.

Well I throwed about a dozen more balls to Lynn and then I couldn't throw no more and Gleason come over and asked me what was the matter and I told him nothing so he said "Are you warmed up enough?" and I said "I should say I am."

Well Al to make it a short story pretty soon our names was announced to pitch and I walked out there on the field.

Well when I was throwing them practice balls to Schalk I didn't know if he was behind the plate or up in Comiskey's office and when Hooper stepped in the batters box I seen a dozen of him. Well I don't know what was signed for but I throwed something up there and Hooper hit it to right field for 2 bases. Then I throwed something else to Barry and he cracked it out to Jackson on the 1st. hop so fast that Hooper couldn't only get to third base. Well wile Strunk was up there I guess I must of looked up in the stand again and any way the ball I pitched come closer to the barber then it did to Strunk and before they got it back in the game Hooper had scored and Barry was on third base.

Then Schalkie come running out and asked me what was the matter so I said I didn't know but I thought they was getting our signs. "Well" he said "you certainly crossed them on that one as I didn't sign you for no bench ball." Then he looked over at Gleason to have me took out but Gleason hollered "Let him stay in there and see what kind of a money pitcher he is."

Well Al I didn't get one anywheres near close for Strunk and walked him and it was Ruth's turn. The next thing I seen of the ball it was sailing into the right field bleachers where the black birds sets. And that's all I seen of the ball game.

Well old pal I didn't stop to look up in the stand on the way out and I don't remember changing clothes or nothing but I know I must of rode straight down town and when I woke up this A. M. I was still down town and I haven't called up home or the ball pk. or nowheres else and as far is I am concerned I am through with the both of them as a man can't pitch baseball and have any home life and a man can't have the kind of home life I have got and pitch baseball.

All that worrys me is the kiddies and what will become of them if they don't ward them to me. And another thing I would like to know is who put me to bed in this hotel last night as who ever undressed me forgot to take off my clothes.

Your pal, JACK.

CHI, May 20.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I am writeing this from home and that means that everything is O. K. again as I decided to give in and let bygones be bygones for the kiddies sake and besides I found out that this bird that Florrie is pardners with him is O. K. and got a Mrs. of his own and she works down there with him and Florrie is cleaning up more jack then she could of ever made in the old parlor out south so as long as she is makeing good and everything is O. K. why they would be no sence in me makeing things unpleasant.

Well I told you about me staying down town 1 night and I stayed down till late the next P. M and finely I called up the Swede and told her to pack up my things as I was comeing out there the next day and get them. Well the Swede said that Gleason had been there the night before looking for me and he left word that I was to call him up at the ball pk. So I thought maybe he might have a letter out there for me or something or maybe I could persuade him to trade me to some other club so I called him up and just got him before he left the pk. and he asked me where I was at and said he wanted to see me so I give him the name of the hotel where I was stopping and he come down and met me there at 6 o'clock that night.

"Well" he says "I was over to see your little wife last night and I have got a notion to bust you in the jaw." So I asked him what he meant and he said "She sported your kids wile you was in the war and she is doing more than you to sport them now and she goes in pardners with a man that's O. K. and has got a wife of his own that works with him and you act like a big sap and make her cry and pretty near force her out of a good business and all for nothing except that you was born a busher and can't get over it."

So I said to him "You mind your own business and keep out of my business and trade me to some ball club where I can get a square deal and we will all get along a hole lot better." So he said where did I want to be traded and I said Boston. "Oh no" he said. "I would trade you to Boston in a minute only Babe Ruth wouldn't stand for it as he likes to have you on our club." But he said "The 1st. thing is what are you going to do about your family?" So I said I would go back to my family if Florrie would get out of that down town barber shop. So Gleason said "Now listen you are going back home right now tonight and your Mrs. isn't going to sacrifice her business neither." So I said "You can't make me do nothing I don't want to do." So he says "No I can't make you but I can tell your Mrs. about that St. Louis janitor's daughter that was down in Texas and then if she wants to get rid of you she can do it and be better off."

Well Al I thought as long as Florrie was all rapped up in this new business it wasn't right to make her drop it and pull out and besides there was the kiddies to be considered so I decided to not make no trouble. So I promised Gleason to go home that night.

So then I asked him about the ball club. "Well," he said "you still belong to us" "Yes" I said "but I can't work for no $2400 00."

"Well" he said "we are scheduled against a club now that hasn't no Ruths on it and its a club that even you should ought to beat and if you want to try it again why I will leave you pick your day to work against the Philadelphia club and the same bet goes."

So yesterday was the day I picked Al and Roth got a base hit and Burns got a base hit and that's all the base hits they got and the only 2 runs we got I drove in myself. But they was worth $600.00 to me Al and I guess Gleason knows now what kind of a money pitcher I am. Your pal, JACK.

DUDS

(Continued from Page 23)

look, as if she had been shot or stabbed. Then as Phineas rose she swayed toward him. There was no choice. He caught her in his arms and her own slipped round his neck. She clung to him for a moment with head bent forward, her hair against his cheek, then looked up, her face flushed, lips parted. Phineas kissed them. Any fool would have kissed them.

Olga slipped down a little in his clasp. Drawing her tighter Phineas felt a stab of pain in the elbow which Patricia had so maltreated twenty-four hours earlier. It cleared his head instantly and he felt a burst of laughter struggling to get out. This job of his apparently had an element of danger not on the prospectus. The bizarre element of the situation steadied him, made it perfectly safe to kiss Olga again, which he did with less ardor but more appreciation.

She felt the difference instantly, thrust herself away, stood for a moment staring at him with a frown, then dropped into her chair.

"You don't care one bit, do you?" said she.

"I have not the slightest intention of letting myself care. Be reasonable, Olga. Suppose I were to care a great deal? I couldn't ask you to marry me."

"Why not?" Her face clouded with anger and suspicion.

"Because I've got nothing to marry on."

"I have."

"That in itself would be enough to prevent. If I were to marry a rich girl I'd deliquesce, melt up, never do another stroke. It's my nature, and the way I was brought up."

Olga dropped her chin on her knuckles and stared at him thoughtfully for a moment. She did not in the least resent Phineas' refusal to surrender. She liked him rather better for it. She accepted the situation not as a woman scorned but as a clever little girl who has been denied by an older person something which she wants, and sits down to study out a stratagem for getting it. Olga knew that Phineas was not in love with her, but she was convinced that once married to her it would not take long to make him so.

"Listen, my dear," said she. "I have never been in love before, so I suppose I act foolishly. There is no reason at all why I should take it for granted that you cared for me. But at the same time if you are not in love with anybody else there is no reason why you should not marry me."

Phineas looked at her with astonishment. He was beginning to like her better. There was a sort of childish candor about her, an artless way of asking for what she wanted only to be found in a child or a savage. Phineas realized suddenly that she was precisely the opposite of the subtle complicated creature he had thought her. It was impossible to be either angry or embarrassed with her.

"There are two very good reasons, Olga," said he. "In the first place I don't want to marry at all—don't want to marry anybody. I'm not the marrying sort; prefer to be foot-loose and all that sort of thing. In the second, your father is a hard-headed business man and would not hear of his daughter marrying a man without a cent or prospects or business ability."

"He'd be glad to have me marry you, Phœbe. He likes you and the class you represent. Papa is a Russian nobleman."

"I know it. Rosenthal told me. I should think he would want you to marry some member of his own aristocracy."

"That's just what he does not. He says old aristocracies are rotten. He hates them. But there is another reason for my wanting you to marry me, and right away."

Phineas laughed. From Olga's naïve tone one might have thought she was begging some casual favor, that he take her to dinner or theater or the like.

"What is it?" Phineas asked.

"To keep you from getting hurt or killed. From certain things that papa has let slip I know that this job of yours is more dangerous than he had expected. I think he wishes he had never got you into it. If you were his son-in-law he would insist on your giving it up."

"And supporting us both? *Merci!*"

"Of course not. You could go into business with him, unless you are too proud. He told me that your knowledge of antique art objects was more than amateur. I'm sure you would like it. Phœbe dear—and we could be so happy!"

Her tone was wistful, pleading. Phineas was partly touched, partly amused. He stepped to her side and laid his hand on hers. She leaned down and rested her cheek against it. He stroked her hair lightly with his other hand. A little ripple ran through her.

"Listen, little girl. You've given me a big surprise to-night. I had never thought of you as just a kid."

"I'm just your kid."

"You need a nurse. But we have got to forget all this for the present. I'm on the job to see it through. It's the only sort of stuff I'm any way fitted for, and I mean to make good. There's a lot of dirty business going on and I'm in the game to bust it if possible. My ante is on the table and I've drawn cards. I don't intend to drop out. Your father didn't give me any new dope about this Durand person. I had all that, and more. It's going to take a lot of doing and I'll need all my wits and more. So if you really want to help me don't try to take my mind off the cards. Now I must go. I've had only about an hour's sleep in the last twenty-four and am nearly all in. Good night."

Olga looked up, saw the lines of fatigue in his face, started to speak, then checked herself and offered him her lips. Phineas kissed her and went out.

XIV

PHINEAS went back to his hotel and slept the clock round. Much refreshed he dressed in his old yachting suit, with a khaki shirt and green necktie, then packed his two valises and locker trunk and sent the latter round to his new lodgings by an expressman, this more befitting his rôle of sailorman in search of a billet than to arrive bag and baggage in a taxi.

When he got to the house a little later, lugging his two valises, there was an ambulance before the door, and the landlord, whose name was Slater, greeted him with alcoholic cordiality.

"'Scuse me a minute, cap," said he. "I gotta speed the partin' guest. Hope t'Gawd this'll finish the flu business in this here tavern. I put your trunk up in the room, so move right in and make yourself to home."

Phineas went up with his valises and was pleased to find the place not so bad. The room had been tidied, the bedding looked clean and sufficient, and the crisp air poured through the wide-opened windows. Despite his bibulous habits Slater appeared to possess a certain seagoing neatness in his housekeeping. The reason for this was explained a few minutes later when the ambulance had clanged away and he came up for a little chat with his new lodger. He told Phineas that he had himself spent a number of years at sea as steward aboard various freighters, and confided that his trouble had been the necessity of stimulation against the sudden changes of clime at inclement seasons for a constitution shattered by yellow fever.

"It's pretty tough when you gotta keep the old engine turnin' over on rum, sir," said he.

"You bet! Especially when it's as bad and costs as much as it does now."

"Well, that part of it don't bother me none. I manage t'keep a little o' the pure stuff fer me and my guests. Good old sugar-cane rum. Maybe you'd like to try a sample?"

"I sure would. I don't grumble at the price of the stuff they saw off on us now, but the quality is another matter. Night before last I had a few drinks and somebody frisked my watch. A solid-gold turnip that belonged to my grandfather. Now I got to buy me another just like it so my mother won't know it's gone."

"Say, why don't you try right next door? I see their winder's full of old watches."

"That might be a good idea. I noticed 'em too."

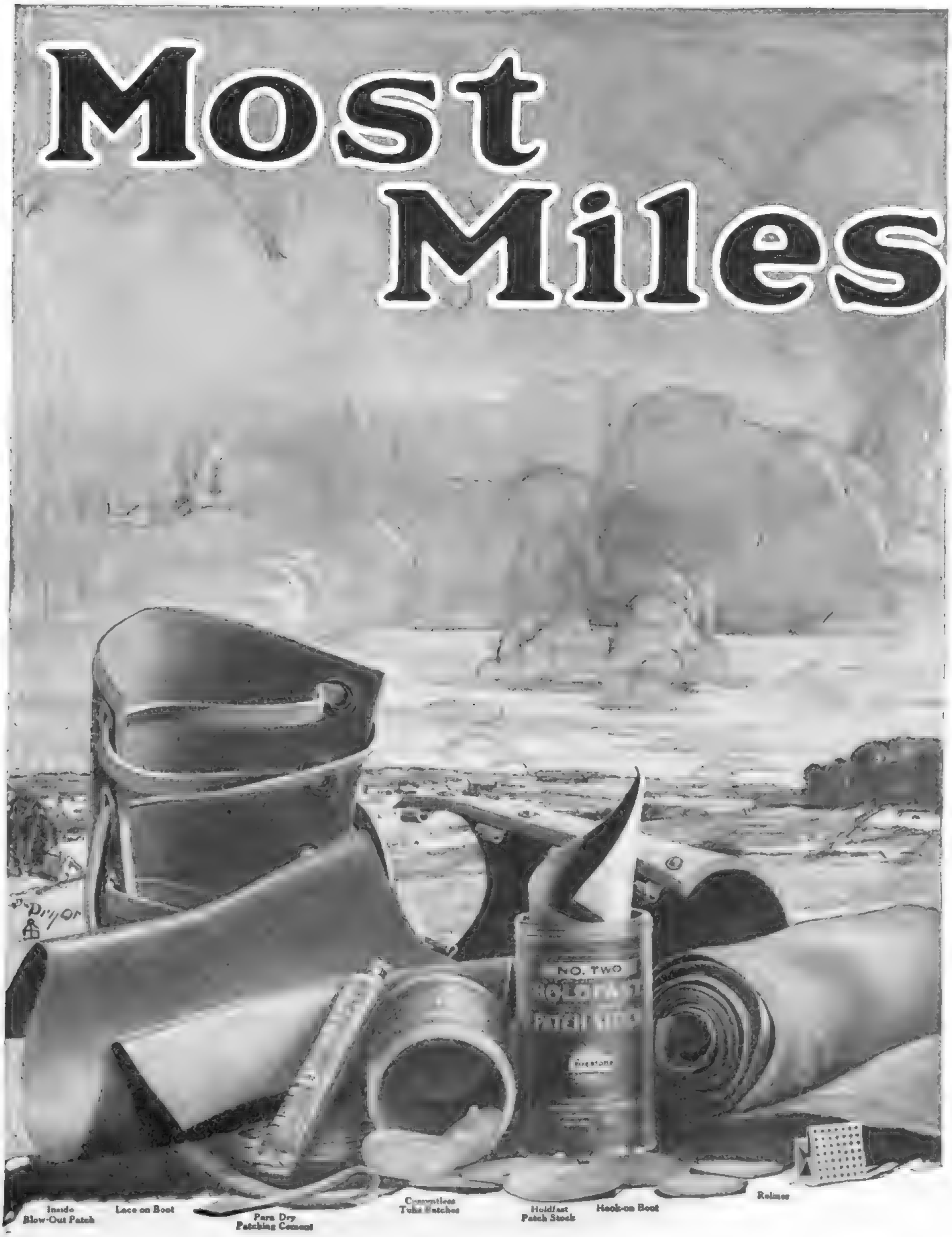
"Come on," said Slater. "I'll go with ye. I know them guys and they might take off somethin'. But first let's have a little drink."

He went out, to return a moment later with an unlabeled quart bottle and two glasses. They helped themselves liberally, and on tasting the liquor Phineas was surprised to find it all that his host had claimed; a mellow old white rum, such as is distilled in the West Indies from the expressed juice of sugar cane.

"I'd like to have a bottle of that if you've got any to spare, Mr. Slater."

"All right I'll fill you a quart. I don't sell but a quart at a time and only to the folks in the house—on the q t., o' course"

(Continued on Page 127)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TOLEDO

For the Retail Store

For the Shipping Room

For the Mailing Room

ALL over the United States and Canada and in thirty-four Foreign Countries, hundreds of thousands of Toledo Springless Automatic Scales in retail stores are giving most satisfying, efficient service.

The confidence-inspiring slogan, "No Springs — Honest Weight," shown on each of these scales guarantees a square deal on *both* sides of the counter.

The Pendulum Principle, measuring gravity with gravity, has made Toledo Springless Automatic Scales the standard for weighing in retail stores; because, wherever situated and regardless of varying temperature, Toledo Springless Scales weigh with uniform accuracy.

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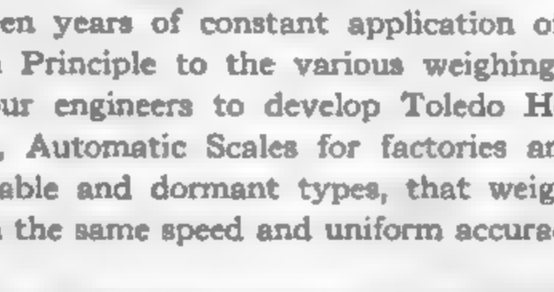

Toledo Portable Heavy Capacity Scale

SCALES

NO SPRINGS ~ HONEST WEIGHT

(Continued from Page 123

"Of course. Well, let's go see if I can find a watch like the one this slick guy took off me."

Slater agreed and they went out and into the spacious store of Durand Brothers. A young man in shiny black clothes, whose face reminded Phineas of the typical Montmartre Apache, came forward with a nod of recognition.

"*Bong joor, Jules,*" said Slater. "*Où est le patrong?*"

Phineas had turned to examine the display of watches in a show case. He felt the clerk's eyes spraying him. His own quick but casual glance at the man's face had given him the visual picture of a caged rat which had been rubbing its nose against the wires, eyes brilliant, nostrils red and inflamed, rodent teeth yellow and worn.

"I call heem," said the clerk briefly, and went to the rear of the store, where there was a little office.

"That's a shifty-lookin' guy," said Slater. "Snowbird or I'm wrong."

"Cocaine?"

"Yes, or heroin or some o' them pokes. You can always spot 'em by their bright eyes and snuffin' snouts. See anything there looks like what was eased offen you?"

"Not exactly, but near enough, I guess. This is a funny place for a shop like this. Most of 'em are over on the Bowery and Pearl Street."

"Oh, this fella don't do much retail business. He imports junk to supply them others over there. That's how you might pick up a bargain. Here comes the boss. He got back from Yurrup only about two weeks ago." He swung unsteadily round. "'Mornin', Mr. Durand. Shake hands with Mr. Plunkett. He's stoppin' *chez moi* and he wants to buy a solid-gold repeater for about five dollars and sixty-three cents. I told him that as you and me was good neighbors he'd better try here."

Phineas had looked up from the show case, to see a dapper well-groomed man of medium height, whose square muscular figure was disguised and attenuated by a suit of the ultra-Parisian fashion now in vogue on Broadway—narrow-shouldered, open-chested, slim of waist and bell-skirted, with high skimpy trousers; probably the most contemptible and unbecoming costume ever invented for a male human being. The stuff was smooth and fine, in tint a sort of disappearing blue-gray a shade darker than the latest French uniform, and in this case both cut and color were of skilled selection to give the wearer a juvenile, slender and sportive look.

This effect was emphasized by a high choker collar, plum-colored tie, mauve shirt and piqué waistcoat with red dots. His shoes were French, long and duck-billed; and he wore pearl-gray spats. Oddly enough his face went perfectly with this rakish get-up. It was smooth-shaven, muscular, ruddy, with square jaws and a pointed chin, the cheek bones very prominent. The eyes were small and close together; nose narrow, high of bridge—rather a beak, in fact; and the mouth straight, thin-lipped and precise.

Taken as a whole the man's physiognomy was precisely such as one pictures in thinking of a Spanish bull fighter, a famous matador.

He shook hands affably with Phineas. "I'm afraid we don't carry much of a five-sixty-three line, Mr. Slater," said he. "Here are some that range all the way from fifty to five hundred; but the fifty-dollar ones are like the German military machine—they need a new set of works."

"There's a dead ringer for the one I subscribed to the pickpockets' relief fund," Phineas observed, tapping the glass.

"Some legerdemain artist get your watch, Mr. Plunkett? That's too bad. Have you reported it to the police?"

"Nope. 'Beware of the bull' is my motto. It was an old French watch like these that I shed the other night. Belonged to my grandfather. He was a seafarin' man too. Used to carry California wine round the Horn to Bordeaux, get it bottled and sealed and labeled, and bring it back as French. There was always graft, I reckon. Wish I could get in on some of it. I need the money."

Durand did not look at him. He was examining the watch Phineas had indicated.

"Is this very much like the one you had swiped?"

"Like enough to fool my mother. She don't see very well. That's all I want it for. It would break her heart to know I'd lost it."

"Well, you can have this one for the value of the case if you like. The works are recent and no good. Any watchmaker can put in a new set for a few dollars. This was thrown in with a lot of others. It's marked fifty, but seeing as you are a guest of my friend and neighbor, Mr. Slater, I'll knock it down for thirty-five."

Phineas was quick to recognize this as an actual bargain. He doubted that the old watch could be bought for this price from a Paris dealer. He paid for it from a roll of bills, the rat-faced clerk, who had slipped noiselessly back, watching the transaction. Slater shook his head.

"Say, matey, don't flash that wad in any o' these here gin mills on the West Side."

"No fear," Phineas answered. "I did that once and woke up with a bunch on my bean. Well, good-by, Mr. Durand. Much obliged, I'm sure."

Phineas went out of the store convinced that Durand played an important part in the new and illegal traffic which he had been engaged to investigate. Telling Slater that he might as well get started on his search for a billet he took a downtown car, got off at the next corner under pretense of having confused his direction, walked round the block, crossed the street, and coming to a little restaurant diagonally across from Durand Brothers, went in.

As it was well after the lunching hour Phineas found the place nearly empty of customers, and took a table by the window. He ordered a small steak, thinking this would take the longest time to cook. When after about twenty minutes it came he ate it with much relish and ordered another and thicker one, remarking to the waiter that shore food tasted good after a long voyage.

He was attacking a piece of lemon pie with cheerful relish, keeping always an eye on Durand's door, when he was startled at sight of Patricia coming down the street. It flashed through his mind that she must have returned from Washington that morning, and having something important to say to him had preferred for the look of the thing to call in the daytime rather than at night. Phineas called the waiter, paid his bill, and giving the man half a dollar told him to reserve his place for the same hour every day. And as he was doing this and keeping an eye on Patricia she paused in front of Durand's, glanced behind her and entered the store.

Phineas sat for a moment astonished. An ugly suspicion began rapidly to foment in his mind. It occurred to him that after all he knew practically nothing about this mysterious young woman beyond what she had told him. Evelyn Crosby and Rosenthal had not been able to tell him more than that she was a clever journalist who professed to be working at propaganda. She might have lied to him about being an agent of the French Secret Service. She had not shown him any credentials. For all Phineas could prove she might be in the sinister business herself, the agent of some crowd of which Durand was a rival. Or if actually a French Secret Service agent perhaps she was a dishonest one, possibly a blackmailer.

These reflections were followed by a rush of others even more disturbing. Phineas realized that at no moment of their adventure had she told him any more than was essential to the step immediately ahead. What if she had chosen him to carry out her difficult and dangerous attempt not because she thought he was efficient but because she thought he was a fool—a fool who she had learned was familiar with boat handling and that part of the coast, and from whom she need have nothing to fear. No doubt she had sized him up as being susceptible to flattery, chivalrous, credulous, plucky enough when it came to a pinch, like most Americans of his class and traditions, but malleable metal which she could twist round her finger with a tissue of lies.

Phineas could feel the hot blood pouring up into his face. He reflected bitterly that perhaps she was right. Now that he began carefully to analyze the business he felt a growing disbelief that she ever had the slightest intention of letting him discover the contents of the boxes or telling him anything at all about Durand. So far as the boxes were concerned she had made a virtue of necessity, bamboozled him into believing that their ferocious struggle was a test of his strength and determination before accepting him as a confrere worthy to work with her.

And she had not volunteered any information about Durand until Phineas had expressed his belief that the clock had come from this dealer's shop.

Patricia had then executed a sudden *volte-face*, flattered him some more, taken him into her confidence, said that they were to work together. Why? Because she wanted to keep informed as to his movements, know what he was up to and how much he was finding out. Phineas began to disbelieve that she had been to Washington at all or that she had turned over their haul; or, for that matter, that she intended to. He was getting more and more pessimistic about her the longer she remained in Durand's store. But he was reluctant to condemn her entirely until he should see whether she meant to pay him a visit on leaving it.

But the minutes sped by and she did not leave it. Half an hour passed and still no sign of her. Phineas did not believe that she had gone out by a rear exit because his observations from the back window of his lodging house had shown the rear to be flanked by a solid row of dwelling houses. Behind Durand's store there was a small cemented court inclosed by a wall, but no alley or other communication.

Phineas beckoned to the waiter. "I made a date with a friend to pass by here on his way back aboard the ship," said he, "but he must have been kept. Nothin' for me to do but wait, I reckon."

"Sure. Wait as long as ye like, sir."

So Phineas continued to wait. An hour passed and Patricia did not appear. Phineas' suspicions gave way to anxiety; or to

He Had Expected to Find a Loft, But to His Amazement the Traveling Beam Passed From One to Another Detail of a Large and Luxuriously Furnished Room

(Continued on Page 130)

ARMCO IRON
Corrugated Culverts

Armco Iron Culverts for Permanent Roads

THE Federal Government and all the States are getting under way a colossal road-improving era. Upwards of one-half billion dollars will be spent in 1919 on some two million miles of roadway. By 1921 it is estimated that fine, up-to-date roads will be available for ninety per cent of the national population. Better drainage means better roads.

The best culverts obtainable should be the concern of every highway and railroad engineer. Those which have proved best under all conditions of service are Armco Iron Corrugated Culverts (galvanized). The corrugations make possible unusual strength, elasticity and resistance to shock. The rust-resisting properties of Galvanized Armco Iron *—the purest iron made*—guarantee a culvert of great lasting qualities.

Cheaper Because Easier to Install

Armco Iron Corrugated Culverts are shipped from the factory all ready to install. They can be hauled, unloaded and put up in place with great ease and speed. They can be rolled into the trench without danger of breaking. Once in place, all is needed is to apply the coupling band, tamp the earth up to the center of the pipe, and fill the rest of the ditch in the usual way. No cumbersome hoisting machinery required. Labor costs are cut to the bone.

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The ditch can be opened and filled in the same day, because the corrugated construction permits the installation of an Armco Iron Culvert in one half of the road while the other half is being used. When the first half is completed, it is filled and tamped, providing passage for traffic while the remaining half is installed.

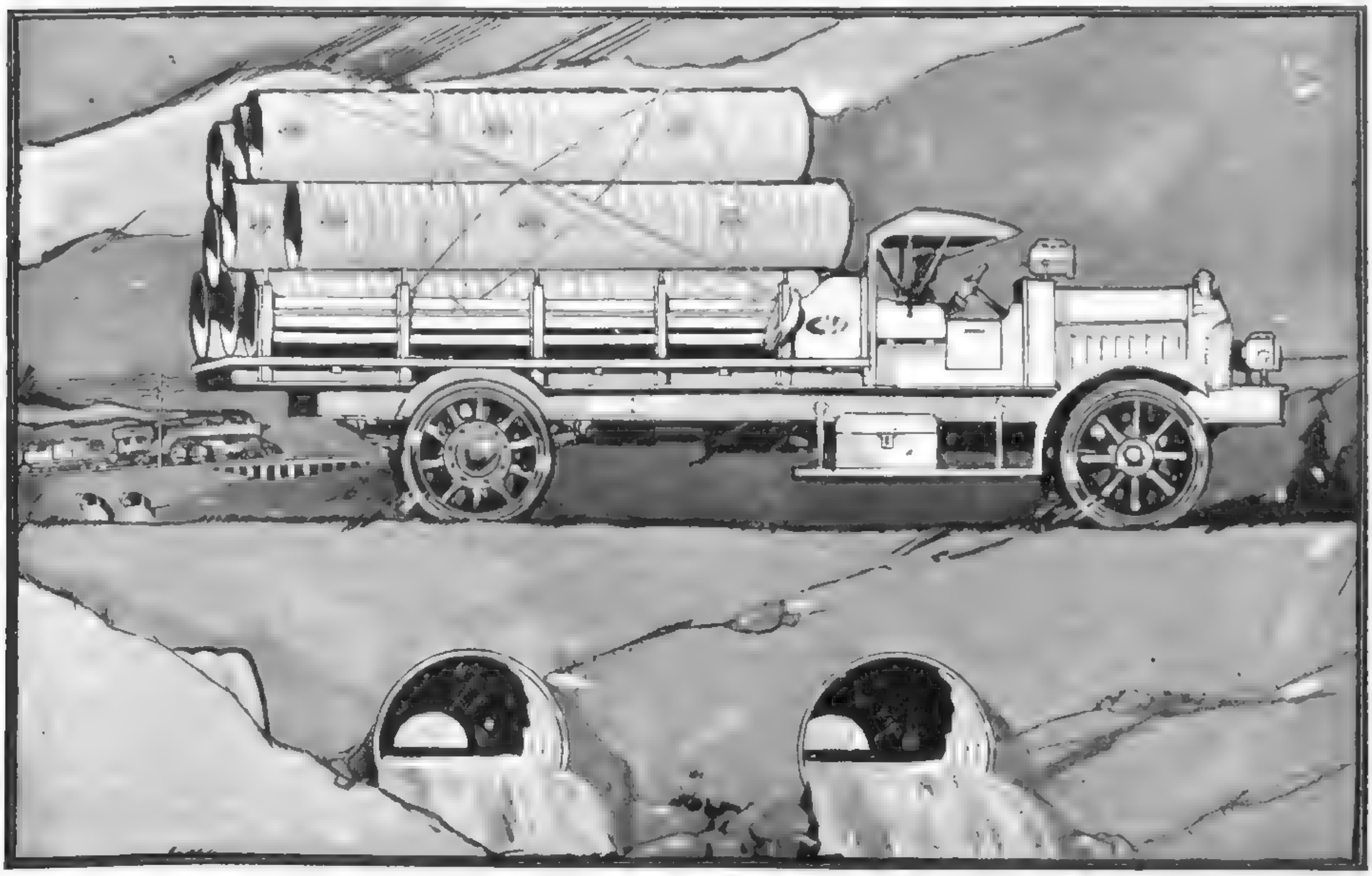
Strains and Shocks do not Damage

Armco Iron Culverts successfully withstand shifting foundations, the

AMERICAN ARMCO IRON

ARMCO IRON RESISTS RUST

ARMCO IRON
Corrugated Culverts



pounding and jarring of heavy traffic, freezing and thawing, floods and droughts. They are adapted alike to the paved highway and the rough-and-ready dirt road. With equal facility, they carry fills made with stone, concrete, earth or sand.

Armco for Long Life

All Armco Iron Culverts are made from the purest, most even and most durable of all metals available for culvert use. Long life is assured by the ability of the Pure Iron to take and hold a heavy coating of pure zinc. These facts have been abundantly proved in every State in the Union, where Armco Iron Culverts have met all requirements of exacting service over a long period of years. The Armco triangle is everywhere a guarantee of quality. It is shown on each section of Culvert Pipe.

Armco Iron Flumes

Water-supply needs for irrigation and power development are furthered just as satisfactorily by Armco Iron Flumes as water-drainage needs are furthered by Armco Iron Culverts. Their simple and water-tight construction results in the delivery of all the water they receive, their almost perfectly smooth interiors in the greatest carrying-capacity. Like the culverts they are light in weight and easily handled, therefore quick and easy to install. This, of course, means comparatively moderate initial costs, while the fact that these Flumes are made of pure, evenly dense, durable, corrosion-resisting Armco Iron is the best guarantee of low maintenance costs.

There is an Armco Iron Culvert manufacturer in practically every State in the Union. The headquarters of the Armco Iron Culvert and Flume Association is located at 608 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. They will gladly give you any information about comparative costs of installations.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY, Middletown, Ohio

AMERICAN ARMCO INGOT IRON

ARMCO IRON RESISTS RUST

(Continued from Page 127)

be more exact they were mingled with anxiety. He thought of Durand's sinister Spanish face and the vicious-looking Jules. What if Patricia had walked into a deadfall? What if she had gone there either for the purpose of blackmail or to extort a confession, and been nipped in the trap? Quickwitted she might be, and armed, and phenomenally strong and active, but Durand had impressed Phineas as a tiger of a man beneath his sleek exterior, and he had that ratty Apache of a clerk to lend a hand.

When an hour and a half had elapsed with still no sign of Patricia, Phineas became seriously alarmed. He could not determine how to act, what course to take. It was impossible to search the premises himself, and to call in the police would be to stall subsequent investigations. He had too much respect for Patricia's ready cleverness to think she would put herself in a position to be ensnared, yet it was possible. It seemed to Phineas that there were three probabilities: She might have met with foul play; she might had been made a prisoner; she might have gained access to the street beyond through the house in the rear.

This last supposition did not satisfy Phineas. Admitting that such a tiger as Durand would very likely have a back entrance to his lair there seemed no reason for Patricia to leave by it unless she was his confederate, in which case she would have been most apt to enter by it. If she had met with foul play it was now too late to rescue her. But if she was being forcibly detained, then something had to be done about it.

Phineas believed this last supposition was the most probable. He doubted that Durand would dare to make away with the girl. He might want to gain time for his escape, to get back to Paris and assume his other personality, provided, of course, that he was in ignorance of this being known to the French police. Or perhaps his object was to detain the girl in an effort to get possession of the contraband, for which she might have tried to strike some bargain with him.

But whether Patricia was honest or not made slight difference to Phineas. As his conviction that she was a prisoner increased so did his determination to rescue her, alone if possible, otherwise through the police. He began to study ways and means. The store could not be forcibly entered from the street because there was a lamppost directly in front of the door, and there were undoubtedly burglar alarms. Such a place was sure to be well protected not only against thieves but an unexpected raid by the police. The means of entry in the rear would certainly be barred and wired.

Remained the roof. This was about ten feet higher than that of Phineas' lodging house. Its scuttle would be securely fastened, probably wired also; but Phineas decided on this point of attack. He remembered the ladder he had seen in Slater's fumigation room. He could haul this up after him and so make his way to Durand's roof.

It was half past four o'clock. On the sidewalk under the window a newsboy was crying the evening papers. Phineas rose.

"Well, no use my waiting any longer," said he to the waiter, and went out and down the stoop. He beckoned to the newsboy, a youngster of about thirteen with the alert face of his class.

"Want to make ten dollars, kid?"

"Sure!" The boy gave him a keen skeptical look. "Say, what sorta bull you handin' me?"

"On the level. You may have to go without your supper."

"Jeese, I c'n pass up me chow fer ten bucks, mister."

Phineas slipped him a bill. "Here's five now, and you get five more at eight o'clock. I'll be over on the stoop of that lodgin' house next to Durand's store. I want you to keep your eye on the store and tell me who goes in or out. Get me?"

"Sure t'ing. Say, mister, is youse a bull?"

"No fear. I got a girl lives there and I want to know who she's keepin' company with besides myself. Don't let 'em get onto you, kid."

"I should worry. All right, mister."

Phineas took a paper and turned his steps eastward. Turning down the next block he caught a cross-town car and got off at Third Avenue. Walking downtown he soon came to a pawnshop, where he bought a pair of heavy sheet-iron shears, a crate opener—which is the same as a burglar's jimmy—and a pair of brass knuckles. At a hardware shop a little farther on he bought a brace with an extension bit, a screw driver and fine keyhole saw, also a bottle of sewing-machine oil.

Returning to his lodging house, which he approached from the west side, which was that away from Durand's, he found his picket still selling papers a little farther down the street on the same side. The boy's keen eyes detected him before he whistled.

"Poiper, mister?" he ran to Phineas and offered him a sheet. "Dere ain't nobody been in or out," he whispered.

"All right. Stick on the job. I'll be going across the street for supper pretty soon."

XV

PHINEAS left the restaurant at ten minutes of eight. His little scout, who was crying a fresh batch of papers, followed him in a leisurely way down the street and approached as Phineas reached the corner.

"Dere's been four guys went in, mister. T'ree was kinder old, like. Two had a bunch o' spinach on dere mugs."

"And the fourth?"

"He was a young feller 'bout as old as you, and husky. He was de last, and he ain't come out yet. De ot'er guys just stayed a few minutes and beat it. Dey looked like shopkeepers."

"Anybody else come out?"

"On'y de boss, Durand. He ain't come back. He lef' 'bout an hour later dan he does most times. He bought a poiper and give me de oncet over, but didn't crack nutt'n."

"What did the young man that went in look like? Ever see him before?"

"I t'ought I seen him go in 'bout a week ago, but I ain't sure. He looks like a Swede or a Goiman. I t'ink he's a sailor."

"No woman came out?"

"No, sir. None went in, needer."

"All right. Here's your fiver. Now keep your mouth shut and maybe I'll have another job for you before long."

"Sure t'ing!" cried the delighted boy. "Say, mister, you seagoin' guys is all right. T'anks."

Phineas returned to the lodging house, the front door of which was apparently never locked. On the dark stairway leading to the top floor he overtook Slater, who was struggling unsteadily upward under a heap of bedding.

"You're carryin' a good deck load, Mr. Slater."

"You've said it, matey!" panted his host. "'Tain't all—deck load—neither." He reached the top, lurched to the door of the closet, toppled into it, then freed himself and straightened up, breathing heavily. "'Overloaded, undermanned, meant to founder, we ——'" he quoted. "Shiver me timbers and strike me blind-o, but I'm born too long ago for this skylarkin'. Euchered God Almighty's storm and bluffed the 'tarnal flu! Booze in bulk in the lower hold and a deck load o' bugs!" He scuffled the thin mattress into a corner and hung the bedding from a line he had rigged. "Now I'll light me little candles and gas the sons o' guns."

"I see you are a man of thorough methods," Phineas observed. "A doctor told me that flu bugs were easily killed away from their host."

"Like my lodgers. I don't believe him. Anyhow, I'm takin' no chances. It's my seagoin' trainin'. I've fumigated for yaller fever and smallpox and bubonic plague and cholery, and I've got the fumigatin' habit. It gives me a sorta satisfaction to think of all them damned boche-hatched bugs breathin' their last in horrid agony. This here formalin has got sulphur stung to death, lashed to the mast, nailed to the counter. Now I gotta go to the drug store and buy them candles. Soon's I come back I'll fill ye that preventative."

"Don't bother about it to-night, Mr. Slater. I'm going right to bed. Haven't had much sleep lately and I got to catch up."

"All right. Jus' as you like."

Slater went down and Phineas entered his room, closed and locked the door, then put on his heavy ulster and cap, opened the window to its full width and sat down beside it in the dark for a vigil of Durand's door. He had an idea that some of the gang might gather that night to discuss Patricia's case, and he wanted to see who went in or out.

It was a tedious job. Slater sailed out and stood away across the street quite steadily, but he may have believed in combining the ingredients of his prophylaxis with certain poisons to be had in the corner saloon, for it was a full two hours before he returned, tacking this time and making heavy weather of it. A few minutes later Phineas heard him bumping about in the fumigating room and hoped that he would manage without setting the house afire.

The slow hours dragged wearily past. Though he had slept late that morning the sheer monotony of his lookout made it almost painful to keep awake. He did not wish to start his raid before midnight lest it be interfered with by late arrivals. The time drew near and Phineas, deciding that Durand must intend to manage his affair alone, was about to get to work when there came a great bumping and banging from the fumigating room. This lasted but a minute or two and he thought that Slater must have got worried about the possibility of a blaze and come up to look in and see that everything was all right.

Phineas waited about twenty minutes longer, then got up, slipped off his overcoat and prepared for action. He hung his automatic on his belt, pocketed his torch and took the packet of tools from the trunk. Stealing out into the hall he stood for a moment listening, then unlocked the door of the fumigating room and drew back to let the powerful corrosive fumes dissipate. The candles had gone out, but he caught a whiff of gas which stung his nasal passages and brought the tears to his eyes. At the end of a few minutes he went to the door and feeling no more gas flashed in his light, then sprang back, startled and horrified.

For the inanimate figure of a man lay sprawled across the bedding, and at the same instant he discovered what the door had prevented his seeing when he opened it, that the scuttle in the roof was open and the moonlight blazing straight down into the room.

Half sick with horror, for his first thought was that Slater must have stumbled drunkenly into the room, pulled the door shut after him and been immediately suffocated, Phineas was about to haul out the body when it struck him that Slater could not have opened the scuttle without the ladder. He flashed his light on the face of the dead man, and with a shock of amazement recognized the ratty features of Jules, the clerk in Durand's.

Phineas thought he understood. He remembered Slater's caution about showing his money in that neighborhood, one of the toughest in the city. Jules had been watching him when he paid for the watch, must have seen the sheaf of bills of large denomination which had been drawn part way from his wallet when he peeled off the fifty-dollar note. The man had looked the typical Apache, and now he had played true to form. No doubt he had learned that Phineas was the only lodger on the top floor and determined to ease him of his money.

It had been a simple matter to drop down from the higher roof onto that of the lodging house, pry up the scuttle, which was held by a couple of simple hooks and screw eyes, and then, with no warning of the heavy and invisible fumes which filled the big closet, he had swung himself down and dropped, to be immediately stifled by the powerful corrosive gas. One breath of this would be enough to paralyze his respiration, spasmodically contract his trachea, close his epiglottis, arrest the whole machinery of breathing. He must have been suffocated in very few minutes, a speedy end for an individual with heart and lungs already weakened by the cocaine habit or the use of heroin.

He was quite dead. Of that there could not be the slightest doubt. Phineas' brief examination proving this to his double satisfaction he stood for a moment pondering what to do with the corpse. He decided to leave it where it was. The motive of the clerk must be as obvious as his cause of death. And the beauty of the business was that it had made Phineas' task infinitely easier. Easier and much less dangerous. He would be spared the work and risk of being heard while forcing the scuttle hatch of Durand's loft. It seemed to Phineas that fortune was playing into his hands. He went back into his room and locked up his tools, keeping only the jimmy, a tool and weapon combined. Then going back to the fumigating room he raised the ladder to the scuttle and climbing onto the roof hauled the ladder after him. He saw that Jules had left a rope dangling from Durand's roof, but the ladder was easier.

The scuttle hatch of the Durand building had been replaced. Phineas raised it and peering into the blackness beneath flashed his light. He had expected to find a loft, a storeroom, but to his amazement the traveling beam passed from one to another detail of a large and luxuriously furnished room, what appeared to be a handsome salon with rich rugs, superb armchairs and tables and divans, while on the walls were splendid paintings and mirrors and tapestries, the appointments of a palace. This room was walled off from the front of the loft and Phineas saw that the windows were covered by heavy brocaded portières.

Directly under the hatch was a stepladder. Phineas lowered himself through the scuttle and closed it above him, sliding the four heavy bolts with which it fastened. He decided that it would be easier to leave the house by the front door, always provided that nothing happened to prevent his leaving it at all. Torch in hand he proceeded with a quick examination of the place. It appeared to be partly salon, partly bureau, such a bureau as a monarch might have in his palace. There was a big Empire center table, a magnificent piece on which were writing materials, a *secrétaire* in one corner and a large modern safe in another.

Completing his turn of the room Phineas came to what appeared to be a closet, but on trying the door he discovered that it opened on a winding stairway. Then as he stood there listening, every sense alert, he heard the faint closing of a door, the front door, he thought, and immediately after that the murmur of voices. It grew more distinct. Some people were coming up. Phineas darted to the stepladder, folded it and slid it under a divan. There came the sound of footsteps on the stair. He slipped behind the portières that screened one of the windows and finding scant space mounted to the sill. Then the portières hung straight and undisturbed.

He was none too soon. The door at the head of the winding stairway swung open, there came a click and the room was flooded with light. Peering through the slit between the portières Phineas saw Durand standing on the threshold. There was a bandage across one of his eyes, a bruise over the other, and his tightly shaved face bore the scars of recent strife, some deep scratches and a swollen lip.

Thought Phineas to himself: "Patricia certainly carved her initials on that bigamist." He felt infinitely relieved. Durand's battered condition indicated that there had been a struggle, and a struggle would indicate that the girl had been overpowered and made prisoner. No rough-and-tumble would have been required to kill her. She must have been captured and locked up, held as hostage or something of the sort. Nor did Phineas believe that she had suffered any indignity beyond the heavy handling necessary to put in restraint a person of her uncommon strength and skill. She might, however, be confronted by the threat of this.

Durand entered. Behind him came two middle-aged men in evening dress and overcoats, one sable-lined and the other having a *doublure* of fine astrakhan. They might have been of any nationality and were evidently strangers to the place, for they paused on the threshold with exclamations of surprise at its magnificence.

Then they entered and behind them came—Karakoff!

The jimmy slipped through Phineas' fingers, but fortunately the tool was long and his reflexes were not completely paralyzed, so that he gripped it by the end before it fell. As a matter of fact he nearly fell off the window sill himself at sight of his employer in that spider's parlor.

But he managed to hold taut and was given no time for vain speculation as Karakoff closed the door behind him and the quartet began a rapid conversation in French. Phineas had acquired the language as a child and later perfected it in Paris, but the two strangers chopped their words in a staccato way difficult to follow. They were men of medium size, one rather thick of build, swarthy, of olive complexion, thick black hair. They looked like brothers. The mustache of one was heavy and curled, the other close cropped. Their features were not Semitic, nor had they the pure French accent spoken by most Russians. Phineas thought they might be Greek.

(Continued on Page 133)

Wilson dependable MOTOR TRUCKS

65,000 Miles at $3.47 Monthly Cost

There is one great outstanding reason for the implicit faith the owners of Wilson trucks come to have in their Wilson haulage equipment.

This reason is completely expressed in the dependable and economical service Wilson trucks give them.

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"This is the first truck purchased of our present fleet of eleven Wilsons. It has been run more than 65,000 miles since March 1916. The normal load it carries is seven tons, and frequently nine tons. We have hauled with this Wilson 2-ton chassis and trailer equipment as much as 22,500 pounds at one load. Will further say that we keep an accurate individual record of our trucks and our books show that this Wilson has cost us an average of only $3.47 per month for repair parts and labor."

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Why the General Tire is the Fastest-Growing Line in the Fastest-Growing Industry

Among the now foremost factors in the tire field—we started with the advantage of starting right, plus the cumulative experience that legitimately belongs to any field of endeavor, and without the handicap of mistakes of our own to surmount. With a definite ideal fixed in advance, we set out to build to it—to build it into a tire. As far as it was humanly possible, as far as thought, effort, money and means could go, we have realized the ideal—the result quickly told. Into the making of General Tires that outran their guarantees thousands of miles went the pick of the tire brains of Akron. Expertness and experience went into complete preparation and the equipment of a perfect plant. The highest grade of skilled workmanship, the highest grade materials, the one correct principle of tire construction, fidelity to the ideal we started with—are responsible for our rapid growth to the position we hold in Akron, in the tire world at large, and in the service of the public.

There's never been a secret in the making of the General Tires

Any manufacturer can tell you the *inside* story of Generals—the why and wherefore. Any one of our competitors could have done what we have done if they had set about it with our advantage in time, in modern equipment and *proved* ideal. We are willing to stand on the recommendation or admissions of candid competitors, and we abide the verdict of competition.

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Let Generals tell their own story to your speedometer—and your pocketbook.

Built in Akron, Ohio, by The General Tire and Rubber Company.

THE GENERAL TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends

(Continued from Page 130)

"Very handsome," said one of them, glancing about the room. "*Une salle de musée.*"

Karakoff shrugged and drew up two more heavy *fauteuils* to the table.

"Stock in trade. Not much market for this stuff just now. I store it here awaiting the appreciation of value which should come later. We might as well enjoy the use of it. This is our American headquarters, where I meet gentlemen like yourselves and discuss plans of campaign. Sit down, if you please." He seated himself at the head of the table, his handsome profile to Phineas, drummed for a moment impatiently with his strong fingers, then looked at Durand with a frown. "Now what's all this about the Melton woman?"

"It's not my fault, monsieur." Durand's voice was surly but apologetic. "One can't drop several boxes out of a ship's porthole without some risk of being discovered. Passengers have a habit of hanging over the rail. Everybody was at dinner and it was impossible to wait longer. She must have suspected something and been on watch. To anybody else it would have looked merely as though a passenger were throwing out trash, empty candy boxes and the like. These ships have cut down their table to such an extent that most travelers now carry a supply of relishes for the voyage."

Karakoff nodded. "I made a serious error in engaging Plunkett. You see, *mes amis*, I had a double motive. The big dealers who knew something of my past transactions as a buyer of gems were beginning to regard me with a certain doubt if not suspicion. I was conscious of this and desired to remove it from their minds by suggesting that we establish a secret service of our own. For another thing, it occurred to me that by doing this I should be furnished with some gauge on the closeness of our operations."

"It was a good idea," said one of the strangers.

"The trouble lay in my selection of the agent, and I flattered myself that I could not have found a better one. It was necessary that he be an individual in whom the others would have absolute confidence, so far as his honesty was concerned. This young man is of good family and social connections. It was evident to all that he would be incapable of double-dealing. Rosenthal gave him his cachet. But I made my mistake in sizing him up for a fool."

"Pardon, monsieur," growled Durand, "but you made no mistake about that. He is a fool. Otherwise he would not have come into my store wearing a yacht owner's costume, made most evidently by a fashionable tailor, and tried to pass himself off as a ship's officer. The misfortune was that he should have got in touch with the Melton woman, the ring and all that business."

"Of course. That was an accident that could not be foreseen. She was clever enough to realize immediately how useful he might be to her. No doubt she assayed him as I had, for an honest good-natured simpleton of romantic ideas, who would do what she required of him and ask no questions. But I have changed my mind about Plunkett. I no longer think that he is anybody's fool. He has got something behind that chappie face of his. When this happens it makes a man doubly dangerous."

"Perhaps you are right, monsieur," muttered Durand.

"There is no perhaps about it." Karakoff's usually pleasant voice was sharp, authoritative. "A young man who can take an open motor boat out to sea in a winter's gale and pick up an incoming ship and ride down another boat —— By the way, where is Jules?"

"I don't know what's become of the rascal," Durand growled. "Probably gone to get some of his infernal drug. I hope it kills him. But the question now is, What we are to do with this girl?"

"How much do you think she knows?"

"It is impossible to tell—without the employment of measures to which you object, monsieur. She knows that I crossed on her ship and that it was I who threw the boxes overboard. She is also aware of my double personality. Her cheek and daring are astonishing. Imagine her coming in this afternoon and offering me immunity, police protection, in exchange for detailed information about our organization!"

"Of course she was armed."

"Naturally. Her pistol was in her muff, and she kept her grip of it. But I was too quick for her. I knocked it out of her hand. She struck me in the eye and might then have escaped, but instead of that came at me like a leopardess. *Sapristi!* I was getting the worst of it when Jules slipped up and dealt her a blow on the head with his slingshot. It dazed her for merely an instant, but that was enough to enable us to bind and gag her. I could not understand. My own strength is a little unusual, but hers was inhuman. It was like battling with a wild beast, a she-ape or something of the sort.

"And I was puzzled that Jules' blow had failed to stun if not to kill her. But I quickly discovered the reason. Will you believe me, gentlemen, her hair was snugly bound on the top of her head and so wonderfully abundant that it would need an iron bar to make much impression."

Karakoff rested his elbow on the table, dropped his chin on his fist and appeared to reflect. There was a dark frown on his aristocratic face. Durand waited a moment for him to speak, then as he remained silent turned to the two strangers and said: "Monsieur le Comte objects to radical measures, but it seems to me that I should be permitted to take them for my own protection. I cannot keep this girl a prisoner. It is probable that she has told Plunkett about me. He has taken a room in the lodging house next door and may at any moment refer the matter to the police, who would immediately search the premises. He is at this moment as dangerous to us as the girl herself. All of our records are in that safe, with many valuable jewels."

Phineas' heart boomed so violently that it seemed certain to be heard. His knees weakened and he was for a moment in a panic of fear lest he be seized by a momentary lapse of consciousness. The thought of Patricia's mortal danger steadied him, however. He tightened his grip of himself and set his teeth. It was possible that in the next few minutes he might be required to turn this sumptuous room into a shambles.

Karakoff roused himself.

"You must destroy the records to-night," said he. "Burn them in your furnace. We shall have to make the best adjustment of our separate interests that we can. We are in an *impasse* and must take no chances that are not obligatory. I had better take the jewels and put them in my own safe for the present."

"But how about me, monsieur?" Durand's voice was whining, yet sullen.

"You will have to make a bargain with this girl; her liberty, her life for her silence. I see no other way. You shall be duly recompensed. You have reason to know that I have never deviated a fraction from my promise to a confrere."

"That is true, monsieur, but what good would that do me in jail? She would not keep her word, even if she were to give it, which, considering her viciousness, I doubt. She would play her bluff to the bitter end or I am no judge of women."

"I do not believe that she has proof enough to get you even indicted. She did not see you throw the boxes overboard. Nobody saw you. The stuff that we have on display here in the house paid duty—that is, all that we cannot carry away paid duty. Of course you might find yourself in some domestic difficulties."

"Pouf! That is the least of my cares. My two families are merely for the sake of establishing my double identity. For the sake of sanctuary. I established them so that in the event of Paul's being wanted by the police he might become Herbert, and the reverse. Now that the trick has been discovered my families can go to the devil."

Karakoff's face hardened.

"One might expect a little conjugal and paternal feeling even in a felon, *mon ami*, but disregarding that it seems to me that in any case your activities in our affair are over. You cannot hope to continue them with the eye of the police upon you. It would jeopardize us all. You had much better retire, retaining the interest which I can promise you."

Even through the narrow slit between the portières, the width of a knife blade, Phineas was able to observe the effect of this speech on Durand. His unbandaged eye appeared to darken, to recede in its socket, which filled with shadow. He moistened his thin lips with the tip of a pointed tongue, this blood-red and needing only to be forked in its suggestion of a viper's. His face paled so that the bony prominences grew more pronounced, their Spanish feature was emphasized and the recent scratches glowed in relief.

Karakoff was watching him with a sort of stern contempt, cold, haughty, aloof—the gentleman, even though a criminal one, disgusted with the base clay with which he was obliged to treat, and not giving himself the trouble to mask his feelings. It was evident enough to Phineas, watching tensely, that Karakoff was master not only here but probably of the entire organization. It was perhaps the creature of his brain, this scabious sea spider with its maw in stricken Europe and its claws in every port.

Durand swallowed as though to moisten a dry throat. Smoldering rage perhaps had parched it. When he spoke it was in a croaking voice, which it was evident he made pains to render servile.

"Pardon, monsieur, but if you will permit me to say so, I have no wish whatever to retire on a pension, nor do I think it necessary for me to do so. It happens that I know something about the Melton woman's methods. She invariably works alone—that is, so far as the police are concerned. They get nothing from her until she has made her case complete. It is true that she might requisition the services of some harmless fool like Plunkett, but it is doubtful if she has even told him more than was self-evident. If she were to be removed I doubt if the police would have any case against me at all."

"She is not to be removed," said Karakoff coldly, and Phineas felt as if an icy hand had been taken from his heart. The blood returned to it. He knew that if Karakoff had not vetoed Patricia's death sentence then Karakoff would never have left that room alive. Phineas would have killed him, but he would have killed him with regret. A criminal the man might be, and enriching himself ghoulishly by the bartered loot of the battlefield and the goods of murdered noncombatants, an established traffic since humanity began; but because he was so graceful and finished and so thoroughly the cool and fearless master of these and many other desperadoes Phineas would have felt reluctant to destroy him.

There was also Olga to be thought of.

An utter silence followed Karakoff's arbitrary words. He alone appeared unmoved by his autocratic ruling. The three others were pale. Durand's face reminded Phineas of a dead picador that he had once seen carried from the arena in Madrid. The point of his red tongue moistened again his thin cruel lips and he looked at a buffet on which were some filled decanters. Phineas surmised that this room was Karakoff's, his private bureau as head of the organization, and as such it was only for him to offer refreshment therein. No doubt the whole establishment was his or at any rate he was at present master there, Durand being a subordinate.

Karakoff broke the sinister silence. His voice was harsh and commanding. Phineas would never have expected it to contain such notes. It burst out with startling violence:

"I forbid assassination. If we are so clumsy that we cannot conduct our affair without, then we shall close it up. It was of my origination, it is of my direction, and it shall be managed according to the plans I first formulated. Such chance encounters as may occur in the course of operations are unavoidable, as always in running contraband.

"Murder in cold blood is quite a different matter, and one which I shall not countenance. Let that be understood, and think twice before attempting it."

He struck the table a violent blow with his fist. Here indeed was a different Karakoff.

Durand's deathly face became more animate. He rose and bowed.

"It shall be as Monsieur le Comte commands," said he.

"Very well. I shall hold you responsible for the lives of the Melton woman and this young man whose services I have engaged. I do not want him even injured. I have conceived a liking for him. He shall not be any further menace to us if I can help it. I shall pay him his year and his bonus out of my own pocket, and tell him that his services are no longer required, that I am in possession of all that I had wished to know. To my confreres I shall explain that I have taken this step because I have reason to think that his life is in serious danger. They can think what they like. That is strictly my own affair."

"*Bien, Monsieur le Comte.*"

Karakoff rose to his feet, stepped to the safe, and twirling the combination for a moment tugged the heavy door open. His back was turned to the others as if in contemptuous disregard for possible treachery. Phineas watching them intently saw the two strangers look at Durand with ferocious eagerness. Durand shook his head, almost imperceptibly. Phineas let his automatic slip back into the holster. Karakoff was filling the pockets of his fur-lined overcoat, which he had not removed, for the room was cold. He turned to the others.

"You will burn all these records to-night, Durand. Feed them into the furnace. If anybody is the loser by it it will be myself. Now I must go. Good night, gentlemen. Make what terms you can with Miss Melton, Durand, and set her at liberty as soon as possible."

"*Bien, monsieur.*"

The three rose to their feet and bowed. Karakoff crossed the room to the door, opened it and went out, closing it behind him. The two strangers stared at Durand, their swarthy faces fiercely questioning. He shrugged and shook his head. Then he stepped to the buffet, picked up a decanter, siphon and some glasses and set them on the table.

"Let us drink, messieurs—since the *patron* is too proud to drink with us. No, it can't be done. For one thing the business would go to pieces without him, and for another he has left a sealed statement to be put in the hands of the police in case of his disappearance or his being found assassinated. If he fails to communicate with his daughter within a period of twenty-four hours she is to take it from the safe deposit and deliver it at the Central Office."

The thickset man nodded. "That ties our hands."

"Besides, Karakoff is treasurer," said the other. "Our loss would be enormous."

Durand filled the glasses.

"*Santé!*"

"*A la vôtre!*"

They drank. Durand drained his glass and set it down with a scowl.

"It is true that I am in Karakoff's power," said he, "but that is not going to keep me from regulating my own affairs—from protecting myself."

"The girl?"

"Yes; and this young imbecile next door. Karakoff has given his orders, but in this case I do not intend to obey them. If he makes a fuss I shall tell him that I found the girl dead in the closet, either from the effect of Jules' blow or possibly from suffocation, and that Jules had already settled his affair for Plunkett. The latter is probably the fact."

"What do you mean?"

"After we secured the girl this afternoon I told Jules that if he could get away with Plunkett, who was watching the store from the restaurant across the street, he would be the richer by what he had in his pocketbook and five hundred dollars from me. Jules understands such little jobs. He is a Montmartre *Apache de pure race* and has turned the trick more than once. He may have managed it by this time. I have not seen him since I came in."

"Karakoff will be furious."

"He has my permission. How can he prove that I am not telling him the truth? He does not think that I dare disobey him, and at any rate he will feel that at least it was not his fault." Durand filled his glass to the brim and drained the old cognac at a single draught. "Come now, as old friends who have pulled off many a coup in the days of Chu-Chu and Léontine, am I not right?"

The thickset man nodded. "Absolutely. It is your skin or theirs. Karakoff is soft. Ivan was also soft, and paid for it with his life. Chu-Chu le Tondeur was right. He took no chances. He had no more scruples than a man-eating tiger. He would be living yet if it were not for another soft one."

"Frank Clamart. Yes, he had his soft streak too. But, then, he was a renegade. I am a disciple of Chu-Chu. *Allons, mes amis*—another drink, and then let us have a little sport."

He filled the glasses again. His guests exchanged a dubious glance.

"Sport?"

"*Mais oui.* I will fetch the girl and put her through some tricks." He tossed off the brandy. "You can hide behind the portières. She is a beauty. When you have given her a *coup d'œil*, looked her over, you may say good night—and leave the pretty *poule* to me."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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If your dealer doesn't carry, send $2.00 (foreign $2.50) cash with order and we will mail you an IN-GOOD postpaid. Dealers and Jobbers: The IN-GOOD is a big seller. Write for proposition. Address

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LOOKING BACKWARD

(Concluded from Page 17)

out-and-out Republican who voted for Blaine, and I shall not appoint him. If you want the place for Winchester, Winchester it is."

Next day, much to Mr. Bayard's surprise, the commission was made out.

Mr. Cleveland had a way of sudden fancies to new and sometimes queer people. Many of his appointments were eccentric and fell like bombshells upon the Senate, taking the appointee's home people completely by surprise.

The recommendation of influential politicians seemed to have little if any weight with him.

There came to Washington from Richmond a gentleman by the name of Keiley, backed by the Virginia delegation for a minor consulship. The President at once fell in love with him.

"Consul be damned," he said. "He is worth more than that," and named him Ambassador to Vienna.

It turned out that Mrs. Keiley was a Jewess and would not be received at court. Then he named him Ambassador to Italy, when it appeared that Keiley was an intense Roman Catholic, who had made at least one ultramontane speech, and would be *persona non grata* at the Quirinal. Then Cleveland dropped him. Meanwhile poor Keiley had closed out bag and baggage at Richmond and was at his wit's end. After much ado the President was brought to a realizing sense and a place was found for Keiley as consul general and diplomatic agent at Cairo, whither he repaired. At the end of the four years he came to Paris, and one day, crossing the Place de la Concorde, he was run over by a truck and killed. He deserved a longer career and a better fate, for he was a man of real capacity and merit.

III

TAKEN to task by thick and thin Democratic partisans for my criticism of the only two Democratic Presidents we have had since the War of Sections, Cleveland and Wilson, I have answered by asserting the right and duty of the journalist to talk out in meeting, flatly repudiating the claims as well as the obligations of the organ grinder they had sought to put upon me, and closing with the knife grinder's retort—

Things have come to a hell of a pass
When a man can't wallop his own jackass.

In the case of Mr. Cleveland the break had come over the tariff issue. Reading me his first message to Congress the day before he sent it in, he had said: "I know nothing about the tariff, and I thought I had best leave it where you and Morrison had put it in the platform."

We had indeed had a time in the Platform Committee of the Chicago convention of 1884. After an unbroken session of fifty hours a straddle was all that the committee could be brought to agree upon. The leading recalcitrant had been General Butler, who was there to make trouble and who later along bolted the ticket and ran as an independent candidate.

One aim of the Democrats was to get away from the bloody shirt as an issue. Yet, as the sequel proved, it was long after Cleveland's day before the bloody shirt was laid finally to rest. It required a patriot and a hero like William McKinley to do this. When he signed the commissions of Joseph Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee, Confederate generals and graduates of the West Point Military Academy, to be generals in the Army of the United States, he made official announcement that the War of Sections was over and gave complete amnesty to the people and the soldiers of the South.

Yet the bloody shirt lingered long as a trouble-maker, and was invoked by both parties.

IV

THAT chance gatherings of heedless persons, stirred by the bombast of self-exploiting orators eager for notoriety or display—loose mobs of local nondescripts led by pension sharks so aptly described by the gallant General Bragg, of Wisconsin, as coffee coolers and camp followers—should tear their passion to tatters with the thought that Virginia, exercising an indisputable right and violating no reasonable sensibility, should elect to send memorials of Washington and Lee for the Hall of Statues in the nation's Capitol came in the accustomed way of bloody-shirt agitation. It merely proved how easily men are led when taken in droves and stirred by partyism. Such men either bore no part in the fighting when fighting was the order of the time, or else they were too ignorant and therefore too unpatriotic to comprehend the meaning of the intervening years and the glory these had brought with the expanse of national progress and prowess. In spite of their lack of representative character it was not easy to repress impatience at ebullitions of misguided zeal so ignoble; and of course it was not possible to dissuade or placate them.

All the while never a people more eager to get together than the people of the United States after the War of Sections, as never a people so averse to getting into that war. A very small group of extremists and doctrinaires had in the beginning made a War of Sections possible. Enough of these survived in the days of Cleveland and McKinley to keep sectionalism alive.

It was mainly sectional clamor out for partisan advantage. But it made the presidential campaigns lurid in certain quarters. There was no end of objurgation, though it would seem that even the most embittered Northerner and ultra Republican who could couple the names of Robert E. Lee and Benedict Arnold, as was often done in campaign lingo, would not hesitate, if his passions were roused or if he fancied he saw in it some profit to himself or his party, to liken George Washington to Judas Iscariot.

The placing of Lee's statue in the Capitol at Washington made the occasion for this.

It is true that long before Confederate officers had sat in both Houses of Congress and in Republican and Democratic cabinets and upon the bench of the Supreme Court, and had served as ambassadors and envoys extraordinary in foreign lands. But McKinley's doing was the crowning stroke of union and peace.

There had been a weary and varied interim. Sectionalism proved a sturdy plant. It died hard. We may waive the reconstruction period as ancient history. There followed it intense party spirit. Yet, in spite of extremists and malignants on both sides of the line, the South rallied equally with the North to the nation's drumbeat after the Maine went down in the harbor of Havana. It fought as bravely and as loyally at Santiago and Manila. Finally, by the vote of the North, there came into the Chief Magistracy one who gloried in the circumstance that on the maternal side he came of fighting Southern stock; who, amid universal applause, declared that no Southerner could be prouder than he of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, apotheosizing an uncle, his mother's brother, who had stood at the head of the Confederate naval establishment in Europe and had fitted out the Confederate cruisers, as the noblest and purest man he had ever known, a composite of Colonel Newcome and Henry Esmond.

Meanwhile the process of oblivion had gone on. The graven effigy of Jefferson Davis at length appeared upon the silver service of an American battleship. This told the Mississippi's guests, wherever and whenever they might meet round her hospitable board, of national unification and peace, giving the lie to sectional malignancy. In the most famous and conspicuous of the national cemeteries now stands the monument of a Confederate general, not only placed there by consent of the Government, but dedicated with fitting ceremonies supervised by the Department of War, which sent as its official representative the son of Grant, himself an army officer of rank and distinction.

The world has looked on, incredulous and amazed, whilst our country has risen to each successive act in the drama of reconciliation with increasing enthusiasm.

I have been all my life a Constitutional Nationalist; first the nation and then the state. The episode of the Confederacy seems already far away. It was an interlude, even as matters stood in the Sixties and Seventies, and now he who would thwart the unification of the country on the lines of oblivion, of mutual and reciprocal forgiveness, throws himself across the highway of his country's future, and is a traitor equally to the essential principles of free government and the spirit of the age.

If sectionalism be not dead it should have no place in popular consideration. The country seems happily at last one with itself. The South, like the East and the West, has come to be the merest geographic expression. Each of its states is in the Union, precisely like the states of the East and the West, all in one and one in all. Interchanges of every sort exist.

These exchanges underlie and interlace our social, domestic and business fabric. That the arrangement and relation after half a century of strife thus established should continue through all time is the hope and prayer of every thoughtful, patriotic American. There is no greater dissonance to that sentiment in the South than in the North. To what end, therefore, except ignominious recrimination and ruinous dissension, could a revival of old sectional and partisan passions—if it were possible—be expected to reach?

V

HUMOR has played no small part in our politics. It was Col. Mulberry Sellers, Mark Twain's hero, who gave currency to the conceit and enunciated the principle of "the old flag and an appropriation." He did not claim the formula as his own, however. He got it, he said, of Senator Dillworthy, his patriotic file leader and ideal of Christian statesmanship.

The original of Senator Dillworthy was recognized the country over as Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, "Old Pom," as he had come to be called, whose oleaginous piety and noisy patriotism, adjusting themselves with equal facility to the purloining of subsidies and the roasting of rebels, to prayer and land grants, had impressed themselves upon the Satirist of the Gilded Age as upon his immediate colleagues in Congress. He was a ruffle-shirted Pharisee, who affected the airs of a bishop, resembled Cruikshank's pictures of Pecksniff.

There have not been many "Old Poms" in our public life; or, for that matter, Aaron Burrs either, and but one Benedict Arnold. That the chosen people of God did not dwell amid the twilight of the ages and in far-away Judea, but were reserved to a later time, and a region then undiscovered of men, and that the American republic was ordained of God to illustrate upon the theater of the New World the possibilities of free government in contrast with the failures and tyrannies and corruptions of the Old, I do truly believe. That is the first article in my confession of faith. And the second is like unto it, that Washington was raised up by God to create it, and that Lincoln was raised up by God to save it; else why the militia colonel of Virginia and the rail splitter of Illinois, for no reason that was obvious at the time, before all other men? God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. The star of the sublime destiny that hung over the manger of our blessed Saviour hung over the cradle of our blessed Union.

Thus far it has weathered each historic danger which has gone before to mark the decline and fall of nations; the struggle for existence; the foreign invasion; the internecine strife; the disputed succession; religious bigotry and racial conflict. One other peril confronts it—the demoralization of wealth and luxury; too great prosperity; the concentration and the abuse of power. Shall we survive the lures with which the spirit of evil, playing upon our self-love, seeks to trip our wayward footsteps, purse-pride and party spirit, mistaken zeal and perverted religion, fanaticism seeking to abridge liberty and liberty running to license, greed masquerading as a patriot and ambition making a commodity of glory—or under the process of a divine evolution shall we be able to mount and ride the waves which swallowed the tribes of Israel, which engulfed the phalanx of Greece and the legions of Rome, and which still beat the sides and sweep the decks of Europe?

The one-party power we have escaped; the one-man power we have escaped. The stars in their courses fight for us; the virtue and intelligence of the people are still watchful and alert. Truth is mightier than ever, and Justice, mounting guard even in the Hall of Statues, walks everywhere the battlements of freedom!

Editor's Note—This is the eighteenth of a series of articles by Mr Watterson. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE NEW "1920"—MODERATELY PRICED—BUT EVERY INCH AN

APPERSON

"The Eight With Eighty Less Parts"

The Apperson Model 1920 Apperson, the younger brother of the Apperson Anniversary, is a true son of that long line of sturdy winners in track and road events, the "Jack Rabbit" cars.

It is, in short, the sure master of any road, the joy of the city driver.

A perfect representative of Apperson design and build, marketed with a price difference made possible by large production and by keen paring away of non-essentials.

It is powered with the Eight Motor with 80 less parts.

The model 1920 will give proved Apperson performance.

That gliding acceleration, in high, of from 1 to 40 miles an hour in 20 seconds; the quick stop, 40 miles an hour to a standstill in 4 seconds—40 yards; the speed of the "Jack Rabbit" racers.

A 130-inch wheelbase car that turns in a 38¼-foot circle.

A body that reflects beauty and comfort.

The model 1920 is all car—the product of the Apperson Brothers, who since 1893 have held a pioneer position as high grade motor car builders.

No new model high powered car has sprung into such overwhelming sales in so short a time. A large and increasing body of purchasers sees in the Model 1920 the season's best buy.

Every man in the market for a car with definite values should drive an Apperson first—then decide.

Your dealer has the Model 1920 ready.

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Every Wheel Pulls All The Way

The logic of Duplex low costs is as simple as a sum in common arithmetic.

When you consider the principle of the Duplex four wheel drive, it is really not open to argument.

Duplex power is applied to four wheels instead of two. It exerts *fourfold* pulling capacity.

The strains are evenly distributed. That means longer wear and less repair because each wheel pulls an equal share of the load.

That is why the Duplex furnishes transportation where other power is not sufficient.

The Duplex principle *must* mean a decided saving in fuel, because all the gasoline is turned into driving energy; none of it spent in spinning wheels.

Inconceivable as it may seem, Duplex owners show savings *on tires alone* of 30 per cent.

Their comparative ton-mile costs *always* figure at least 20, and sometimes as high as 60 per cent less.

Many companies are being formed to handle freight runs by means of Duplex trucks, where branch or spur railroads would not pay.

The dependability of Duplex power—the surety of Duplex lower cost—offer special opportunities for this highly profitable field of transportation.

On every stretch of the road, good and bad, the Duplex, using every ounce of power, all the time, on all four wheels, hauls better and saves more.

And it always goes through.

Be your traffic problem one of town or country, lumber camp or oil field, you will find it to your advantage to compare Duplex performance and Duplex costs with any other method of hauling.

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We find that our Duplex truck, loaded with one thousand four-inch tile—total weight seven thousand pounds—makes seven miles to a gallon of gasoline on ordinary roads. We have had our truck in operation since July 4, 1918, and it has given very good satisfaction.
What we claim for the Duplex truck is that it will pull anything loose at both ends.

McPherson & Kahle
Manufacturers of Drain Tiles
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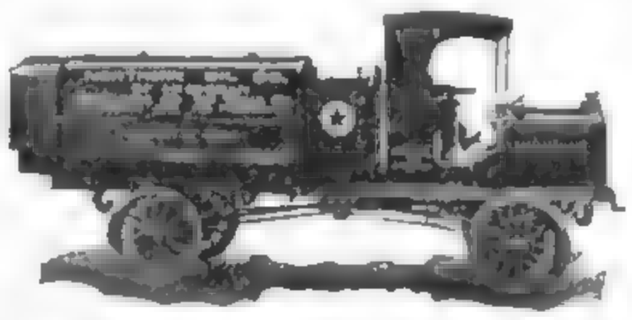


DUPLEX TRUCKS
Cost Less Per Ton-mile

ENEMY PROPERTY IN THE UNITED STATES

(Concluded from Page 34)

the company and installing an American board of directors.

The Hawaiians had long chafed under the foreign ownership and control of their great sugar industry, and about this time certain substantial Hawaiians let it be understood that they would like to participate directly in the conduct of this company and to give a species of home rule to the largest of their industries. They of course insisted that the Government of the United States should protect them against Germans or other special interests that might have purchased the controlling shares held by the custodian. The custodian was impressed by these representations, but before selling Hackfeld & Co. let it be understood that Hawaiians should organize a company of their own for the purpose of purchasing the assets of the old company. This suggestion was followed, and the American Factors, Ltd., was incorporated with a capitalization of $5,000,000. The shares of the stock were open to public subscription at $150 a share, this being equal on the former capitalization of Hackfeld & Co. to $7.50 more a share than the price at which J. F. Hackfeld, Ltd., had sold its 11,000 shares. The offering was made in such a way as to prevent enemy or other special interests from obtaining control. The entire issue was subscribed to by the people of Hawaii, 646 in all participating in the purchase, the patriotism or Americanism of not one of whom can be doubted.

By proceeding in this fashion to dispose of the enemy interests in the Hawaiian sugar industry the liquidation of the Hackfeld interests was made unnecessary and a serious blow to the sugar industry avoided. Such a move would have involved a large number of subsidiary corporations. As it is, the properties have been completely Americanized without loss or hardship in any direction.

German Holdings in Florida

German investments in American enterprise were as varied as they were powerful. They were found in scores of unsuspected directions; in fact most of them were industriously concealed as long as it was possible to hide them from the official searchers. And a vast proportion of these investments were profitable. This was true particularly of the six great worsted mills at Passaic, New Jersey, which were found to be enemy-owned in whole or in part. These mills had no dominating influence upon the American textile industry of course, but they were important factors in their field. Incidentally we discovered that two of the Passaic mills, the Botany Worsted Mills and the Forstmann and Huffmann Company, had actually attempted to aid the German Government in running the British blockade. Through the agency of Hugo Schmidt, representing the Deutsche Bank, arrangements were made for these mills, acting as straight American enterprises, to purchase South African and Australian wool to be reshipped into Germany for war purposes.

These corporations were to be rewarded for their faithful services with shipments of dyestuffs, which arrived in the German submarine Deutschland.

A peculiarly interesting case that came within our jurisdiction was that of the German American Lumber Company, whose property was located on St. Andrews Bay, Florida, and said by many authorities to be the best harbor on the Gulf of Mexico. At this point an investment was made running into the millions when something like 100,000 acres of valuable timberlands were purchased by a prince of the German Empire, Furstlich Schaumber von Hoofkomer. The owner of this property never visited it, but by a system of rotation a new executive officer appeared every two years, in each case being a man sent there by Germany from a similar enterprise in South America. The German company stoutly opposed the building of an American railroad through its property, and if the Government of the United States had undertaken to establish railroad terminals on this bay for a short line to the Panama Canal it would have had to deal with the German Empire. When this property was taken over my representatives found the company's offices filled with Pan-German literature which was a part of the general German propaganda in America. I am strongly convinced that this company's headquarters was one of the chief spy centers in the United States.

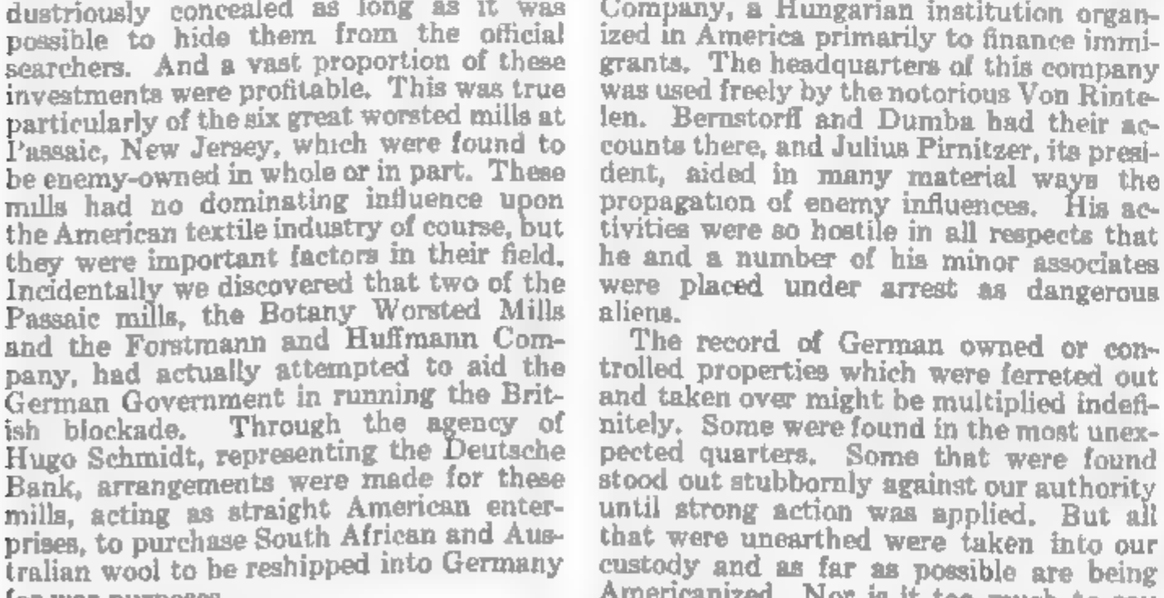
Industrial Enemies Subdued

Germany had a strong foothold in many miscellaneous industries in this country. This was the case in the piano and musical instrument industry. Though they preferred to retain the manufacture of these commodities at home, in many cases they organized and controlled concerns in this country. Germans had a practical monopoly of bronze powder manufacture in America, a product essential to the production of musical instruments.

The manufacture of knitting machines and needles was another important German-controlled industry in this country. One company, absolutely German-owned, produced approximately one-third of all the knitting machines in use here. The enemy had a substantial interest in the jewelry and precious stone business of the United States. Many enemy-owned interests of a special character were taken over. In this list will be found the Transatlantic Trust Company, a Hungarian institution organized in America primarily to finance immigrants. The headquarters of this company was used freely by the notorious Von Rintelen. Bernstorff and Dumba had their accounts there, and Julius Pirnitzer, its president, aided in many material ways the propagation of enemy influences. His activities were so hostile in all respects that he and a number of his minor associates were placed under arrest as dangerous aliens.

The record of German owned or controlled properties which were ferreted out and taken over might be multiplied indefinitely. Some were found in the most unexpected quarters. Some that were found stood out stubbornly against our authority until strong action was applied. But all that were unearthed were taken into our custody and as far as possible are being Americanized. Nor is it too much to say that long before the treaty of peace was laid before the enemy plenipotentiaries at Versailles the American Government had succeeded in forcing the unconditional surrender of the industrial enemy at home.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Palmer.



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It is a miniature gas plant. It gives more light than the average electric fixture, and costs less than 50 cents per month to use.

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The Quick-Lite will save your eyesight by bringing the light right where you want it. In summer cottage or city home, on the farm or in the village—it goes right on making friends of users and dealers everywhere.

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X 3 X is the laboratory number of the formula by which this steel is tempered. Because it will take and retain an edge to a degree hitherto unheard of, it is the most efficient stubble dispeller ever produced.

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The finest materials and the most conscientious workmanship are two reasons why the Ever-Ready is the best shaving brush. Its hard rubber grip holds the fine quality bristles securely and permanently—the bristles are unconditionally guaranteed not to shed. 30c to $6.50.

American Safety Razor Co., Inc.
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TRADE MARK FACE

OUR FORGOTTEN SOCIALISM

(Continued from Page 16)

Historians say that conditions were not the same in different sections. Michigan, Illinois and Indiana experimented, it appears, for reasons not at all like those that appealed to the Southern States. Pennsylvania perhaps had still other reasons. But the laws of human nature and political economy were much alike everywhere. What is more important, the results seem to have been much the same, whatever the section or whatever the object of experiment, be it banking or transportation, canals or railroads.

Certainly the more enthusiastic advocates of having the "state operate everything for the public good" will prefer discreetly to forget this chapter of American history.

Practically everywhere failure was almost absolute, and usually for like reasons. Plans were overambitious. Instead of doing one thing at a time people thought the Government was so powerful that everything could be done at once. Instead of building one railroad at a time a dozen would be started simultaneously, only to fail all together.

It looked good on paper to have railroads, banks and canals all tied up together financially, but the crash was all the worse when it came.

The Reign of Extravagance

Local pride, sectional prejudices and logrolling always prevented unified effort toward a reasonable end. Nor was there any real effort to count the cost while the mania was on. Extravagance reigned supreme, benefits were figured only under ideal conditions. Under state management politics defeated the efficient construction and management of transportation lines to such an extent that private companies had to be appealed to, and as a result a large part of the railroad system in the eastern and southeastern and middle portions of this country to-day consists of consolidations of lines originally started by the states.

It is hard to say whether the baneful effects of political exploitation appear more clearly in banking or transportation, but anyone who reads of those days will probably conclude that banking was the more spicy and exciting. A Southern state with a population of only three hundred thousand put about $10,000,000 into a state bank, which by act of the General Assembly was to loan money in the counties in proportion to the number of representatives each county had in the Assembly.

The Assembly also appointed the president of the bank, all the directors and officers, and directors of a large number of branches. Naturally any citizen, no matter how worthless and impecunious, sought out a candidate for the Assembly when in need of a loan. Votes rather then credits thus became the essential principle of banking.

A hotel keeper was elected to the Assembly and his barroom swarmed with applicants for loans, with the result that sales of refreshments increased enormously. Thus his competitors were put at such a handicap that they actually had to enter politics and run for Assembly in order not to lose all their trade!

The Court's Post-Mortem

For a time the bank did so well that the state actually abolished all taxes and paid its expenses from bank-stock dividends. But after the crash came an investigating committee discovered that $6,000,000 of the loans were worthless. In an adjoining state, banks, insurance companies and railroads were all tried out at about the same time by the Government, and many millions of dollars of bonds were sold to further these projects, though the total population of the state was only fifty thousand at the time.

"This swapping of state obligations for railroad paper at the will of the Legislature *ad lib.* is certainly a new idea begotten by those who believe that the Legislature is the dispenser of all power, and it only needs a sufficient number of votes to do anything," said a local court which had to pass on one of the disputes which followed the inevitable *post-mortem*.

In 1841 the governor of one of these states furnished the legislature with an up-to-date report of the bank's condition. It is a gem:

ASSETS	
Suspended debts in suit	$2,680,800.20
Do. not in suit	1,777,347.78
Resources, chiefly unavailable	8,034,154.28
Specie on hand	4,349.06
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock	$5,008,000.00
Immediate liabilities	3,034,154.00

"Not more than one-third the debts due the bank will ever be collected," added the governor, "and the whole of its capital is irretrievably lost."

The great era of internal improvements of eighty and ninety years ago that now seems so grotesque, was natural enough at the time. After the close of the war of 1812 and the Napoleonic Wars, European trade settled back into its customary channels, and it became necessary for the American people living along the Atlantic seaboard who had been employed in maritime pursuits to find a new field. Obviously they turned to the great, almost unexplored West.

"Soon the waves of emigration which Burke had seen in vision lapping over the crests of the Alleghanies grew into a deluge that swept down the western valleys, overwhelming the wild animals, the Indians and the primeval forest. This was no ordinary movement of population. It was a national migration to the American hinterland."

The great obstacle in the road to this western world was the Alleghany Mountains. But Washington, along with the other early fathers, especially Thomas Jefferson's Secretary of the Treasury, Albert Gallatin, worked out a comprehensive scientific system of national roads, partly perhaps in imitation of those of the Roman Empire. But local interests and jealousies, along with the state-rights sentiment, prevented the building of more than one of them, the Cumberland Pike.

So the states started out for themselves on a mad scramble for internal improvements to connect the East and the West, and New York got so far in the lead with its Erie Canal and carried it to such an overwhelmingly successful conclusion that the state and city of New York took first place in the nation, which they have held to this day.

The Success of the Erie Canal

New York was by far and away the first in the field, the Erie Canal being started very soon after the close of the great wars. The state pledged everything it had in fear and trembling, including sales at auction, lotteries and the duty on salt. But the tolls from the canal even before the work was finished so exceeded interest on the bonded debt that the canal's most eager advocates were dumfounded. Within ten years the tolls had paid for the entire cost, and the state had to pay a premium of five to nine per cent to induce holders of bonds to present them for payment.

Even before the big ditch was finished an immense new business was created in Western New York and as far west as Ohio and Michigan. In 1800 there had been only a few thousand people west of Seneca Lake in New York State; now there were many hundreds of thousands. Nearly twenty thousand boats passed West Troy in 1826.

Immediately Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore saw their prestige lost to New York. They sought desperately by means of vast systems of canals, roads and that brand-new device, the railroad, to regain their supremacy. But they were too late.

The new wealth created by the Erie Canal was enough to turn men's heads. Many, many years later, when the hero of that popular novel, David Harum, visited Newport, he shouted "Low Bridge!" at a fashionable dinner party, whereat all the older men present, except an English lord, ducked their heads, thereby showing the origin of their fortunes.

Not only did the cities and states along the Atlantic seaboard desire to attract the new Western commerce for its own sake but also because through the growth of the West they feared there would be a shift in the balance of power. Southern states, and especially North Carolina,

(Continued on Page 141)

Did the Manufacturer Protect Your Stove from Rust?

Or did he sell it to your dealer—and did your dealer pass it on to you with the tacit admission that *sooner or later* it would rust, and go out of service long before its time?

When you buy your next stove remember that you no longer need to tolerate rust—because the leaders among the stove manufacturers, like the leaders in almost every other metal working field, now protect their products from rust with the Parker Process.

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The Parker Process is not a paint but is a chemical process applied by manufacturers with special equipment *in their own plants*. It not only enables them to rustproof the parts for which they are already using iron or steel—but frequently makes it possible to cut production costs by *substituting* rust-proof iron or steel parts for those of costly copper or brass.

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PARKER PROCESS
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Established Whitman & Barnes 65 Years

TWIST DRILLS — REAMERS — WRENCHES — DROP FORGINGS

(Continued from Page 138)

were losing farmers, planters and slaves. The cheaper and more fertile lands of the West were irresistible. To save herself North Carolina entered upon a great trunk-line scheme of canals and railroads.

But Western states were just as anxious for internal improvements. Their prairies were rich indeed. Wheat and corn grew with amazing ease. But there were no markets. The farmers of Indiana raised two or three times as much produce as they could consume, and had no place to sell the surplus. Only the towns along the Ohio River had any chance at all, for from them grain could be sent by boat to New Orleans.

A bushel of corn sold at fifty cents at any point on the Ohio River, but was worth only twelve cents in Indianapolis.

It matters not how rich in natural resources a new, unsettled country may be. It cannot grow if it is unable to export raw materials and import manufactures. But the West did not have long to wait. The invention of the steamboat and the opening of the Southwest to cotton culture gave the states north of the Ohio River a vast market for their food products provided only they could get them to the river. For slave states must always specialize on a few products, and as they happened to specialize on cotton they were forced to buy their food and manufactures elsewhere.

Cotton was rising from six and eight cents a pound to eighteen and twenty. Cotton land in the then Southwest which cost $15,000 rose in two years to $65,000. Planters were making incomes that would be the envy of millionaires even to-day. A great era of speculation had set in.

Suddenly people began to realize that the West was no longer a mere refuge for poverty or for the restless pioneer adventurer who wanted to get "twenty miles away from law and calomel." Many of the Western settlers had come out by way of the Erie Canal. They knew about its success and they were men of courage and faith, with no fear of adventure.

Not only had the Erie Canal paid beyond the dreams of its builders. In England stock in the Chester Canal which cost $500 sold for $12,000 and paid a dividend of 180 per cent. There seemed no reason why the veins and arteries of physical nature should not be multiplied like those in the human frame. Why not bring steamboats way into the interior? Besides, if canals would not do, how about the railroads? They were newer and more untried, but people were greatly excited about them.

Money From England

A few years before people had been very dubious about the railroads. Opponents had argued that they would frighten the cows from having calves and the hens from laying eggs. In 1823 a correspondent asked one of the Philadelphia papers "What is a railroad?" and the editor answered "Perhaps some other correspondent can tell"; but nobody did. However, it was said that the railroads would not freeze over in winter like the rivers and canals, and by the time extensive works of internal improvement were undertaken some ten years later most of the states compromised by building combined systems of railroads and canals.

As one J. M. Beck, A. M., remarked in 1840 in a book entitled A Gazeteer of Illinois: In Three Parts: "There was, to be sure, one drawback; the state had no funds, and but few resources."

With the exception of a few government-sponsored banks there had never been any industrial undertaking in America which called for more than a million dollars. People knew nothing of large enterprises like canals and railroads where great masses of capital had to be sunk in a single undertaking, not to pay returns perhaps for a year. They had been accustomed mostly to mercantile and shipping enterprises. Corporations were almost unknown.

But England had money, literally to burn. Again to quote the severe Mr. Beck: "The plethoric purse of Europe would rejoice to be relieved by the phlebotomizing process of a loan to any who could promise to relieve them from the care of their money for a good long while. To be sure it was admitted that foreign capital was dangerous to our liberties and ought to be pronounced contraband. But there are exceptions to all rules."

Since the close of the Napoleonic Wars capital had accumulated in England so rapidly that the rate of interest was forced down to insignificant figures. The steady conversion of the English debt to lower and ever lower rates of interest simply forced capital into foreign countries, into all manner of rash ventures.

This country stood highest of all in British esteem. We had but a short time before paid off all our Revolutionary debt, the only country in the world which had ever paid off its debt.

Not only were canals profitable in England, but that country was the home of the railroad. As for banks, the English had invested with great success in the First and Second Banks of the United States. Besides, they wanted cotton from the South and they thought new banks in America would stimulate cotton growing. So when the Federal Government paid off its debt the English left their money here instead of withdrawing it. They invested it in the new enterprises, railroads, canals and banks, and expected to profit immensely, especially as most of them were backed by the states.

The English never got it through their heads that a state could constitutionally repudiate its bonds. They knew that the Federal Government never had done so and never intended to. They have never quite to this day distinguished between the states and the Federal Government.

How New Jersey Stood Out

As already stated, the first weakness in the schemes of internal improvement was their elaborate inclusive magnificence. In Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and North Carolina work was begun at all points at once, each state thus bidding against itself for the few laborers to be had. Pennsylvania planned a complete vertebrate system of track and water courses, and unlike most of the other states actually built it. Men even said that by digging seventy-five miles more of canals Philadelphia would soon be connected directly with the Pacific Ocean.

Only a few years later, however, Pennsylvania tried in vain to sell to private interests two million dollars of stocks in banks, turnpikes, bridges, canals and railroads. Finally its canals were sold out to private interests after they had got deeply in debt. Indeed before many decades had passed, half of the nearly five thousand miles of canals in the country, built mostly by the states at a cost of possibly two hundred millions, had been abandoned, and most of the rest had become unprofitable because of railroad competition.

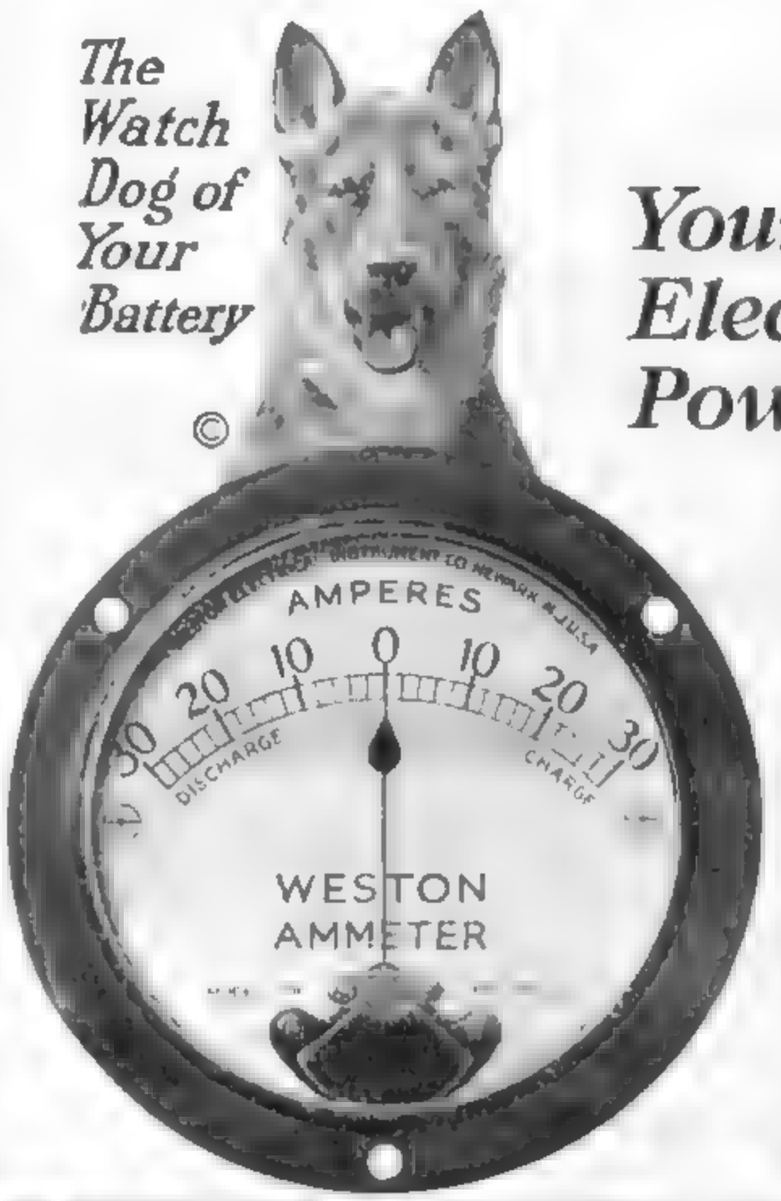
But the states fared only a little better with their railroads. After a time Pennsylvania sold out her railroad interests to private companies at what is said to be only one-sixth of their cost, and on easy terms at that.

Meanwhile Commodore Stockton, of New Jersey, which almost alone had stood out against the tide, had scathingly rebuked the neighboring states, declaring that their rapid growth of wealth and corruption had not contaminated the simplicity and republican equality of New Jersey:

"The public men and reflecting minds in New Jersey had perceived the demoralization and deterioration of virtue which already began to be flagrant in those states in which lavish expenditure for internal improvements and vast patronage incidental to state management of public works had taken place. Particularly they had marked the headlong and reckless precipitancy with which corrupt demagogues had plunged the noble state of Pennsylvania into the vortex of enormous debt. This career of profligacy and crime was viewed in New Jersey with horror and disgust."

Michigan planned 596 miles of railroad and 230 miles of canal, though the population was scarce two hundred thousand. It was estimated by the legislature that a railroad from Detroit across the state would yield 30 per cent a year in profits. The benefits to be expected were appraised everywhere down to the minutest detail. One county in North Carolina figured that it would save $3750 a year on the transportation of salt alone.

Of course many of these states were too new, sparsely settled and poor to have any revenue from taxes to speak of, and thus no provision was made to pay the interest



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on bonds sold to Eastern and foreign investors, except by means of the mythical dividends.

In Michigan and elsewhere it never seemed to occur to anyone that railroads through a wilderness could not be made to pay at once.

When the first spadeful of earth was dug for the canals the public official who carried away the wheelbarrow dumped it so hard that the barrow broke. This might have been considered prophetic, for not one of the great canals was completed and put into operation.

As for Michigan's grand scheme of state railroads, it came to naught, through sectional jealousies, political dissension, official corruption and extravagance.

"Thus, sir, this logrolling system of legislation, you help me and I will help you," said an indignant and aroused citizen in the '40's when disillusionment had come, "has grown into an evil in this state of so enormous a character that every consideration of pride, honor, justice, economy and public good are forgotten. The only question to be settled is the question of spoils each district is entitled to. When this is once settled all is settled. It would seem that the state has no agent in the legislature. Has it come to this that the state is to be considered lawful plunder, and that the individual who can return to his constituents with the largest share of plunder is to be considered as the most suitable agent?"

In 1846 Michigan sold out the last unfinished remnants of her railroad system to private companies for less than cost. They were rapidly completed under private management, and to-day the great trunk lines that cross the state run along the original routes.

Two years after the private companies had bought control the state significantly enough was able to resume interest on its bonds.

In the new constitution in 1850 the people of Michigan deemed it necessary to prohibit what in the earlier constitution they had explicitly commanded: "The state shall not subscribe to or be interested in stock of any company and shall not be a party or interested in any work of internal improvement."

The Inquest in Michigan

Though written in 1842 and 1846 the reports of the Senate and House read exactly like the modern arguments against government control of railroads:

"The control of such a complicated mass of business . . . and superintending all the financial concerns of this vast system would indeed form a nucleus around which would gather a horde of greedy, half starved political hacks, whose sole aim would be self-aggrandizement—in whose midst, corruption, intrigue and deception would riot with unlimited freedom.

"It is a well-established fact that cannot be controverted, that a state government can never compete either with honor or profit with individual enterprise. The state must employ more, many more agents, with higher salaries, with more restricted powers, governed as it were by the square and rule . . . consequently unable to conform to ever-varying circumstances, with no personal interest in the object of the agency, and utterly wanting in the strongest possible motive, that of self-interest, to curtail expenses and insure strict economy."

An old and populous state like Pennsylvania might sink money with a certain degree of impunity, but not so in frontier communities like Michigan, Indiana and Illinois, where the farms were not yet cleared and most of the people still lived in log cabins. When the Indiana Legislature passed the Mammoth Internal Improvement Law, appropriating an amount equal to more than one-sixth of the state's entire wealth without any provision for interest, there were bonfires, parades and orators in every town and village. Twelve hundred miles of railroads and canals were provided for.

Interest on the bonds would cost the state a million dollars, and taxes amounted to only fifty thousand, but everyone thought even those small taxes would soon become unnecessary. Every section in the state got busy and presented the legislature with petitions to connect each little creek by canal with the nearest similar rivulet. Hundreds of highly paid state office sinecures were created. After $6,000,000 had been spent on canals and railroads only $13,000 income was earned from the property.

A few years later the Senate devoted six hundred pages to a graft report, and that was about all the state had to show for its six millions. Illinois was even wilder. So bad was the logrolling that one county which did not get a railroad or canal was actually given $200,000 in cash out of state funds, though the taxes were not enough to pay ordinary expenses. To get the support of nine delegates from another county which was to receive no direct benefits the state capital had to be moved.

Instead of building one central route and branches as fast as the income justified them, nine great routes were started simultaneously. Two or three million dollars of profits were expected within a year or two. Only twenty miles was ever completed, and this piece of railroad was later sold to an individual for $21,100, forming the nucleus of the present Wabash system.

"The rest," said a correspondent of a Baltimore paper, "is in every stage between completion and commencement—embankments half formed, bridges half built, an immense amount of timber lying on the ground; the first is left to wash away, the second to tumble down and decay, the last to rot in utter uselessness unless some kind person will take it for firewood or fence."

The Panic of 1837

Of course it can hardly be maintained that all the money spent upon internal improvements was a total loss, even though the works were abandoned. Some impetus was given to the settlement of the country in this way, and a certain amount of pioneering and experimenting in the laying out of railroad routes was accomplished.

Now it is quite true that the immediate cause of the abandonment of most of the internal-improvement schemes of the '30's was the great panic of 1837. But if the plans had been more conservative and reasonable they might have weathered even that panic. Nor was it the last severe panic this country has experienced. We had one as recently as 1907, though the Federal Reserve system seems to make another crisis most unlikely.

Frankly, however, it seems impossible that this country should ever again go through with the extraordinary abuse and perversion of money and banking which marked those early days. In a new and mostly unsettled country the rules of sound banking had not been worked out as they are now. Except in parts of New England, New York and Pennsylvania the country was extremely poor in both accumulated capital and actual specie.

A banking and money system had to be created out of nothing. Naturally the restrictions which went with the relatively successful systems in New England and New York were not heeded in the newer and poorer but rapidly growing states. When Andrew Jackson overthrew the Bank of the United States nothing was put in its place except "multifarious state banks, under heterogeneous special charters and systems, of which sharpers took advantage to plunder the unwary. Lack of uniformity led to innumerable frauds and miscalculations. Want of uniformity opened the door to thousands of counterfeit and spurious notes, by means of which many people lost their savings."

No sane people would care to suffer again from these money and banking evils. We have learned, have we not, that money cannot be issued by anybody at will? All this seems commonplace enough. Yet populistic and socialistic experiments are nearly always accompanied by the breaking out again of weird fallacies in money and banking. Certainly the Bolsheviki have shown no especially masterful grasp of the subject. Indeed far milder socialistic movements usually contemplate some new style of people's bank, something fostered by the state, to break the money monopoly.

The idea in the '30's seemed to be that monopoly in banking could be broken up by making everybody a banker. It was thought that the way to get people out of debt, to create money, wealth and prosperity was to form a new bank. In Mississippi alone the capital of banks increased from one to twenty-one millions in a single year. After the great fire of 1835 in New York it was proposed to form a bank

(Continued on Page 145)

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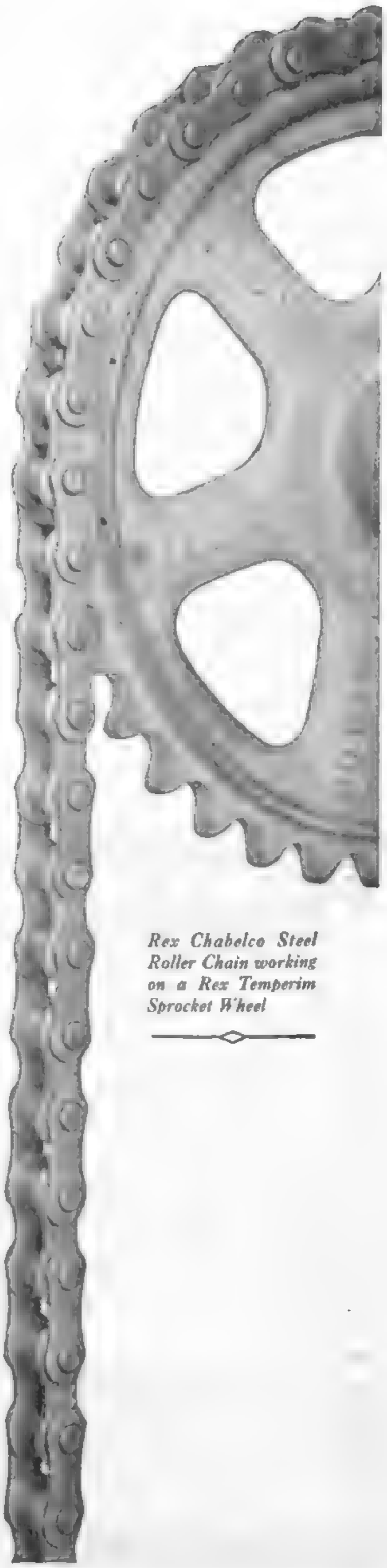

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(Continued from Page 142)

to relieve the sufferers, and when Tammany Hall was in debt it was supposed that a new bank was all that was needed. Even after banks had failed others were started in their place, on the theory, as stated by one disbeliever of that time, that the hair of the dog was good for the bite.

The mania was so great that the richest political plum was to be appointed commissioner in charge of supervising the distribution of stock in a new bank. When the stock of the Seventh Ward Bank of New York City was distributed in 1832 the family connections of the commissioners got 3710 shares, public officials were able to get 2535 shares, and the general public, despite its clamor, received only forty.

The creation of state banks was immensely stimulated by the removal of deposits from the Bank of the United States, which Jackson destroyed on the ground of monopoly, to great numbers of new and weak state institutions. To make matters worse Jackson urged the state banks to lend freely, though they needed no such injunction. Then, too, the Federal Government after paying off the national debt had an enormous surplus from land sales which it distributed among the states and which found its way to the state banks.

The Government sold its public lands at a fixed price of $1.25 an acre, which in that great era of peace and expansion soon rose above the public sale price. Banks were started for the sole purpose of issuing notes to land speculators, who would use these notes to buy land and turn them into the land offices in payment. Then the Government would redeposit precisely the same money in the banks, which would once more lend it out to the same speculators. Thus a vicious circle or network of speculative credits was formed which led to the final crash when the Government at last became frightened and ruled that land must be paid for in specie.

Along with land everything else went up—cotton, lumber, beef and flour. A barrel of flour cost $15, or almost as much as during the recent spell of inflated prices. Worst of all, the country was flooded with rotten, worthless, wildcat money. They called it blue dog, red dog, red pup, and the like. It was so bad in one state that the public printer would not print the governor's message until he was assured of specie. Banking consisted of note issue rather than the acceptance of deposits, and the banks issued so many different kinds of notes that travel became almost impossible. Money good in one county was unknown in the next.

The Wildcats of the Backwoods

In Michigan the woods were filled with wildcats, and so many banks were started in out-of-the-way places that they came to be known as wildcat banks. Some of the banks were in towns that could not be found on the map. One with $50,000 capital was found in a place that had formerly had twenty houses but no longer existed. The bank building was later used as a barn. A traveler was lost one night in the wilderness and at last found a road which led to a clearing where stood a single large imposing building bearing the sign "Bank."

Bank capital was supposed to consist of one-third specie, but the same specie was used over and over again by different banks. As soon as the inspectors had left one bank the specie was sent by fast courier to the next stopping place. Kegs were filled with nails except on the top, where a few silver coins were placed. The whole system of course went to pieces, but it left behind a million dollars in absolutely worthless paper among a population of only a couple of hundred thousand.

"Our banking system destroys the odious feature of monopoly," said the governor in one of his messages, "and gives equal rights to all classes in the community." But it seems to have been the right to suffer.

Just how much money the state governments invested in worthless bank stocks cannot be stated. From 1824 to 1840 the Western and Southwestern States alone issued $65,000,000 of bonds to provide banking capital to corporations. Much of this was lost. Though Pennsylvania and other Northern and Western States lost heavily in banking, it was the South and Southwest that went in the heaviest. This was due to the extreme need for money involved in cotton planting with slave labor.

The hardy settler of the Northwest could move into the wilderness with his family and support them from the first. But the planter had to buy his slaves and feed them for a whole year before he could sell his crop. Slave-labor industry was highly capitalistic, more like a manufacturing or commercial business than that of the Northern farmer. But the South was even more devoid of capital than the North, so Southern States felt compelled to use their credit to supply capital to banks.

In some cases even railroads were permitted to issue money to pay their contractors with. Then the state would redeem the money in specie with the proceeds of bond sales. But when the railroad suspended without having done any permanent work the state was discouraged and the currency still out became worthless. Where bonds could not be sold the railroads were sometimes merely given banking power, and as long as anyone would take their notes they were able to keep going.

In Illinois a great quantity of bank stock was owned by the state, and state bonds were owned by the banks. Both became worthless, but as taxes were payable in bank notes, which also were naturally worthless at that time, the people hastened to pay their taxes in the notes and the state was soon reduced to utter poverty. It couldn't buy even the stamps to put on the governor's envelopes.

This situation so disgusted everybody that the legislature voted to have the bonds burned in a public bonfire before the doors of the state house. The deed was done in the presence of the governor and judges of the supreme court, but the string broke on one huge bundle and a high wind carried the bonds swirling through the air, to be eagerly seized by the crowd.

Can States Do Wrong?

After the panic of 1837 it was said by one newspaper that the credit of the states had been banked to death. Provisions were then put in several constitutions forbidding the ownership of bank stock.

The repudiation of state bonds which followed the orgy described in this article is a delicate subject to refer to even at this late day. Our sovereign states are proud commonwealths and they resent any reflection upon their honor and credit. Besides, it is easy to find plenty of extenuating circumstances. There were two periods of repudiation, one after the panic of 1837 and the other following the Civil War. In both cases a number of the states were absolutely prostrate.

When they entered upon a policy of government enterprises they never for a moment supposed that failure would result or that their taxes would be increased as a result. The public was filled with consternation and the word "creditor" came to be synonymous with "enemy." People only thought of ridding themselves of an intolerable burden. The equities of the situation were forgotten.

It is hard enough to pay taxes for the running expenses of government. To be obliged to pay them on account of a corporation which has failed is doubly hard. The citizen has no direct interest in the enterprise any longer, and as time passes his great-grandson has none whatever. The constitution of the state of Mississippi forbids the payment of the debt contracted ninety years ago in behalf of the Union and Planters Banks. How can a taxpayer in Mississippi to-day get up any interest over a couple of banks that failed half a century before he was born?

In the South the problem was immensely aggravated by the carpetbag governments following the Civil War, for though much of the debt was contracted long before the war it was so added to by the corruption and extravagance of the carpetbaggers, who did not truly represent the people, that the burden in a number of cases added greatly to the people's feeling of resentment and helplessness.

It is common enough for men to detest paying a note they have indorsed for a friend. Many of them would wriggle out if the law did not compel them to pay. But there is no compulsion upon a state to pay. The Constitution of the United States lets it out.

Apparently it is taken for granted that a state will always do right, and any law that permits persons to sue a state is the same as admitting that the people are not always to be trusted. But experience at

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least proves that if the states or any other forms of government are to assume business risks they should at least assume business responsibilities.

Of course every state where repudiation was either suggested or actually took place always sought to find a shield behind the law. Many irregularities in the issue and sale of bonds were unearthed. Statesmen who later became famous found all manner of petty and technical pretexts for repudiation. Jefferson Davis argued that as the proceeds of bond issues had been used to provide capital for state-owned banks the creditors had no redress against the states themselves but only against the banks.

It was said that the state projects had been managed for the benefit of the few rather than the many, that certain sections of states had been more favored than others. In Indiana the Committee on Ways and Means of the legislature said that the people were not bound by such extravagant expenditures, led into them as they were "by deceptive reports of engineers, legislative committees and executives." A tax to pay the bonds would make the people "serfs like those of Russia or the peasants of England and France." It was proposed to wait until the bonds fell to 10, when the bondholders might be offered $600,000 of new bonds for $6,000,000 of the old.

"Is it just to bind the state to corporations which have done nothing for her," ran the argument in another sovereign commonwealth, "while demanding everything from her? Why should posterity groan under the loan for the benefit of corporations? Should our people wear the manacles sought to be riveted onto them and their children?"

Even in Philadelphia there was active discussion of the advisability of throwing overboard Pennsylvania's debt. Politically the Whigs denounced all repudiation, but the Democrats replied by calling it "Whiggery whimpers and whines." The governor of one repudiating state tried to draw a herring across the trail by this attack upon a famous European banker who was trying to collect:

"In his veins is the blood of Judas and Shylock, and he unites the qualities of both. He has mortgages upon the silver mines of Mexico and the quicksilver mines of Spain.

"He has advanced money to the Sublime Porte and has taken as security a mortgage upon the Holy City of Jerusalem and the sepulcher of our Saviour. It is for our people to say whether he shall have a mortgage upon our cotton fields and make serfs of our children."

Dismay in Europe

Of course even among the Democrats and in the repudiating states themselves many protested violently and bitterly against repudiation. One Southern paper said if the state did not pay up, "the spiritual manifestations of the bonds will visit us with rappings fatal in their effects." But the bulk of the people in a dozen commonwealths fooled themselves into thinking they were doing a moral act.

"The people of —— have repudiated the illegal bonds now held in the name of the state by a band of stock gamblers in Europe obtained through the agency of Nicholas Biddle," said one spokesman of this view. "This is only the commencement of that mighty political, moral and social revolution which is destined before many years to sweep over Florida, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Louisiana. We hope that engine of oppression—borrowing on the faith of states—is at an end."

But of course the irregularities in the issue and sale of bonds did not occur to anyone until after the objects for which the bonds had been issued proved failures. Indeed all the righteous indignation was solely after the fact. In one state where the cry of irregularity was the loudest and the constitution was amended actually to forbid the payment of the debt two previous legislatures had expressly approved the bond issues as follows:

"Resolved that the sale of bonds was highly advantageous to the state and the banks, and in accordance with the injunctions of the charter . . . bringing timely aid to an embarrassed community."

The way in which states threw over their obligations and honor when things did not turn out well was sad indeed. But the saddest people were the English investors. One noted Britisher suggested that citizens of New England and New York, where repudiation was never considered, should wear buttons when visiting England with the initials "S. S.," meaning Solvent States.

When it was announced on the Amsterdam Bourse that a certain state had defaulted there was an outburst of rage and the wildest excitement followed. The senior partner of a banking firm which had placed many American bonds in Holland was protected from the mob only with the greatest difficulty.

When State Sues State

The Council of the Corporation of Foreign Bondholders in London has never ceased its attempts at collection, and in most of its annual reports has bitterly compared the repudiating states, to their discredit, with the worst of the Latin-American countries. Even Liberia, the council points out, has done better. As recently as 1918 the annual report of the council had its usual bitter reference to the subject.

Naturally the adjustment of these state bonds becomes more difficult as time goes on because so many of them have fallen into the hands of speculators. They sell often for only a few cents on the dollar, and the states do not want to settle with mere speculators. North Carolina long had the largest amount outstanding, and as a result continual efforts were being made to do something in them.

Though individuals cannot sue a state it is well known that one state can sue another. Occasionally it has been possible to induce a state to accept the repudiated bonds of a sister commonwealth as a gift and then bring suit. South Dakota once went after North Carolina in this way, and of course won the case. North Carolina promptly paid up all the bonds of that particular class.

It is doubtful, however, when any state will again agree to go after another sovereign commonwealth in an effort to collect a debt which dates back fifty to ninety years. Attempts have been made to induce New York, Michigan and Rhode Island to accept gifts of North Carolina bonds, but all refused the doubtful donation. The bondholders apparently persuaded Cuba to take a generous amount. But on the eve of the case coming to trial Cuba thought better of it.

Of course where repudiation was at all extensive—in Michigan and Minnesota the amount was so small as to count but little—the credit of the state was injured for many long years. As recently as 1913 one of the foreign organizations of bondholders practically prevented a certain state from borrowing in the New York money market, and there are several of these states which despite their present great wealth have only recently begun to find outside buyers for their bonds.

It is doubtful whether repudiation ever did a state any good. "They must present the benefits of their repudiation," said a representative of the Council of Foreign Bondholders, "to the purchasers of new issues of bonds who acquire them at low prices."

It is probable that New Jersey, which never entered upon internal improvements at all, owes her strikingly small public debt at the present time to that fact. On the other hand many other states, though never in the repudiating group, could no doubt trace much of their present heavy burden of debt back to the wild experiments of their youth.

It is true that the American people have lived through and got over a great many isms, but sometimes it takes a long time to recover from a spree.

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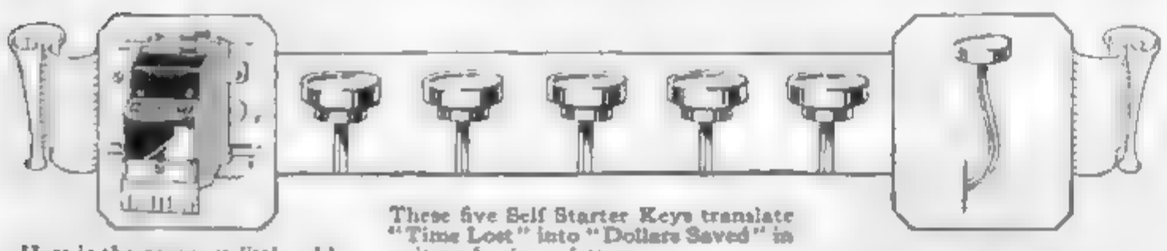

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REMINGTON TYPEWRITERS

KOLCHAK

(Continued from Page 9)

Certain individuals, Russians, having personal friends among the Allies were helped by them at this juncture to obtain interviews with the important arbiters or were given the opportunity for some of the most convincing members of our mission to plead their cause through English and French newspapers and reviews. All this was unofficial, of course, for officially no recognition was yet accorded to the greatest people of the Slav family. In this manner, however, one strong Russian patriot obtained the Allies' promise—England's and France's—that they would send soldiers to stand behind Dénikine's army, holding what ground he gained, the French from Odessa to the Crimean Peninsula inclusively; the English farther east. With the military points and various ports held as strategic bases behind them, Dénikine and Krassnoff would be free to make long expeditions with their armies in full force. These foreign military units were to be upheld and strengthened by fleets of Allied ships anchored along the coast of each one's sphere. Besides this an Allied expedition, together with volunteer neutral troops, was to be sent to join in the movement of Generals Mannerheim and Udinitch against Petrograd; these also strengthened by ships in the Baltic, among which was an American cruiser. American engineers, largely volunteer, were to work on the Murmansk Railroad, which needed repair and care. English volunteers were to be gathered in London for military work round Archangel, to take the place of the American soldiers soon to be withdrawn.

All went well for a time, and these different bargains were being successfully carried out, when a tragic blow fell: Suddenly, without warning, the French evacuated every city and every port they held on the Black Sea. Beginning in the north of their zone of occupation, while Dénikine—secure in their promise and in the presence of their regiments and crews—was fighting heavy battles far off in the east, the French walked out of Kharkoff, Nikolaieff, Kherson, Odessa, then abandoned the Perekop Isthmus. All the Crimean Peninsula, with great rapidity and without a sign of battle at any point, was completely evacuated.

Following on the heels of the French came a great tragic wave of civilian refugees; mad panic reigned and demoralization was naturally terrible in the complete lack of all protection. After this fleeing multitude came the Bolshevik hordes, burning, pillaging, destroying, killing. The condition of the trustful Russian populace was indescribable.

Royalty Defers to Refugees

At Odessa, where the evacuation was done pell-mell, certain refugees so fortunate as to be taken away escaped with nothing but their lives. My mother-in-law, a French woman herself, was among those saved in this manner. Her letter, just come through to us, is epic in its description and the dramatic glimpses of the mad confusion at the embarkation scene. French soldiers and sailors, with just a few prominent refugees, escaped and were taken to Constantinople.

From the Crimea several thousand refugees were carried off from the coast towns by British men-of-war and transports. Leaving their harbors farther east these came to the rescue in the emergency, and they organized the saving of our natives, or such at least as could prepare to leave in the short time allowed. The Empress Mother and the Grand Duchess Xenia with the latter's young children were put on board an English battleship, together with the old commander in chief of Russia's ancient armies. Once its quota was embarked this ship prepared to start. The Grand Duke Nicholas made inquiry whether all the civilians had been taken from the shore.

"No, Your Imperial Highness, they are being evacuated as rapidly as possible, but Her Majesty and yourself are of the first ship's load."

"Then we must remain here, in harbor, at least until every civilian who wants to come is safely off those docks."

The officer in charge saluted and instinctively obeyed without discussion. The old Grand Duke stood quietly by the fragile dainty figure of the Empress Mother. They were safe at last, those two; undaunted still; and all their entourage—of British officers and Russian refugees—bear witness to their calm, sad courage, and to the way they thought only of saving others and of helping them. They stood looking for the last time probably on a Russian scene. Both had loved their country so well and had served it with devotion, refusing to leave till now; and even now they turned their longing gaze to the blue and purple Crimean shore after the ship weighed anchor carrying them away, until at last the mountains disappeared on the horizon. After that they retired quietly to their cabins, he and she, who were still great in their silent misery.

No one seems to know just what occurred to the French troops or why the evacuation was decided upon, for till the last stage of their soldiers' and sailors' departure from our shores the French cabinet was convinced the garrison in Russia was not thinking of leaving. Even when the news of the evacuation reached Paris the authorities at first contradicted the false rumors. The truth, however, was soon only too obvious, and there was nothing to be done but to express regret. Meanwhile, thousands of refugees are waiting under English care—at Constantinople, on the Prince's Islands, in Greece and at Malta—for permission to enter France.

When Russia Recovers

One of our family writes me: "We are in good hands, and our English hosts here in Malta are full of delicacy and kindness; but we count the few jewels and rubles we were able to carry off in our haste, and we wonder when they are spent what will become of us. I, who am partly French, hope to get through to Paris soon. The Grand Duke, sad but proud and noble always, went on with his group to land in Italy. The Empress Mother leaves for England to-morrow. She is marvelous in her courage; refuses to blame anyone for her troubles or to believe that Russia is lost; and her daughter is like her. They think of everyone else. All this will put French prestige at low ebb. Perhaps the Allies will explain."

Our mission's work is most felt perhaps in the paragraph of the peace treaty which it is said will grant to Russia, in recognition of her service and sacrifices early in the war, equal rights with the other Allies as soon as she shall have established a secure and popular government. The same men who obtained this concession to justice have obtained also, they hope, the promise of material supplies in any quantity—food, implements, raw materials, ammunition, harness, uniforms, clothes, arms, and so on. Of course all these at a high price. Arrangements as to man power loaned are vague; perhaps there are none or perhaps men are not essential, since in spite of her frightful losses—about five millions—through the war men still seem numerous in Russia. Many are already fighting for liberty as against anarchy, many others are returning home who as volunteers have been on the French Front or who were scattered by the wind of revolution as exiles all over the earth.

English army units in demobilizing are supplying many volunteer recruits, who are now entering Russian formations through London offices. If I know the sporting spirit and the temper of my own native land there will be adventurous spirits who will go out to dark Russia from the United States and lend a hand. For the moment it seems as if German officers and gold were scarce among the Bolsheviki, and without these two persuasions they are not much good at fighting. Everywhere red rabble who meet determined troops either turn and fly or join the liberating units in great quantities, announcing they are overweary of the Lenine-Trotzky tyranny and lack of bread.

So the Russian Mission works on, near the Peace Conference, still not of it; and there has been effective action in spite of many disillusions through the weeks of the long spring. It would seem as if the leaders might well be proud on the whole, for there are daily reports of Dénikine's advances, of the capture of various suburbs of Petrograd; and with startling

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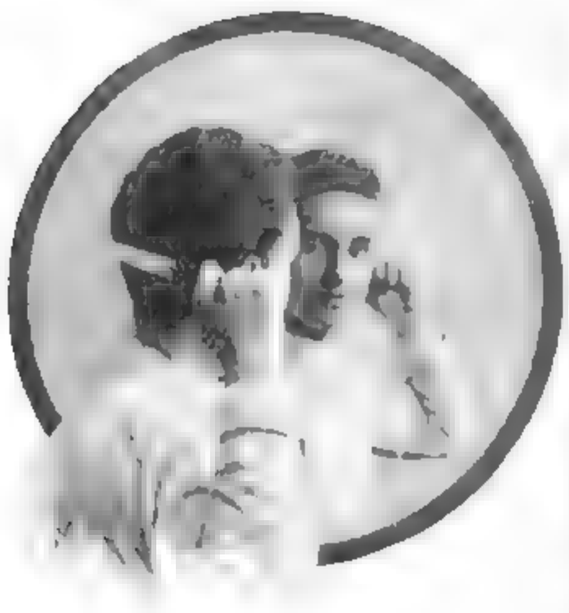

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rapidity from the east Kolchak and his army come forward, sweeping all before them, aiming straight for the "Mother River Volga" and the "Holy City of Moscow."

While he moves into the limelight of history it seems a good time to look back a little at the past of this remarkable man. Kolchak is still quite young, about forty-five; clean shaven, with a face striking for its strength and vigor of expression, neither handsome nor ugly otherwise. He is of thin, wiry build, with few but positive gestures; moving quickly. Not much of a talker, but what he says commands instant attention; never trying for popularity, he always finds it seemingly. Severe toward what he thinks wrong, he gives complete protection, devoted service, to what he thinks is right; always ready to carry responsibility, never mixing in what he considers not his business, a natural leader of men is Alexander Vasiliovitch Kolchak.

I first heard of him in a rather amusing manner. During the early part of the war the Commander of the Black Sea Fleet was a fat elderly admiral with a German name, a protégé, it was said, of the Occult forces at our court. He had arrived at his high position by seniority promotion and court protections; and he and the fleet under him drifted along comfortably, as accident ordained. The Breslau came and attacked or made feints at attacking our posts at several points; and it was followed but never caught by parties sent after the enemy from Sebastopol's anchorage. Enemy's submarines also appeared and disappeared without fear. Meanwhile, whenever the liberal party criticized the commander or protested that a change would be advantageous there was a storm at the Imperial Palace; and it was said that his protectresses there wept and said: "Poor old admiral; what will he do? It is so hard on him; and after all that fleet won't be needed for battle, and he is so popular in Sebastopol!"

The Armchair Admiral

So he stayed on; and the naval officers who came from the south looked grave, but remained silent through loyalty. Rumors drifted about, however, of the admiral's conduct, being very negligent of duty, to say the least. Tales were told of his fondness for genial society life on shore, of the charming parties given in his honor at attractive homes of the married officers under his command. On the other hand, came talk of spies at work among the sailors; of carelessness and lack of drill; of ships not kept up; of the officer in charge, with his German name, not being all that he should be in any way. But Sebastopol was far off from Petrograd, not many came from there, and almost none who would have courage to speak against the admiral of the fleet. If the situation gave the liberals food for thought it was but usual. Were they not always pretending to be anxious and foretelling evil things?

All the world of the capital was electrified, however, to hear by chance one day of an explosion, and of the complete destruction and loss of the greatest and newest Russian battleship, Empress Marie. An accident, it was said. First the censor suppressed all news; then ten days after the event the story was given out by degrees and with a great deal of arranging. It was admitted only piecemeal; and details and accusations flew from mouth to mouth. Spies in our greatest harbor on our newest, finest ship, the only one fast enough to follow up the Breslau, just built at wartime prices. The loss was terrible, from every point of view. Then followed attacks on the admiral. He was careless, to say the least, and ought to be changed for someone better able to cope with the situation. This time claims were so insistent against him that the Emperor was finally moved to give a half-hearted consent to the officer's retirement. The consent was not retracted, in spite of tears and pleadings which His Majesty may have had to face.

The old man found that even in easy-going Russia there was a limit to the powers of protection. He left the service, much discouraged that his good intentions were not recognized sufficiently, though the pension awarded him was so large as to make people gasp. His lady friends in the town of Sebastopol, having gossiped with him theretofore, gossiped about him now over their knitting and their tea; and making "*Le roi est mort, vive le roi!*" their motto, they quite cheerfully prepared to receive the new commander of the port. He was young, they heard. So much the better; a younger man would be but the more easily flattered by attention. Certainly their husbands' careers would not be neglected for lack of hospitable efforts on the part of society. They wondered how the new chief would appear; and prepared and waited.

The admiral arrived or, rather, without arriving, as far as the ladies knew, he was simply there. Those who had arranged a reception in his honor were terribly shocked; for one day husbands came home to say they had been on the flagship and had reported to the new commander of the fleet.

How did he get here? Why were they not told? What had occurred? And: "When shall we be able to meet and give our reception to this new strange man?"

"He flew here. Yes, literally. Stopping his special train outside the town he took a hydroairplane and flew out to his flagship's side early this morning," the husbands answered. "Did not announce his coming because he wanted to see how things were in their natural state. As to the reception, it never will be given. He sent for us within an hour after he took possession. Met us all quietly without much ceremony; gave us to understand he considered, after looking about, that there was a lot of work to be done to put Sebastopol and the ships in order; that he meant to do it; and that we were to help him. He said that he would tolerate no relaxation from the perfection of discipline and service, especially in these wartimes and after what had been reported as occurring here with the blowing up of the Empress Marie. Then he gave a few orders, which were to the point and which showed he had already noticed what was most wrong; and he said there would be further orders soon."

"But when shall we meet him? If he is so young and energetic perhaps he likes to dance. One could arrange a ball in his honor," pursued the anxious women.

But the husbands said no most positively and when hard pressed they added that just at the end of the conversation the admiral had looked at them squarely and had said he came to Sebastopol for work, not play. In these serious times one must be preëminently occupied by one's duty, especially when it consisted of a great responsibility such as he carried. As he had never been a society man and went nowhere people must not feel offended by his refusal of all invitations. He had heard of Sebastopol as being very gay and of his predecessor as having had great social success. Personally he could not do two things well at once, he found, and he had been sent to command the fleet and the fortress.

He heard Sebastopol was a gossipy place; possibly, he thought, stories circulated about, whether false or true, had put useful information into the enemy's hands. Perhaps also they had done the former commander harm by making him appear other than he really was.

The City of Silent Knitting

"I do not mean ever to go about; I have no objection, of course, gentlemen, to your wives and families living here with you in this town and getting what pleasure is possible from its social life; but while I am in charge here and responsible I can tolerate no gossip on any official subject. The fleet and the fortress of Sebastopol are too precious to us to be sacrificed by an idle thought risked or expressed. If I hear, therefore, of any stories whatsoever getting about I shall be obliged, as a measure of protection, to banish every woman from within the walls to the suburbs. I should never be able to find out which person had been indiscreet, and should not have time to try."

Of course the women were amazed. Then realizing the situation they resolved to play the game with true patriotism, and became the least talkative group in all Russia.

When I reached Evpatoria, a charming resort beyond Sebastopol, in the summer of 1916, Kolchak had just taken command of the Black Sea Fleet in the above manner. Except the one story of his exciting entrance on his duties there was none which ever passed the walls of the great fortress. The silence was exemplary, and it was said the discipline inside and the work done were equally so. Now naval officers looked pleased and proud when their branch of the service was mentioned.

In Petrograd I found, when I returned, people had been rather startled by the new nomination. Kolchak was so young, and what had he ever done? Who had ever heard of him? But it turned out that a number of men standing in positions to know had things to tell of Kolchak: of the brilliant showing he had made in the Japanese War; of the golden sword awarded him for bravery at Port Arthur; of his admirable record since; and the unadvertised but great intelligence and capacity of the man. I was told that within a year the group of men under Kolchak would become a marvel to the service.

The next winter I spent in part on the Crimea's southern coast, about three hours by motor from Sebastopol, which still continued a silent city.

Calm Inspired by Kolchak

Then came the revolution. Though there were wild tales of hideous barbarity from Kronstadt and other Baltic ports, of massacres and mutinies by our sailors, of tragic death and destruction everywhere else where ships existed—in the Black Sea Fleet the opposite was the case. No one explained the difference except by saying that Kolchak was in command there; and they seemed to consider he was reason enough. No one ever searched for a further one or worried over what might be happening in the south. We were cut off from all communications with the capital for several days at the beginning of the revolution; and our excitement and interest thrown back upon itself made us pay special attention to the affairs of our own immediate neighborhood. When the first rumors of events at Petrograd and at the staff reached him, instead of trying to suppress or contradict them, as many leaders elsewhere thought it wise to do, Kolchak published in big print, covering the front page of the main daily newspapers of his town, a proclamation over his signature. It said to the citizens and the members of the Black Sea Fleet about this:

"The following dispatches have reached me"

[Here were inserted the dispatches speaking of the uprising by the revolutionaries in Petrograd.]

"If I have further news it will be at once published in full for the benefit of the population. At present I have no confirmation even of these rumors. It is the absolute duty of all citizens and all members of the service to await tranquilly the future and to meet present national occurrences with calm minds; and to devote all of their strength and energy to the maintenance of law and order in these days of uncertainty. I fully count on this being done, and with all the strength at my disposal I will see to the keeping of the peace and the protection of life and property here; so that we may be able to act for the best interest of this district and of all Russia.

"KOLCHAK."

On the same day orders were given that several of the larger ships should put to sea at once on one of their periodical search parties for the German cruiser Breslau. All these commands were obeyed to the letter; the fortress and the Crimean coast remained perfectly silent and waited without a sign of agitation for further news from the seat of government. The whole province was completely dominated by the strength of one single master mind; and his sailors were too perfectly disciplined to think of rebellion.

When in several days telegrams came through, the Emperor's abdication and the establishment of the revolutionary government were accomplished facts and Kolchak with his officers and the sailors of the fleet and garrison immediately and quietly took the oath of allegiance to the provisional revolutionary government. After that event life went on as smoothly as ever in the established groove. Of course committees were installed as elsewhere, but relations between officers and sailors remained excellent, and drills and work continued in ordinary routine, and all our part of the country felt safe because of the presence of our sailors and their commander. The very element which everywhere else was considered most unruly here made for general

(Continued on Page 153)

Sending for Customers

LEFT to themselves, this couple might have waited months to get the hall clock they are about to purchase. But the merchant did not allow them to wait—nor to go to some other store.

"We'd like to look at this one," they said to the clerk, pointing to a picture in the folder they have brought with them—the little circular which was sent to them, to bring them into this store.

DIRECT advertising is a mighty effective business builder for the retail merchant. Everything depends, of course, on the appeal, the attractiveness, of the circulars or catalogs sent out—and here's where Hammermill Cover, and the special Hammermill service which goes with it, are worthy of your attention, whatever your business may be.

Hammermill Cover, made in a variety of colors besides white, is as standard as Hammermill Bond, is economically priced, and an ideal paper for the printing of circulars, folders, and catalogs.

WE supply free to printers an assortment of original and artistic designs for covers, applying to nearly every line of merchandise. Ask your printer about this service. We will give it to him so that he may be of real assistance to you in the preparation of your direct-by-mail advertising. If you are a printer, write us for complete set of designs and full information. Electrotypes supplied at cost.

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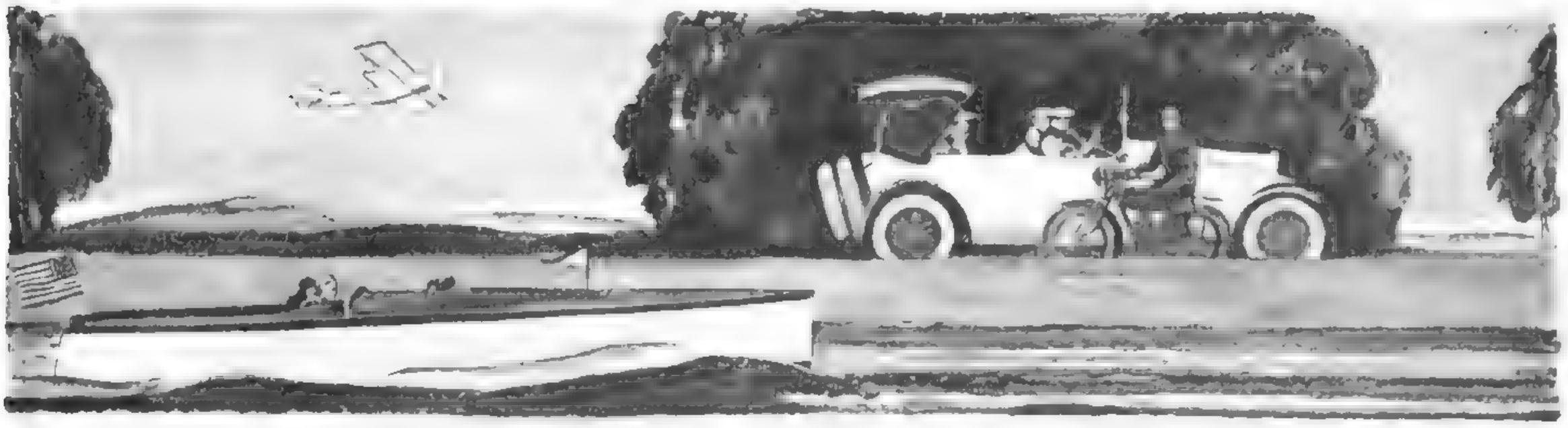

Magneto Ignition IT'S DEPENDABLE

8 facts which prove it is the World's Standard

By an overwhelming majority the world's leading producers of internal combustion engines and vehicles have standardized on Magneto Ignition because of the superior dependability and efficiency of the Magneto—the only self-contained and independent source of ignition current.

Consider these facts:

1. Leading American passenger cars and all foreign-built cars are magneto-equipped.
2. Practically every passenger car built in this country for sale abroad is magneto-equipped.
3. Practically every American motor truck and all foreign-built trucks are magneto-equipped.
4. Ninety-seven per cent of all farm tractors are magneto-equipped.
5. Every airplane engine in the world that saw service, with the exception of one type, is magneto-equipped.
6. Leading makes of motorcycles are magneto-equipped.
7. Practically all marine engines using electric ignition are magneto-equipped.
8. Practically all stationary gas engines are magneto-equipped.

Be sure *your* gas engine is magneto-equipped. Look for yourself, and don't accept a substitute—there is nothing as good as magneto ignition.

Typical Installation of a Bosch Magneto on a 1919 motor car

The magneto is the only dependable, self-contained unit which produces high-tension sparks for ignition—independent of battery or coil.

Write today for booklet, "Why Magneto Ignition Makes a Good Engine Better." Mention make, model and year of your car, truck, tractor, etc.

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AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORP.
The Bosch Magneto

THE EISEMANN MAGNETO CO.
The Eisemann Magneto

(Continued from Page 150)

protection. I never heard what Kolchak said of the revolution. He seemed never to have made a communication to anyone on the subject; but there was an impression that, having always been a liberal, even when he loyally served his country during the old régime, he must be in sympathy with the revolutionary change. At any rate his sailors adored him now as before.

When I went north, just after the revolution, I heard in the capital that the Bolshevik sailors at Kronstadt were greatly displeased by the attitude of the Black Sea Fleet. They considered the latter was trying to put them to shame, posing to be better than the protection of the revolution required. Then came a rumor that these red sailors who had murdered their admiral and many other officers were going to send a delegation down to Sebastopol to instruct the Black Sea Fleet committees. One wondered why this was allowed, as the two fleets were quite separate organizations and had never mixed. But the soviets were already too powerful to be contradicted by the mere government, and the delegation departed on its sinister errand.

At first there was no result whatsoever, and lack of news from Sebastopol led one to believe all was going satisfactorily. Finally, however, came a day when a short dramatic scene on board the flagship ended the admiral's career. Numerous additions to that first delegation from the north had by degrees gathered in the Sebastopol fortress, whence Kolchak had no power to expel them, since the Number One Order to our troops destroyed his authority. The red sailors' presence had at last borne fruit. The committees gathered and asked to speak to their admiral.

He received them on the deck of his flagship and listened while they told of the teachings of their brethren from Kronstadt. There was a new law, that the commanders were to be elected by their subordinates, and were not to carry arms. Would he therefore surrender his sword to the committee? Kolchak undid his sword quietly with a quick gesture, and holding it still in his hand he made one of his rare speeches; just a few words.

His sword had been awarded him for his action in defending the home country at Port Arthur. It had been offered him by the committee of the Order of St. George, and was the Golden Sword given for bravery in battle. It was too fine a thing to be handed to a lot of cowards who were afraid to stand up for the principles of their service and the rights of their own unit, but were being tyrannized, by bullies come from outside, into doing things they would later regret. His sword was also the badge of his authority, and without it he would no longer command them, nor anyone. He had won it on the sea, and to the sea only he would return it; for those who stood before him were proving themselves at this moment unworthy to touch the Golden Sword of St. George!

The Sword Inviolate

Before they got their breath, with a quick movement he threw the sword he had worn for a dozen years, with its golden hilt and the ribbon of St. George wound round it, far out into the blue water of the harbor. Then he turned his back on the whole group, which stood silent; went to his cabin, had his things packed, ordered his gig and left the flagship. The sailors never saw him again, for he took the first train to Petrograd and reported to the provisional government, handing in his official resignation.

He was followed to Petrograd by two groups of sailors, one made up of the Bolshevik delegation, who returned to report to the Kronstadt soviet that after many weeks of propaganda they had at last been successful in dislodging the inconvenient Kolchak; the other was a group representing those sailors of the Black Sea Fleet who were still sufficiently devoted to their admiral to bring him excuses and explanations.

It was told he received and thanked these men for their fidelity to the fine traditions of Russia's Navy and for their thought of him, which he would not forget; and he said good-by, with the hope expressed that some day they might again serve together.

Kolchak after this completely disappeared from sight. I remember we were in a group of parlor patriots one day speaking of the admiral's work; how fine it had been, how he had never mixed in politics or intrigues and had disdained catering to court popularity or looking for favors; how he had been a liberal; and had kept the efficiency of his subordinates and their enthusiasm always at such high pitch; and then had left his great position and thrown his honors into the sea rather than give way in the slightest degree to encroaching Bolshevism or to the temptation to play the demagogue; though he had accepted the revolutionary liberty with immediate acquiescence.

"He is the highest type of patriot that we have in Russia, and he is lost to us now when we need him most," said one.

"No; he is only waiting. When the need is greatest and the time is ripe, with sure instinct he will appear again, his hands unsoiled by degenerating compromise with the terror which must follow these months of weakness as their last and normal result. We shall all see."

It seemed for a long time as if something might happen to save the provisional government, which was fast drooping. Kerensky tried, by giving way constantly to the ultraradical group, to keep his personal popularity or at least a remnant of his power and ideas. Korniloff tried for a return to discipline. Both failed, and soon the Bolsheviki seized the reins, and under German guidance they rode roughshod over all that was left of prosperity, law and order, national honor and personal safety in Russia. Here and there a few held out for right in the great Empire, on the European side of the Ural Mountains. All but shreds of these were killed; and these were driven to the little groups round Dénikine or Krassnoff or became refugees in hiding.

Bolshevik Chiefs Galore

On the Asiatic side of the mountains there was chaos for a long time. The whole population was merely one vast shifting, disorderly mass. The peasants out there were a conservative, prosperous scattered element, at least at first, but the cities were soon crowded to overflowing by an immense wave of fleeing humanity from Russia proper, which about doubled their population overnight. The railroads then became completely disorganized by the extra traffic, the confusion of authority, and the wholesale requisitioning of cars to house the transient population.

Bolshevik propaganda had its day of triumph here, also, as it did elsewhere. Even now like some ancient and ill-favored dragon it is far from crushed, but it has met in Siberia with definite resistance all along from various cliques, such as roaming groups of Cossacks, foreign colonies and some armed conservative elements, who thought it worth while to put up what fight they could. On the other hand, hundreds of criminals, let loose from the government prisons, together with the German, Austrian and Hungarian prisoners of war, were freed and well armed by the soviets. They took the Bolsheviki's part of course with energy. Siberia became one seething polyglot mass of mad confusion.

It was impossible to those outside even to imagine what was going on in our vast Asiatic territory. One heard of Cossacks under Semenoff seizing the power in one place, while Japanese with Chinese under them seemed to take charge elsewhere. One heard also of Germans dominant, with their Bolshevik servants doing their bidding in many localities. Every known race seemed represented, and the whole of Siberia tossed and rolled and shouted!

In the autumn of 1918 the newspapers of foreign countries announced that Admiral Kolchak was at Omsk. He had no party, no soldiers, no politics; he was simply there. Soon one heard of a provisional all-Russian government being organized, in which he held a modest place, and there was a call to the variegated populations to be reassured. There followed orders to the elements not Bolshevik to stop quarreling among themselves and to join in fighting the red terror with its Germano-Austrian supporters.

At first Semenoff made difficulties, preferred to lead his Cossacks independently; but he was won over to the government. Then Khalmikoff, another Cossack chief, organized a plot for his own aggrandizement, failed to carry it out, and came into the fold gladly. For sundry reasons not only these men but party after party have grouped themselves about Kolchak; and when the first all-Russian government fell a new one replaced it, with Kolchak at its

"Smoother Faces"

"Daddy—such a smooth face!"

Even "Snuggles" knows Daddy has a Smoother Face. Millions of daddies, uncles and big brothers the world round who use the Gem have Smoother Faces. Because

"The Blade is the Razor"

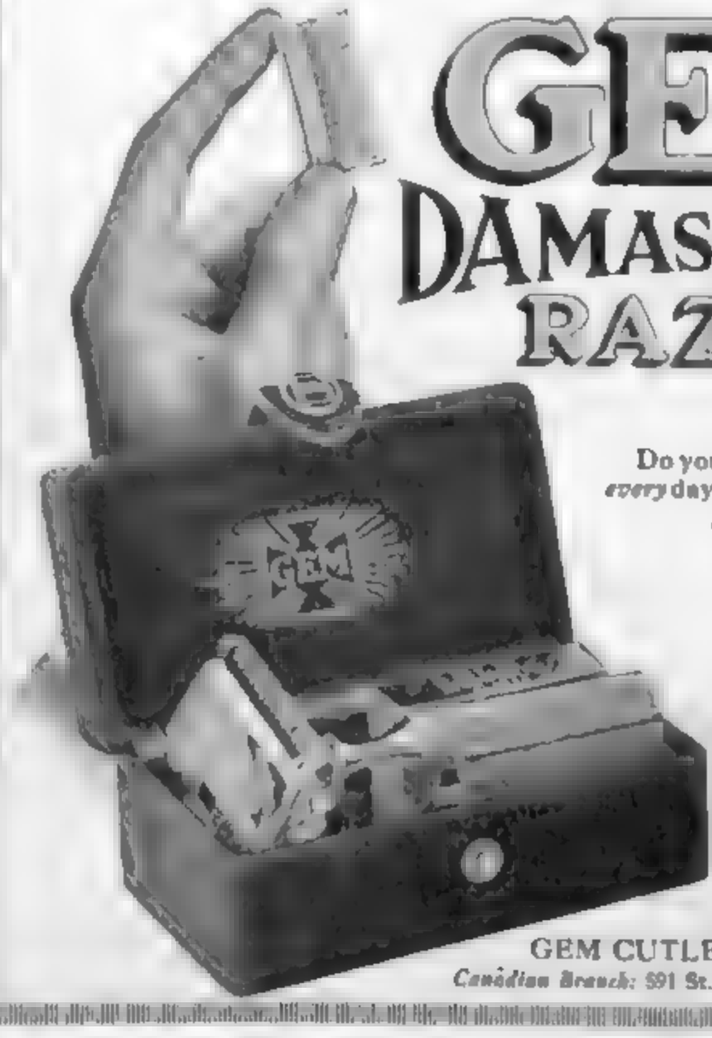
Gem Damaskeene Blades—keen as Damascus steel—have a durable delicacy of edge that actually gives a silken skin, a happy shave, the shave you have always wanted.

Vitality, toughness and long life are bred into these blades. Patented processes add *plus* to the usual hardening, tempering and grinding methods. Right double inspection and 39 years of "know how" guard your shaving comfort and our good name.

Gem users will tell you that Gem Damaskeene Blades *do* have a more delicate edge; *do* last longer; *do* give Smoother Faces.

And they will tell you that the simplicity of the Gem frame is a vital factor in their shaving comfort. The Gem frame holds the blade against your face at the Universal Angle for shaving. No adjustment is necessary.

Fit a Gem Damaskeene Blade—keen as Damascus steel—in a Gem frame and you will secure the full service you can ask from *any* razor. You will get a Smoother Face.



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$1.00 The Standard Gem Set includes frame and handle, stropping device and seven Damaskeene Blades in compact, velvet-lined case.

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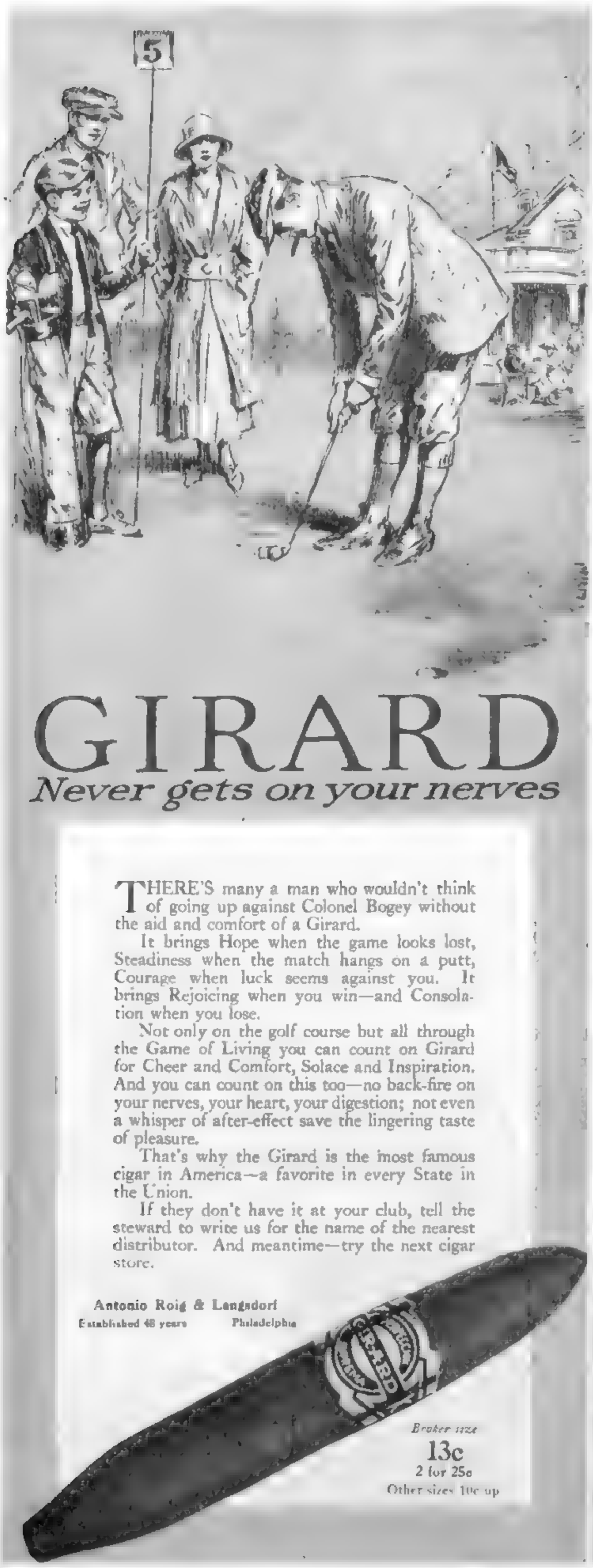
5
GIRARD
Never gets on your nerves
THERE'S many a man who wouldn't think of going up against Colonel Bogey without the aid and comfort of a Girard.
It brings Hope when the game looks lost, Steadiness when the match hangs on a putt, Courage when luck seems against you. It brings Rejoicing when you win—and Consolation when you lose.
Not only on the golf course but all through the Game of Living you can count on Girard for Cheer and Comfort, Solace and Inspiration. And you can count on this too—no back-fire on your nerves, your heart, your digestion; not even a whisper of after-effect save the lingering taste of pleasure.
That's why the Girard is the most famous cigar in America—a favorite in every State in the Union.
If they don't have it at your club, tell the steward to write us for the name of the nearest distributor. And meantime—try the next cigar store.
Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Established 48 years Philadelphia
Broker size
13c
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head. No one quite knew why, except that the ex-admiral seemed the one man able to inspire confidence in all. Having no party or personal ambition he was able to unite every rival interest.

Even so, it has been far from fair-weather sailing for the Omsk government. With almost no money, practically no troops, unreliable transportation and lack of munitions, the situation seemed well-nigh a hopeless one to face; for there must be military action, political molding and economic reconstruction at one and the same time.

But Kolchak the silent found his voice when it was needed. He communicated with the whole world beyond Siberia in a great cry for help and understanding as he undertook his Herculean task. Round him he used any method, persuasion and severity alike. He found helpers somehow among the different elements who were about ready to offer something in exchange for the protection they foresaw might come to them.

The Czechoslovaks who had painfully reached Vladivostok to embark for the French Front turned back again by the Allies' orders, and faced the rigors of another Russian winter and of great privations to bring Kolchak their aid. They were a group of lions in battle, because they had learned to know and hate the Bolsheviki during their long terrible marches across European and Asiatic Russia. There were Russian volunteers, mainly ex-officers, who by some miracle had not yet been killed and were merely refugees. These also flocked to Kolchak's banner. They organized themselves into an independent unit; all officers, but doing soldiers' work and taking soldiers' rank. There were some Allied troops also, especially along the great stretch of the railroad, scattered to guard the government supplies and the precious line of iron communications from Omsk backward to the Pacific ports. Some English did most effective work, while Japanese in quantities are very busy everywhere, and certainly most capable. A commission under Mr. Stevens undertook handling the railroad problems, and American engineers, experts and specialists, under the great man at their head, have done the best sort of work. An American army contingent was ordered from the Philippines, and arrived, full of enthusiasm and energy, for duty all along the road, and to uphold the Allies and back the liberal government against the forces of anarchy. These men were frightfully discouraged, however, when soon after their arrival they received orders from Washington contradicting their first commands, and were categorically instructed to keep to a policy of noninterference, to mix in nothing of what was going on. The United States troops were even withdrawn to the port of Vladivostok, where they looked on inert, hoping and praying they would be taken away or be sent forward again. It is difficult to sit in a country with idle hands and see so much to do and everyone else doing it.

Siberia Needs American Aid

In February it was reported Mr. Stevens himself said: "It is impossible to assure a good railroad system without the backing of American soldiers for the international board of which I am the head."

A member of the expedition wrote me in May saying he hoped we Russians would realize how much every American who had been in Siberia wanted to help in the great work out there; and that they were all being held back only by orders of the strictest kind from Washington. Knowing the value of this time which was being lost, they had again and again protested; and had sent emissaries to Washington, too, but all to no avail, he added.

Mr. Holman, in his brilliant, comprehending article, which will go straight to the hearts of all Russians who read it in The World's Work for June, says:

"Cut off from Russia and Western Europe by the Red Battle Line, the Siberian people look mainly to America for immediate assistance. That assistance was promised them, on a large scale, last October, by our War Trade Board, at Vladivostok. Not only were relief measures promised but also a great loosening up of restrictions on the movement of goods into Siberia. Twenty thousand tons a month of needed commodities were to be sent, according to official telegrams published under the signature of the Vladivostok representative. Deliveries were to begin in November; cooperative associations and reputable trading organizations were to be dealt with fairly. This gave the Siberian population hope; but in February it was impossible to hear of any shipments that had gone to the interior of Manchurian stations, except one train of about 800 tons of foodstuffs, sent by our Government for distribution among needy Russian railroad employees, and a few articles for relief of the sick and the refugees. Military supplies went westward in increasing quantities; but little or nothing filtered through for the civil population to buy, except profiteers' small shipments. Are we to keep our promise?

"In the present condition of the country, successful operation of the railroad cannot be assured except by American soldiers garrisoning the principal points. 'I cannot assure the people a good railroad system without our soldiers to back me up,' said Mr. Stevens to me in February. To turn the railroad back to the Russians to run just now would probably mean a complete breakdown of the whole transportation question. That will lead to the downfall of Kolchak, and the return to power of the Red Guard government.

"To recall the American soldiers now in Siberia, before the Russians have found themselves, will, in my judgment, be a serious blow to liberalism in that country; it will be an American sanction to murder and anarchy. If it is right to keep our soldiers there, they should be sufficiently strengthened to banish the possibility of even minor uprisings. It is only the smallness of the police forces over there now which makes a single soldier's life unsafe."

A Profitable Golden Rule

"In assistance also lie our national interests, for we shall profit in a commercial way by the policy; but for trade alone there could be no legitimate ground for occupation and assistance. It is for the good of the Siberian people, just as much as our policy of occupation and assistance was for the good of the Cuban people; and also is for our own good. It is the law of things that those who do good unto others do good also unto themselves.

"On the Asiatic side of over there is a new commonwealth longing to be free of Bolshevism, and a people rapidly regaining their stock of common sense. These people will have in time only the friendliest feelings for the Americans who helped them out of their sorrows. That friendliness is of the good-will part of the great international trade that the future has in store for Siberia. That good will means open opportunities for American railroad builders, constructors of mines, builders of industrial machinery, grain elevators, tanners, electric-power plants and many other enterprises. That good will means ready sale of American export products when needed, such as agricultural implements, woolens, cotton goods, sewing machines and toilet articles. But if we were not to profit, there is before us the duty of the big brother—a rule of conduct which these days we are applying to Belgium. Why not also to Siberia?"

In confirmation of this opinion of Mr. Holman's comes from Paris on May twenty-sixth the following telegram:

"Advices received here report that Bolshevik strikes are greatly hampering the operations of the Trans-Siberian Railroad, on which Admiral Kolchak is dependent for his supplies. These disorders have been difficult to repress and the trouble makes the work of the interallied railroad commission under John S. Stevens arduous and unpleasant."

This is the American's point of view, and it is echoed daily in my mail by those who know the case and who appreciate the good and noble cause of the Omsk government and what it stands for to all humanity.

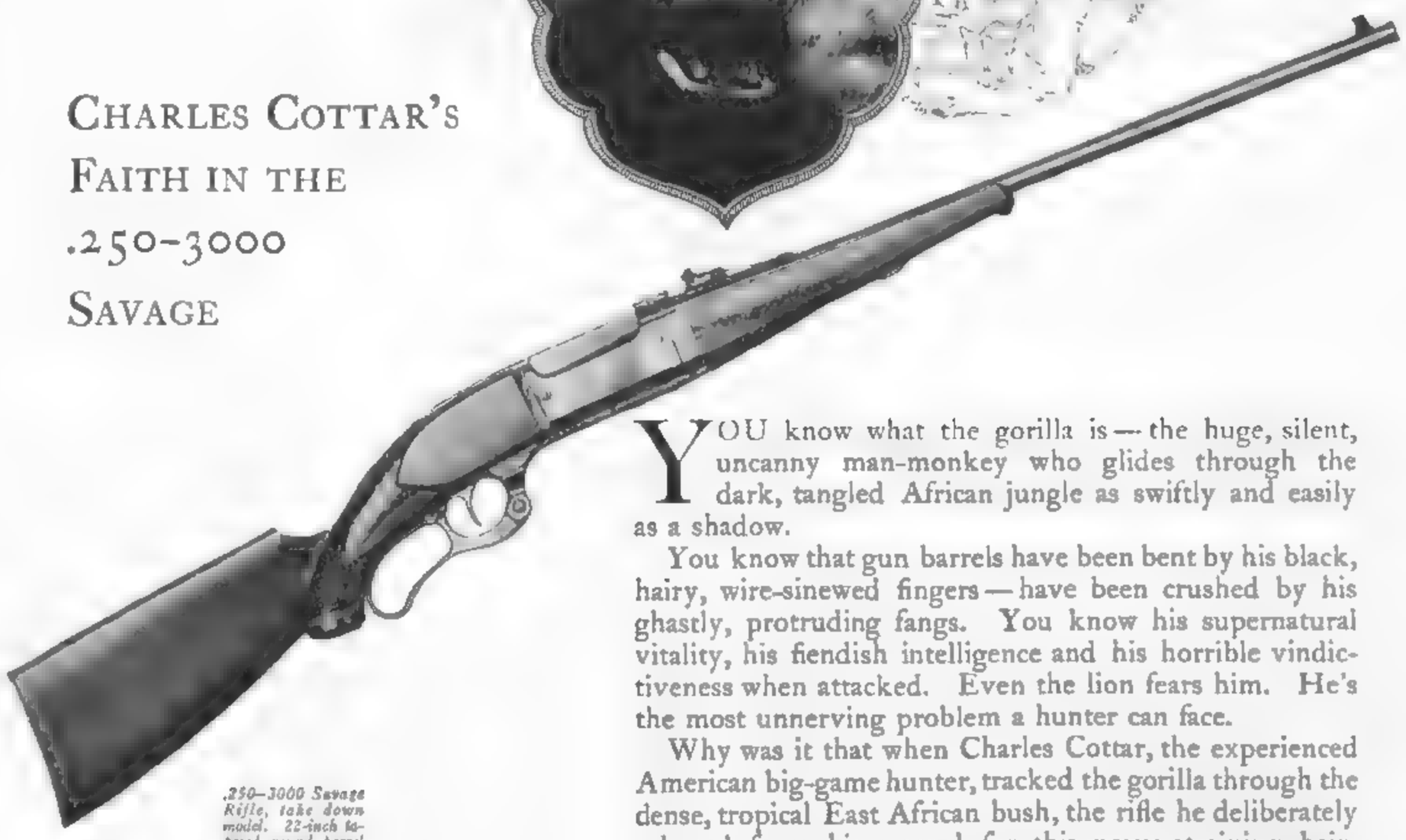
The Russian point of view is more difficult to get at, for the Russians I have seen and heard are with one accord going out there to offer their services. Not one is coming this way or has an opinion as yet to express on the American official action; though each and all speak highly of American private efforts and understanding of our situation. So the only way to judge of Russia's desire is by the fact that Kolchak begs for aid, and that the Russian Mission in Paris is doing likewise for him, daily and with insistence.

In every branch of the Siberian government there is a systematic effort being

(Concluded on Page 157)

SAVAGE

CHARLES COTTAR'S FAITH IN THE .250-3000 SAVAGE



.250–3000 Savage Rifle, take down model. 22-inch tapered round barrel with integral sight base. Checked extra full pistol grip and forearm. Checked trigger. Corrugated steel shot gun butt plate. Commercial walnut beavertail and flat topped wind gauge sporting rear sights. Weight about 7 lbs.

YOU know what the gorilla is — the huge, silent, uncanny man-monkey who glides through the dark, tangled African jungle as swiftly and easily as a shadow.

You know that gun barrels have been bent by his black, hairy, wire-sinewed fingers — have been crushed by his ghastly, protruding fangs. You know his supernatural vitality, his fiendish intelligence and his horrible vindictiveness when attacked. Even the lion fears him. He's the most unnerving problem a hunter can face.

Why was it that when Charles Cottar, the experienced American big-game hunter, tracked the gorilla through the dense, tropical East African bush, the rifle he deliberately selected from his arsenal for this nerve-straining, hair-raising, desperate work, was his .250–3000 Savage?

Think it over. And remember that this same 6-shot repeater weighs only 7 pounds — that it has a point-blank range of over 300 yards — that it is accurate enough to make "possibles" at 800 yards and that it hardly kicks at all.

See it at your dealer's; get the "feel" of it in your own hands or write us for particulars.

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The Seal of Pipe Democracy

A SELF-GOVERNING workman makes a better article. That is one reason for the *plus* value in every pipe stamped with the letters W D C inside a triangle.

For two years the W D C factory has been organized on the same lines as the United States Government. There is a Cabinet, formed by the executives and headed by the President. There is a Senate, composed of the department heads. There is a House of Representatives, elected by the workers themselves.

Both the Senate and the House meet once a week, in business hours, and the members are paid for their time. Problems are discussed, opinions aired, suggestions made, votes cast—every member alive to the privilege and responsibility of the ballot, all vitally interested in the common cause of good pipe-making. Cash dividends are paid every two weeks.

What greater incentive could there be than this—to command the respect of one's fellow citizens in this democracy of pipe-makers and to earn the super profits that come with super craftsmanship!

And so to every man who smokes a pipe the W D C triangle trade-mark means something *extra*. It means genuine French briar, specially Demuth cured so as to break in sweet and mellow. It means quality in bit and band. But it *also* means that the man who fashioned and joined these things together had his heart in his work.

That is what you can expect and what you will surely *find* in the W D C Pipe you buy—whether it is a W D C Wellington or W D C Brighton at 75 cents and up, a W D C Hand Made at $2 and up, or any grade between. You will find your W D C Pipe—*your* shape at *your* price—at the best near-by dealer's. You will know it by the W D C Triangle—the Seal of Pipe Democracy.

WM. DEMUTH & CO., NEW YORK

WORLD'S LARGEST PIPE MANUFACTURERS

(Concluded from Page 154)

made to get things into shape, so that the whole life of the country can be inaugurated. Below the government and upholding it the coöperative societies, the merchants, the farmers and the manufacturers are all waking to the fact that they must reorganize and reconstruct a national life from the monstrous heaving mass which is their country. They are most patriotic, and full of good will, and are flocking to Omsk to get the opinion and instructions of the master mind there. And Kolchak, always patient, always strong and always practical, receives and sends back into the distant provinces, each group determined to do its share in the nation's work; and full of faith in the final success of right and justice.

Meantime the military forces are moving westward steadily in a great wave. Perm, Ufa, Saratoff, Ekaterinburg, Orenburg, the Volga, so much has been captured already from the terrible red foe; and news reaches us daily of further success. Kolchak makes flying trips to the fighting Front, then in haste returns to Omsk and negotiates with the Allies or with the various native elements who make his presence there an absolute necessity. He shows himself most liberal toward all parties, with partiality toward none. Even the Jews, who heretofore have not been looked upon with favor by Russian governments, gratefully admit that the ex-admiral's ministry is without prejudice; and they send him large donations in money for the defense of a cause they feel promises them a generous safeguarding even of their rights.

As his army advances the best elements of each conquered province rally round it, and Kolchak presides at conferences of industrials and peasants or receives delegations of every branch of Russia's people, counseling them to lose no time in helping to set their country in order. He who was always silent tells the press nothing of all this; but the contented delegations occasionally give their impressions; and tell how the admiral finds time to listen, and to think of the problem of each class, and that he shows immense capacity in handling these and ordering necessary action, in coördinating different units, so each will bring its quota of real strength to the general building up.

For thousands of square miles Russia is in a condition of complete devastation, with enforced stagnation of work, famine and misery, just as is the condition of the small area of Northern France. There is a crushed, exhausted, starving, bleeding people at home straining their last remnant of strength to rise up and to live. Kolchak is pulling them to their feet, and they try to stand, dazed and tottering. Will the world listen to their cry; and will it hold out a helping hand?

Lasting Dawn From the East

In Kolchak's and the Paris mission's voice all Russians cry to the Peace Conference in Paris, and to Allies over the whole world. And the latter answer what?

They must come to a decision soon or the Peace Conference will be scattered, leaving half the world at war and wounded still. What they will decide on as their line of action is unguessed at.

Kolchak asks for recognition. Kolchak prays for help; help now, while the giant which is Russia is making a noble effort to kill the whole world's enemy, the Bolshevik, and to sweep him from the earth.

There is much argument and talk. One hears it unofficially declared that the Big Four in Paris think of answering the call, and conditionally of recognizing this rare man's work. Only he, Kolchak, must consent to various conditions—to giving up the power as soon as he has won the victory, also to calling together a constituent assembly to determine the form of Russia's future government. In this case, it is reported, material help will be given to the Omsk all-Russian government, to Dénikine, and to such other groups as there may be found fighting for the same principles; this help, of course, to be paid for in full.

Kolchak replies that what every Russian wants is the calling of the constituent assembly, promised by the first revolutionary movement, as soon as there is order in the land. He wants it most of all, for he is the weariest patriot of Russia, carrying as he does the greatest load of responsibility, doing the heaviest work. And again he begs for help, all possible help, in any form the mission in Paris can devise and the pity of nations and individuals can send! Only let it come soon, he still cries; otherwise the effort to conquer Bolshevism may break down under the strain of waiting!

The Russian Mission in Paris works as one man now. They hope, and pray, and feel inspired to renewed energies, and every exiled Russian heart beats in complete unison with theirs. They are inspired to renewed energy when they hear that Petrograd may fall, has fallen, into the hands of Russia's own sons again; even though they realize that proud city may be almost a cemetery when they enter it; with famine, typhus and every other human plague rampant!

Surely at last the dawn of a great day of consolation is at hand, when Allies who have been indifferent will understand at last that their interests and their salvation depend in part upon their charity.

From a member of Russia's mission in Paris a letter comes to me, dated the middle of May, in which a faithful patriot says: "We have many sad impressions in the present, still; but great hopes for the future. From the Orient our help will come. Behold Kolchak and the mighty fighters round him, how they move forward as surely as the sun, and the Bolsheviki, no longer commanded by German officers or paid with German gold, go down at last before the onslaught of our true sons. Or else in masses the pseudo-reds even join Kolchak's armies, and turn their guns against their own comrades in wickedness of a few hours before. *Ex oriente lux!*"

A Te Deum Across the Heavens

So on to Moscow the patriots move, and when they reach that ancient capital, most holy of all Russia's cities, they will find many among its populace to weep with joy, and to kneel upon its streets with ikons as the crusaders pass. These, mounting on up to the great Kremlin's gate, open again the fortress palace to the whole populace. The latter have been banished outside its walls ever since it was used for barracks by Trotzky's red guardsmen, or as a hoarding place for stolen provisions and treasures which these ruffians seized; but at last true Russians will be at home again upon the ground they always owned, where even autocratic Czars had made them welcome.

I can see in imagination the weird beauty of the splendid edifice and feel the thrill of the crowd on its great square. The doors of the cathedral once more swing wide as of old, and perhaps the Patriarch Tikhone will appear upon its steps to welcome his real children, come home at last. That day, with his devout people upon their knees, the venerable head of the church will intone a Te Deum such as the world has rarely heard!

While the prayers of a whole race shall rise in one vast volume there will be certain sons of Russia to whom the nation's thoughts will turn in gratitude.

First among these are the martyrs who defended Russia's honor early against the red terror's dastardly attacks and gave their lives in the good cause, when help and hope were not forthcoming. Then the brave little groups who kept the faith of a great race, and who fought on against the peril to the death, as did Dénikine's army or Krassnoff's.

After them come those patriots who by thought and act and word have upheld the Russian interests in the face of indifferent friend or of intriguing foe on the outskirts of the peace congress; who through long months of waiting and discouragement kept up our hopes, and whose energy never once has failed.

Last but not least will the thanks of our whole nation be due to the group which in Siberia, facing a thousand problems, raised up the sad and tattered banner of the real Russia and brought it home in triumph to the mother city, Moscow. Their strength gives the final blow to down the treacherous enemy; and at their head the modest figure of their leader stands out as the best type of his people—a sailor, soldier, statesman, and a patriot above all, Alexander Vasiliovitch Kolchak.

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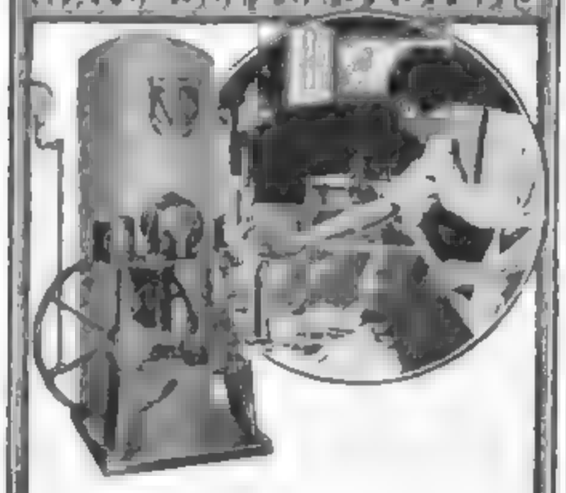

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REBUILT

(Continued from Page 11)

"The other's for contempt of court. . . . Two boxing lessons; two swimming lessons; join a regular gym class; and hire a horse."

"At the same time?"

"Certainly! It won't do anything but make you find out where your muscles ought to be. And if you'll agree to do it—and stick to it—you'll make something out of yourself. You've got as good a frame as anybody."

Edmund had sunk back limp. Emily had been right; and he loathed her for it, just as she had predicted.

"And after all this time you mean to tell me I can—I can do what ——" He choked on his rage.

"Haven't you ever been examined for life insurance?"

"No, never for anything."

"Too bad! You'd have found this out years ago. And it would have saved you from being an infernal nuisance to yourself—now wouldn't it?"

Edmund glared at him.

"If you want to know it," he said coldly, in a final effort to save his reputation, "my heart's going this minute. The least exertion makes me perfectly exhausted. I've had ——"

"If a man as mad as you are didn't have a little organic reaction I'd ask his relatives to pick out a good expensive asylum, with a southern exposure, and telegraph for a reservation." He looked Edmund in the eye. "Buck up, man!" he said. "If you came in here looking for sympathy you've wasted your money. You could have got all this same story ten years ago if you hadn't been sort of proud of being a weak sister! You've capitalized it—and don't you dare to deny it. You wanted me to tell you you're a sick man. You enjoy being a parlor snake—or a lounge lizard—don't you? Well, there's only one way to get over it. That's not by sympathy—it's by sweat."

Edmund gasped. Edmund blanched. Edmund rose. He moved toward the door—and halted. He returned slowly. "What do I owe you?"

Doctor Hammond was regarding him indulgently.

"Twenty-five dollars—and a handshake. I suppose you think I've been pretty rough with you. But when a man comes to me I don't tell him what I think he wants to hear; I tell him the facts. I don't want you to go away feeling that I've been too savage. You're the kind of man who needs a hard wallop. So I don't give a darn whether you pay me the twenty-five or not; but I do want you to shake hands."

Edmund laughed weakly.

"All right! . . . There you are."

The doctor towered genially over him.

"I'm obliged to you. Now what are you going to do? Bask in the sunshine and purr or obey orders?"

Edmund, once more crimson, managed to meet the doctor's eyes. He thought of Frances and of what Emily had put forward as her ideal man. And people in Kenilworth looked upon him as a tame cat, did they? Instinctively he straightened. He put out his hand.

"I'll take your prescription. You don't believe it, do you? Well, I'll show you!"

"Good! And, for a starter, don't wear sport shirts in this hot weather. Those stiff collars must make you feel even worse than you look. I'm coming over your way the day after to-morrow. If you'll take lunch with me I'll have a workable schedule ready for you. I'll introduce you to the physical director of your Y—he's an old pal of mine—and we'll see how we can get at this and put you on your feet. Right?"

"Right!" echoed Edmund helplessly; with the doctor towering over him, he didn't dare to refuse.

For five solid weeks Emily hadn't set eyes on him; and no one but herself knew how his dereliction grieved her. Not even Edmund, when she finally did meet him, would ever have suspected what was in her thoughts.

Their meeting place, by sheer accident, was in front of the armory; they had approached it from opposite directions and, at the very steps, startled each other by simply being there. Edmund flushed vigorously and Emily went a shade paler.

"Oh! Hello, Emily!" said Edmund impotently.

Her smile was faint but analytical.

"I told you so!" she reproached him.

"Told me what?"

Her glance traveled over him.

"I'd hardly know you—and you haven't been to see me since."

Edmund stood straight, with dignity.

"You're very much mistaken," he denied.

It occurred to him that he couldn't give her any credit for his altered appearance without giving himself an equal amount of discredit for not having gone to her sooner and confessed. It wasn't his immediate pride so much as his shame for a decade of valetudinarianism that had restrained him.

"That's a new Norfolk jacket, isn't it? You look loads better in it."

"I've had it a year," lied Edmund flatly.

"Really? I thought you told me once that a gentleman couldn't wear one except at the country club."

"You must be thinking of somebody else."

"But a soft collar! On the street? Why, Edmund!"

"I've had a stiff neck," said Edmund, stretching it.

"And how did the tips of your shoes get so blunted?"

"I've been trying all week to get up to see you," said Edmund.

"Honestly?"

"Yes; I didn't want you to think I was offended, Emily."

She laughed spontaneously.

"If you weren't you concealed it about as well as anyone could!"

"Well, I thought——"

"Yes?"

"How about to-night?" he suggested abruptly.

"I'm sorry, Edmund; but I shan't be home. Frances is having an old friend of hers to dinner—Doctor Hammond, from Lucerne. . . . Did you ever happen to run across him?"

"No," said Edmund, wildly apprehensive.

He had sworn the doctor to secrecy as to many of their mutual diversions, but he was astounded to hear Frances knew him. That was bad for secrets.

"I wish you could"—she smiled again mysteriously—"because he's exactly the type she likes. He'd give you a lot of good ideas. . . . You weren't going in here, were you?"

She indicated the armory, where the youth of Kenilworth first learned to ride and then hired horses for the road..

"Oh, far from it!" said Edmund hurriedly.

"Well, I've got to. . . . You're looking better than I ever saw you. Good-by!"

At this juncture a blocky young man in checked riding clothes and putties appeared in the doorway.

"Mornin', Miss Warren. Your horse is ready any time. Mornin', Mr. Ross! You're late for your lesson. Barney was saddled twenty minutes ago."

Emily gasped.

"Barney! Why—why, Edmund!"

A clear vision of Barney swam before her. Barney was an old white steed of bovine disposition, whose sole utility lay in the fact that when anyone chirped at him he automatically began to amble in a pleasant circle. Emily herself had taken her first instruction on Barney twelve years before. It was popularly supposed that he was at least twenty years old.

She looked at Edmund and saw the blood rising in his cheeks. The groom had vanished.

"I told you so!" she said, suddenly comprehending. "I told you you'd do what I said and loathe me for telling you. I don't care. I'm sort of proud of you. But—b-but ——"

"What are you laughing at?" he demanded gruffly.

"B-Barney!" she choked. "He's so—so unfashionable."

Edmund glowered vehemently at her; but in the midst of his glowering he discovered that a visual photograph of Barney was funny. Objectively he hadn't previously considered Barney. He had been too busy trying to stay on him. But it wouldn't do to laugh. Decidedly not! Emily might fancy he had categorically forgiven her.

"To-morrow evening, then?" he inquired formally.

"Yes. I'll be awfully glad to see you."

"Do me a favor?" Edmund hesitated.

"Of course!"

"Well—don't watch!" He couldn't meet her eyes. "It's bad enough for me to have to ride that fat old rhinoceros at my age!—without having you standing there giggling at me."

To his astonishment, she became instantly serious; more than that, she was embarrassed. And when she spoke her voice was deprecatory.

"I'm not laughing at you, Edmund. I think it's splendid of you—perfectly splendid! . . . I'm going right to the dressing room and then I'm going out the side entrance. I won't even see you. And I hope you'll get on just beautifully. And one of these days we'll go riding together. Let's go together when you have your first lesson outdoors. Shall we? I'd like it, and it might be good for you too."

"Very probably; very probably," said Edmund. "To-morrow evening, then."

He stood aside to let her pass, and as he did so he hated her much less than he had imagined. She had certainly been cruel to him, but she had no less certainly advised him with some accuracy of judgment; especially if Doctor Hammond were the type that Frances liked. Not that he would admit it to her—ever! But to himself—that was different.

At half past five on the subsequent afternoon Edmund telephoned her. His message was slightly confused, but the gist of it was that he simply couldn't keep his appointment. As she grasped the reality Emily flinched a little. His excuses were so ponderously evasive. She had lost his friendship once, clutched for it again, almost regained it.

If friendship were all that she could have from him she wanted it; more than ever since it appeared that this was the definite limit of their relationship. She had feared, but she had also hoped. And Edmund was now struggling for the flimsiest kind of alibi. Her own pride revolted.

"If what you're trying to say," she told him with bitter sweetness, "is that you'd just rather not come, I wish you'd say it."

"No," said Edmund. "I do want to. I can't."

"But you're not ill or ——"

"No."

"And you haven't any other engagement?"

"No."

Emily's eyes flashed.

"Barney didn't throw you, did he?"

"That's not fair."

"I know it isn't; but I don't think you're being fair either. I shouldn't mind a bit if you came right out in the open, Edmund, and told me you'd rather not come."

"But I can't!" protested Edmund helplessly. "Maybe in a day or two —— Oh, all right, if you feel that way about it!"

She rang off impetuously. Wasn't it true that no man could bear to hear the truth about himself? She had told Edmund all he needed to know in order to become normal. It hadn't been in spite either. It was for Edmund's sake—to jolt him out of his smug complacence. Everyone had known for years that he gloried in his weakness. And he had done exactly as she prophesied. He had taken her advice at the same time that he despised her for giving it.

He could hardly endure so much as to look at her now. And if he succeeded, by any chance, in revising himself to such a stage that Frances would really become interested in him, why, that meant the loss of another old friend too. It would be a family affair. Emily knew!

Her distress sent her, naturally enough, to Frances. With Frances, there was a visitor who, though Emily had met him only once before, had already impressed her as exactly the sort of man Edmund ought to be. With Edmund still on her mind, she tried to get him off by mentioning him. Frances' guest looked blank.

"Yes, indeed!" he said. "I know him quite well. Fine chap too! One of the nicest, happiest personalities I ever met. Don't you agree with me?"

Emily was disturbed by the recollection that Edmund himself had specifically denied the acquaintance. She wondered why.

(Continued on Page 161)

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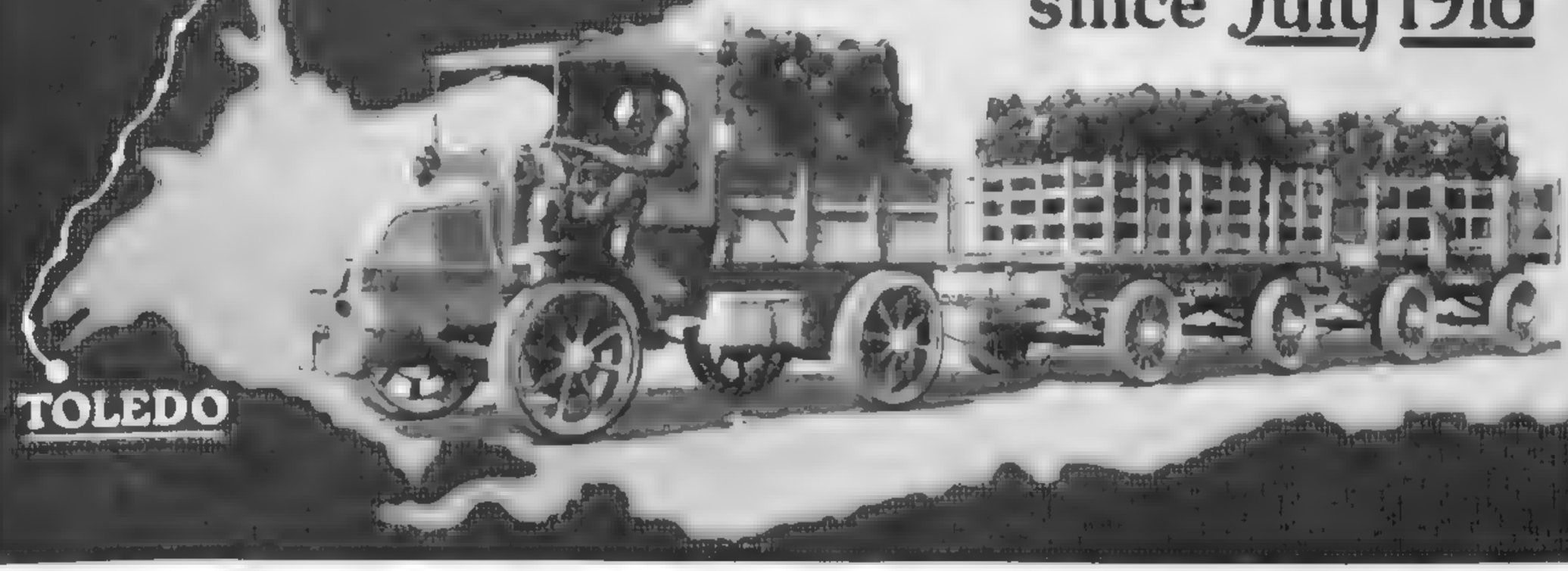

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THE STARTER THAT IS BUILT TO ORDER

(Continued from Page 158)

"Have you seen him lately?" she asked.

Doctor Hammond looked blanker yet.

"Yes," he conceded; "I met him today."

At this interesting moment Frances was summoned to the telephone. Emily fortified the occasion.

"Tell me," she said, "how well you know him. And how did you happen to meet him in the first place?".

The doctor wriggled.

"I've forgotten. I meet so many people. But he's a bully good chap—especially now that he's taking care of himself." He expanded under the memory of his own judgment. "Why, do you know when I first examined him he was about as husky as a dormouse! Tired; no ambition; no stimulus at all! All he could think of was clothes—clothes and manners. Miss Nancy! It wasn't all his own fault either. He'd been brought up that way. But after I'd prodded him into gym work and made him put on the gloves a couple of times ——"

He stopped, confused. He began to redden. As he stared at Emily his eyes widened prodigiously.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "Now I've gone and done it!" He challenged her seriously. "I do hope you're a friend of his."

"I am," she said under her breath; "but ——"

"Infernal chatterbox!" he ejaculated. "Oh, please! That was meant for me! You see, I wasn't supposed to talk about it. He'd be as mad as a hornet. You won't say anything about it, will you? But I'm so enthusiastic about the progress he's making ——"

"You needn't be afraid of me," she said. "I—I sent him to you."

"Really?"

"Well, not to you yourself, but I'm the one who advised him. . . . And you started him riding too—didn't you? He wouldn't do it for me."

"I'm amazed to hear it. I'd have imagined he'd have done almost anything for you."

"No!" said Emily, subdued. She roused herself with an effort. "You've put on the gloves with him, did you say? Have you honestly got him as far along as that? It's unbelievable!"

The young doctor was contemplative.

"He's got a lot of good stuff in him. He's worth training. And the shock to his mind was so great that he began to lead a new life almost the next day after I told him he was a mollycoddle. As long as you know so much already, maybe it won't do you any harm to know that he comes over to Lucerne every now and then to spar with me. He's willing to take swimming lessons and riding lessons and gym lessons here in your Y. M. C. A.; but he's afraid people would laugh at him if they knew he's taking boxing and tennis the same way. So he comes to Lucerne.

"He's still pretty self-conscious. I'm not supposed to talk about it; but to you I guess it's all right. He says he'd rather hit me than the regular instructor. And if you'd seen him go after me this afternoon ——" He shook his head reminiscently.

"This afternoon?" she repeated. A curious intuition possessed her. "Did you—did you hit him very hard?"

The doctor laughed regretfully.

"Once. It was purely unintentional. He comes in so fast that I forget he isn't as clever as he will be later. I'm afraid one of his eyes won't look pretty for a couple of days."

"You blacked his eye?" she gasped.

"Rather!" confirmed the doctor. "See why?" He indicated the corner of his mouth; she saw that it was slightly abrased. "He landed good and solid, and I countered just as solid as I could."

Emily relaxed.

"Oh!" she said. "I'm so glad!"

"Glad of what—my mouth or his eye?"

"Of his eye."

Doctor Hammond was puzzled.

"You don't look as bloodthirsty as you sound, Miss Warren."

"I can't explain. . . . I'm just glad he's having all that education."

"Well, give a man some ideal to work for —— Oh, please don't take offense! I knew it wasn't any sudden outburst of independent ambition on his part. And if it was your advice that started him—why, I had every reason to suppose —— A lot of men take a brace for one reason or another; but almost always it's to please some woman. Am I quite wrong?"

"No." Involuntarily she gestured. "I told him what to do. . . . But it's to please her."

The doctor sat up. He looked at Emily and at the doorway through which Frances had disappeared. He smiled, with engaging humor.

"I certainly do wish I'd known that a few hours sooner," he said. "I may not have a chance to get over here again for another week or two. . . . I certainly do wish I'd known it sooner."

"Why?"

"I'd have closed his other eye too!" said Hammond in mock seriousness.

It was all in fun; but at the same time Emily had a sudden thrill.

If ——

Edmund kept her waiting for him two weeks; but when he finally arrived Emily kept him waiting exactly half an hour. During this latter interval she was busily occupied with matters peculiar to her mood. It hardly seemed reasonable for her to suggest self-improvement to Edmund and then not exert due diligence on her own hook. And it was utterly immaterial to her whether her own efforts were as noticeable as his; she made them out of deference to herself and not to Edmund.

Miraculously he noticed. He had come to her reluctantly, and with the sole object of proving an untruth—namely, that he didn't dislike her for being so frank as he had begged her to be. But as Emily came down to him he was taken by surprise. Details escaped him. He couldn't have testified, on his life, what new thing she had done to her hair, or whether she had done anything new at all. He couldn't have said whether she had worn this gown once or fifty times. Yet, as she neared him, Edmund was visibly impressed.

As she stood by his side on the moonlit veranda Edmund was tongue-tied. He had planned to be courteous, gracious, and even friendly in a detached sort of way; but the sight of her engendered only the exclamation he made.

"Why, Emily!" he said. "Why, you're pretty!"

"That's what I used to think about you," she laughed.

Edmund withdrew a pace.

"You've changed so!"

"So have you. But you can't be as pleased as I am."

"I wouldn't gamble on it. Why, I don't know you!"

"Aren't we both complimentary, though?"

Edmund sat down on the railing.

"Well, there's one thing that makes us different from most people: We talk plain English."

His admiration was soothing to her, but she was nevertheless annoyed by the implied criticism.

"How's Barney treating you?"

"I've graduated!" he said proudly. "I've been out on the road three times."

"Good for you! If you were just a little further on I'd make you take me out tonight."

"To-night! Where?"

"Oh, there's a riding party out by the lake. Everybody's going but us."

"Were you invited?"

"Yes; but ——"

"Didn't you want to go?"

"Why—in a way; but ——"

"Who's giving it?"

"F-Frances."

"Hm!" Edmund scowled. "Want to go?"

"Why, I'd rather stay here with you."

"Wouldn't you rather ride out with me?"

"Ride!"

He laughed a little excitedly.

"It's sort of like learning to swim by jumping off the dock, I will admit; but it isn't too late to get horses at the armory—I've got a mighty tame one—and if it wouldn't take too long for us to change our clothes ——"

She leaned forward breathlessly to touch his arm.

"Edmund, do you mean it?"

"Sooner or later, I'll have to show off in public. It might not be so bad at night. Sure, I mean it!"

"Aren't you afraid?"

"Damnably!" said Edmund. "But I've got to tackle it alone sometime. Why not now?"

She was breathing rapidly. The mere conception of Edmund yielding to a spontaneous impulse was bewildering; but horseback—and at night!

Never Again
Will She Try To Bake Beans

There is one dish which the oldest cooks and wisest do not now attempt to bake.

Scientific cooks—men with college training—have revolutionized Baked Beans. Under their direction—at Van Camp's—the dish has been bettered tenfold. Now Van Camp's are served in hotels or homes where people seek the best.

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These culinary experts at Van Camp's devoted four years to Baked Beans. The old-time dish was very hard to digest. It was crisped and broken and mushy. The tomato sauce was not zestful. One by one they solved these cooking problems.

First, they studied beans. They found that the best beans grow on certain rare soils, and now we always get them. They found that those beans differed, so now each lot is analyzed before we start to cook.

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They then instructed the Van Camp chefs in new ways of cooking and baking. Now the beans are always boiled in water freed from minerals. That insures tender skins.

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Such beans cannot be baked in ordinary kitchens. The dish requires analyses, costly facilities, scientific methods. We spent $100,000 in learning how to make it.

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Other Van Camp Products Include

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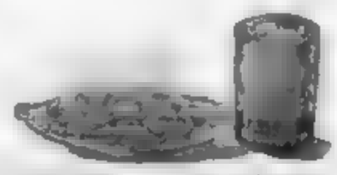

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"W-Will you go down to the armory, then, and arrange about horses?"

Edmund was on his feet.

"It won't be too much trouble for you to change?"

"It won't take me twenty minutes!" she cried.

As a matter of fact, it took nineteen. So the tables again were turned and she had to wait for Edmund.

He hadn't yet acquired the art of helping a girl to mount; he merely hoisted her skyward and aimed her in the general direction of the saddle; but Emily was incapable of criticism. Nor was she affected with hilarity when Edmund mounted by the hand-over-hand method, as though he were climbing a fence. It was enough that he, the hothouse product of years, had achieved sufficient courage to associate himself personally with a horse at all.

"You'll give everybody the surprise of a lifetime, Edmund."

"Shouldn't wonder if I did!" His laugh was strained; but he was cantering stiffly beside her and the marvel was almost beyond belief. "I hope—Frances won't mind—my coming—whether I was asked—or not."

"Oh, no! It's a big party. They'll be awfully happy to have you."

"I've missed a lot—of these things," said Edmund, bounding the words out in sections. "But I don't expect to—much longer."

"You're such a secretive person! Is there anything else you're learning?"

"I'll tell you—after I've learned. I don't like—to brag."

"Do you mind my saying that you're doing beautifully?"

"Thanks! But I wish—I wish there was a rail or something—to grab onto."

They turned from the asphalted pavement to the hard dirt road, which ran for four good miles eastward to the lake.

"If you can gallop," she said, "you might find it more fun, Edmund. Let's race to the halfway house."

"Gallop?" he asked. "Race?" Suddenly he turned to her. In the moonlight she saw on his face an expression so remarkable that she caught her breath. "Emily!"

The next instant his horse plunged forward and in a twinkling swept round a curve and out of sight.

Her reaction was curiously slow. The fact itself was too incredible. Finally the excitement of her own horse returned her perceptions to her. Straightway, with a muffled cry of joy, she went after Edmund.

Nearly an eighth of a mile ahead she saw him rounding the second curve. The light was noonday clear; she was astonished to see that Edmund was riding low, hunched over his horse's withers like a jockey. Her heart sang to her as she realized what the man was doing. He wouldn't take a dare; and he was racing her! Edmund! Edmund!

She was tinglingly alive to the spirit of competition. If Edmund wanted a race he should have it; and the handicap, in view of their respective mounts and their respective weights, wasn't excessive. She ought to overhaul him in two miles at the outside.

The road was of superlative consistence; she had no fear of stumbling. She laughed gloriously to herself as she gave her horse the firm encouragement it needed. The sweet night air was anæsthetic to her previous sorrows. She rode like a Valkyrie, passionately intent. Ahead of her Edmund was riding like a Comanche.

There were few curves to that road and many long tangents. Gradually she was cutting down the lead; but it struck her as odd that Edmund gained on the curves. Indeed, he was swinging wide on them—a dangerous bit of horsemanship if there happened to be any traffic the other way, but very effective as racing strategy. For herself, she took the inner course always. She could gain steadily enough on the straightaway.

At least a mile now and no appreciable lessening of the pace! Edmund was a hundred yards in the lead, still riding low. He never looked back. Emily spanked her horse with her open hand and no greater punishment was necessary. The gap was closing. She wanted to scream with sheer abandon.

It came to her then that perhaps she didn't want to beat Edmund anyway. Victory meant nothing to her; it might mean a great deal to him. His lead was cut to fifty yards and her horse had settled into a stride inevitably victorious. Weight was telling—weight and skill.

The halfway house, once the site of a tollgate, was round the next curve, at the end of the stretch. She could probably beat Edmund to the wire by a dozen lengths. But if she lost, would he know that she could have beaten him if she chose?

She gave his intelligence the benefit of the doubt. She relied on the rejuvenated Edmund to know. She assumed that he was ready to play the game and fight it out honestly, preferring to take his just deserts—even with a girl for an adversary. She had brought neither crop nor spurs; but she knew horses. She spoke to hers.

At the curve she wasn't more than a length or two in the rear; but Edmund's sorrel, galvanized by the beat of hoofs behind him, could still make a race of it. Emily was inflamed by the prospect of an even finish. And then—she could have shrieked aloud for the wonder and exhilaration of it—Edmund began to draw away.

Spurless, she beat her little heels against her horse's ribs. She shouted frantic messages into his ears. Her heart hammered with tumultuous delight; the sorrel had faltered. A length and a half now; but the old tollgate was just ahead. She ceased to think of Edmund as a man; he was an opponent. Opposing her, he was to be beaten. And as she conceived the furious thought that he must be beaten, the halfway house flashed past her, and she had lost by a clean length. Lost to the mollycoddle!

Suddenly conscious of the physical reaction, she pulled her horse back to a high gallop; to a pounding trot. Edmund had pounded round the farther curve. When Emily reached it he was already out of sight. She slowed to a walk, searching the road for her returning conqueror.

Presently a questioning doubt arose within her. She wanted him to come back. Another curve, and no Edmund. With a throb of apprehension, she set her horse into an unwilling canter. Another curve, and no Edmund!

And so, though a paralyzing dread took mastery of her, for a long mile and a half to the nearest shore of the lake. There, on a rock by the side of the road, sat Edmund.

She slipped out of her saddle and would have run to him, but her knees were traitorous.

"Edmund!" she cried.

He came forward, limping. His clothes were torn and dirty; but he was grinning.

"Guess I'm not quite so pretty now, am I?"

"Oh! What happened to you?"

"The fool horse stubbed his toe."

"Did he —— Are you hurt?"

"Not a bit. I tied him to a tree over there. Why—why, Emily, what's the matter with you?"

"N-Nothing," she said—"only I was so f-frightened."

"Well, so was I." Luckily he didn't touch her; she would have collapsed against him if he had. "Just as you said 'Gallop' one of those rotten safety stirrups of mine let go, and it made me give the horse an awful dig with my spur; so he bolted."

"Bolted?"

Edmund regarded her quizzically.

"Oh, it wasn't so hard to stay on him—not after I got my arms round his neck! The trouble was to make him stop. Where were you all the time?"

Emily opened her mouth several times without saying anything. Eventually she achieved a short laugh.

"Well, how'll we get home?"

"How?" Edmund was startled. "Aren't we going to that party?"

"Why, do you —— Are you going to ride that horse again?"

"Sure!" said Edmund promptly. "I snapped the stirrup back while I was waiting."

Once more she was thunderstruck.

"You don't mean to say you—you liked it?"

"Hardly that," he admitted shamefacedly. "But—by gosh—I'm going to like it next time. You hop on and I'll go get Bucephalus; and we'll be there by a quarter of ten yet."

A second time he hoisted her skyward. Emily, feeling very small and feminine, meekly submitted—and adored him.

Confession came sooner than she had dared to expect, even in her most sanguine moments; confession, but not credit. He told her everything, dating from his twelfth birthday, and omitted only what she most wanted to hear—the statement that she was responsible for his uplift.

(Concluded on Page 165)

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"Tears (of Love)"–One Step "Yama-Yama Blues"–Fox-Trot

"Tears (of Love)," introducing "I'm Glad I Can Make You Cry" and "Pahjamah," won't make you cry, but dance. "Yama-Yama Blues" will make you dance some more.

A–2741–85c

"Mammy's Lullaby"–Waltz "The Red Lantern"–Fox-Trot

The Happy Six plays this perfect waltz, and the Waldorf-Astoria Dance Orchestra this famous fox-trot from the music especially composed for Nazimova's great new motion picture, "The Red Lantern."

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(Concluded from Page 162)

"Of course," he finished, "I really thought it was true—sometimes. I was scared of my heart; but I guess I must have been plain lazy too. I did feel tired out all the time, Emily. And it did bother me to exercise at all. But it doesn't any more."

"I hope you're not overdoing it, Edmund."

"No; Hammond's seeing to that. For the first couple of weeks I was pretty well played out; but I think I've done fairly well for only two months' training. Don't you?"

"It's wonderful!" she said sincerely.

"I swam across the tank yesterday."

"You did?"

"I certainly did; and I didn't swallow much more than a gallon of it either. And—say!—I just want to tell you that the bird who invented this game of tennis was no slouch."

"Everybody's talking about you," she said. "It's one of the most sudden changes anybody ever saw."

Edmund put his hand over hers.

"Is it working, though?"

She nodded. The contact of his hand was electric.

"The nearer you get to be like Doctor Hammond ——"

"That's the man I'm trying to be like. And it's good for the cause to have them so friendly. He'll put in a word for me, maybe. But does she know?"

"Yes, Edmund."

"Is it time for me to—to say anything?"

"N-nearly time, Edmund. She—she's been awfully interested."

"I've been so busy training that I haven't been up there as often as I'd like to. Well —— Oh, while I think of it, I wish you wouldn't call me Edmund any more. I don't know why, but it sort of annoys me. I want people to call me Ned."

"All right, Ned," she quavered.

As he continued to specialize in the care of his body, Edmund rather neglected to take such pains with his neckties; and the result made him merely a very well-dressed young man, instead of a fop. And it also made his vocabulary more colloquial.

He discovered, greatly to his elation, that, even when his full course of training was made public, there was no ridicule. He was no longer classified as desirable only for his dancing and his disposition. He could now be asked to beach picnics and nobody was afraid he would spoil his trousers by sitting on the pier. Nobody had to wonder what he could do to amuse himself while the other people were in the water.

He would lose three consecutive sets of tennis to almost anyone, but at the end of the fifth set he would still be going strong and calling his antagonist a quitter for stopping so early.

He was devoted to riding; and it was hinted that it wasn't safe to loan him a horse. He was bad for its wind. And he had actually knocked down a sturdy young panhandler who insulted him for not producing largess.

"It's a wonder," observed a bystander, "that the bum didn't get up and slaughter him! He's twenty pounds heavier."

The policeman, who had arrived in time to be a good listener, shook his head.

"The answer, sir, is that the young gintleman, from what I hear, knocked him down with one punch. *One* punch! Then they never come back, sir."

By October, Edmund was ready. Inside and outside he was a different person. Like an old car, he had been sent back to the factory and rebuilt. The factory was Nature; but the credit was due, through Frances and Hammond and the corner druggist, directly to Emily. And at last, one evening, he came to tell her so.

From his manner she knew immediately that the hour had come.

Edmund couldn't remain seated. He spoke to her as he walked.

"I'm going up to see Frances in twenty minutes, Emily. I couldn't go up without coming and telling you what's been on my mind. I've been pretty much of a cad about it all along. Of course you know. I got over being sore a long time ago, but I never came round, like a man, to own up. Well, to-night's the night!"

He paused to look down steadily at her.

"Whether it's a go or not, I want you to realize that I owe you everything—every bit of it! I feel like a prince. I've had a better summer than —— Oh, I can't even try to describe it to you! And you did it. It hurt like the devil when you told me what a baby I was."

"It hurt to tell you," she said, hushed.

"But it was true!" He resumed his restless pacing of the floor. "It's the only time in my life that anybody cared enough to tell me the truth—that way. Other people had sort of kidded me; but I didn't get the point. I took it as a joke. You got me so hopping mad I went to Hammond; and that's that! I just want you to know how I do appreciate it. I had to tell you to-night, before I went up there."

"I'm glad you told me," she said, heartsick.

"It's been a bully summer—all the things we've done together. And you've grown so much prettier, Emily." He glanced at his watch and caught his breath. "Well, I've got to start along."

"Ned!"

"Yes?"

"I've got something to tell you too."

"Yes?"

Her eyes struggled upward and fell again. Her hands were twisting nervously.

"I—can't," she whispered.

"Can't what?"

"I can't tell you. I ——"

"Was it anything important?"

"Yes."

"Well, why can't you just ——"

"I ——" She swallowed hard. "I can't I'm sorry I —— I've been waiting for you to come, so I could tell you; but —— Don't tease me, Ned. Don't!"

Conflicting emotions tore her and took away the volition of speech.

He was perplexed; but his mood lifted him over the mystery. He bent over her.

"If you don't mind I want to kiss you, Emily. Just this once. You've done so much for me; and if to-night turns out to be —— Would you mind?"

As she sat motionless he kissed her.

"Ned! It's —— No, no; I can't!" She had a momentous statement to make to him, but she couldn't count on his understanding it. Again he might misjudge her. She gestured weakly. "You'll be l-late, Ned." Absently he kissed her again.

"You're a peach, Emily!" he said with husky warmth.

He picked up his hat and went very slowly out to the veranda. Then he stopped, deeply thoughtful. He went down the steps—and halted again.

Emily, shaking uncontrollably, succeeded in getting to her feet. The doorway framed her. Edmund had gone tardily down the walk—and stopped again. She could scarcely see him through her tears. And then she was palpitant, even beyond her power to sense the strain of it. Edmund was slowly coming back.

He came up the steps and stood before her. His face was very white.

"Emily," he said, and his voice was queerly thickened with surprise—"Emily, I—I'm sort of dazed. I don't know as I quite know what ——"

He put out his hand; it was stone cold. "Emily, I—I made you a promise last May, didn't I? About my wedding. You wanted to walk up the aisle—and all that.

"Well, could you —— What's the matter with your walking up the aisle—to the altar—with me waiting for you? If I'm worth making over, am I worth keeping? Because I never seemed to feel like this—about Frances. And then, when you let me kiss you ——"

Nothing could have been more conclusive than the message her frightened eyes held for him.

"Emily! Emily!"

She warded him off.

"Ned!" she breathed. "Are you sure?"

"Sure!" He caught her in his arms. He laughed exultantly. "What do you think—yourself?"

It was after a blessed interval, unmeasured by either, that she raised her eyes.

"Then, if you're as sure as all that," she whispered, "it won't be too much for you to know that Frances telephoned me this afternoon. Doctor Hammond proposed to her last night. And she's going to marry him. I couldn't tell you before."

Edmund stared at her; saw much and guessed much; shed the news of Frances without a tremor; divined why Emily had held her tongue.

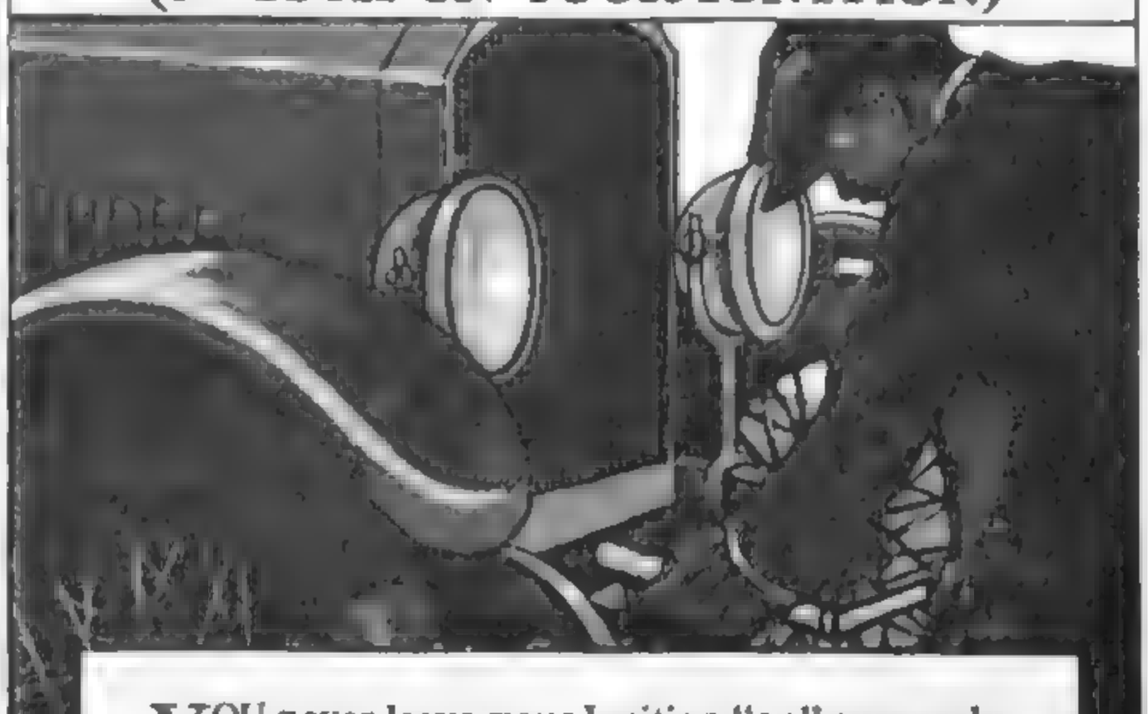
"You've cared for me all the time!" he accused her shakily. "You were afraid I'd see it if you told me. Is that it?" Electrified, he held her closer. "All the time? And I've just come to life!"

He kissed her; and it wasn't a Cuthbert's kiss—it was a Ned's.

"You've got a long start on me, Emily; but I'm gaining. I'm gaining!"

Push the Button

(SWITCH ON YOUR IGNITION)



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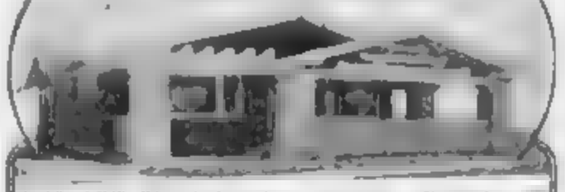

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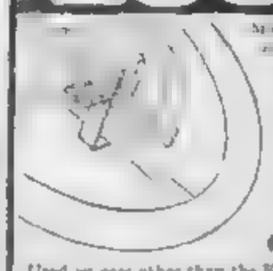

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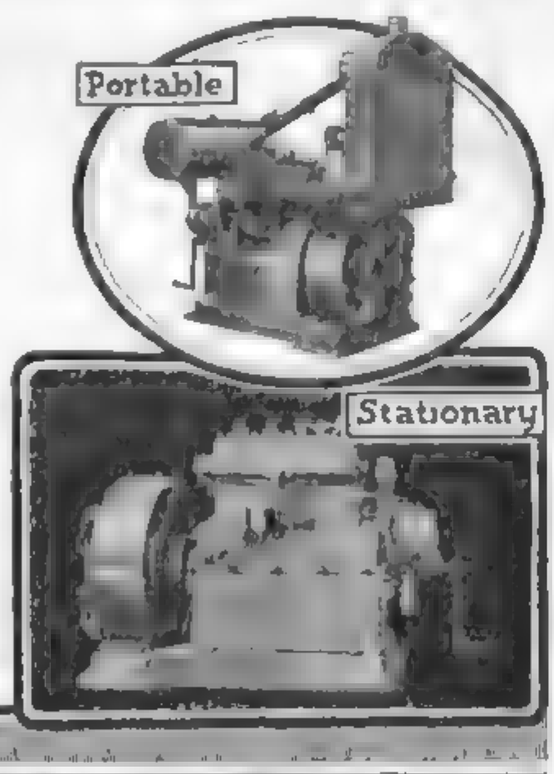

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O TEMPORA! O TAXES!

(Continued from Page 5)

The Republicans who have any vision at all, any understanding of what is in the minds of the people, know that; and they are more frightened over their situation than the people were over theirs, for certain enormous fixed charges must be met for many years. Hence the problem of the Republicans is to modify the present taxes, which are not producing anywhere near enough revenue for fixed charges, and at the same time get enough revenue for those fixed charges. In addition to these troubles the Government will lose all the liquor portion of the present internal-revenue taxes because of prohibition, a considerable sum.

Now the economics of this necessity is one thing and the politics of it quite another. If it were purely an economic problem it would be simply a matter of schedules, sinking funds, and so on. Though Senator Penrose and Senator Smoot and others may be great economists they also have somewhat more than a passing interest in politics and are beset by two problems. The first and most important of these is to remake the tax levies so there may be no political protest or come-back in them, having in view the presidency in 1920. The second is to get the money. It is quite plain even to the amateur in politics that the source of political supply, for campaign purposes, is undoubtedly the source of the loudest complaint as to taxes, for a man's discontent increases in intensity in direct ratio with the size of the sums he is compelled to pay into the Treasury.

It would be simple enough if the situation could be composed by relieving the rich of some of their excessive burden and allowing the smaller taxes on the smaller man to remain, but that cannot be brought about, because the only place to get money is where money is; and besides, though the United States has a highly commendable number of men who pay under the highest surtax schedule in their various applications, the United States has a far greater number of men who pay on incomes of five thousand dollars and less, and women, too; and each of these has exactly as many votes as the big fellows, which is one.

To have a broad catholic political effect the revision of the present tax levy must not be a class revision but a popular one.

Means must be provided for the relief of the little fellow as well as the big fellow. That is why the Republican leaders in Congress shudder when they think of the task before them. The demand they face is universal, though the means for meeting it are strictly limited.

The High Cost of Governmenting

For example, the Treasury estimates submitted last December for the governmental financial needs for the fiscal year that begins on July first of this year were $6,266,951,000. The money used for governmental purposes during the fiscal year that began on July 1, 1918, and ends on June 30, 1919, was, in round numbers, $19,000,000,000. Of this $19,000,000,000 not more than $6,500,000,000 was raised by taxes, heavy as those taxes seem to be. And the Republicans hope to reduce taxes, to meet not only the economic demand but the political necessities as well, by some two billion dollars. Thus it will be seen that those politicians in Congress have their work cut out for them, unless there shall be additional loans, which will not be good political medicine.

What the Republicans have to do—and this article is political in its discussions—to maintain the supremacy they gained in the election last fall is to revise the taxes, change them, get new methods of taxation, relieve the burden of them as best they may, and at the same time get the required money. It is estimated that the governmental requirement for a considerable number of years to come will be at least three billion dollars a year, and may be four billion dollars. That—as the Republican leaders will tell you with sobs in their voices—is a lot of money.

The Republicans have three obvious methods for getting this money. The first is by an increase in tariff rates. The second is by the levying of consumption taxes. The third is by an increase of the income, excess profits, corporation and other taxes. Some of the wild-eyed ones are for a levy upon capital. It may be as well to dispose of that idea at once. Suppose there was a levy upon capital of, say, twenty per cent. What then? Nothing, except that the levy would not bring to the Treasury of the Government any sum at all commensurate with its paper possibilities. That is, let us suppose the Astor fortune in this country is $200,000,000—a purely hypothetical estimate, and used merely for illustration. A levy of twenty per cent upon that would be $40,000,000. Where would the Astor estate get the money, and how? It hasn't $40,000,000 in cash to pay it with. Hence the Astor estate would be obliged to pay in property, to hand over the Waldorf Hotel, the Knickerbocker Hotel in New York, and other similar items of its wealth—to give the Government property. What would the Government do with that property? Sell it? Yes, but to whom, and for what? If the Astor estate hasn't $40,000,000 to pay in cash for its share of conscripted capital, who has $40,000,000 to pay for the property turned in to the Government, especially as anyone likely to have that amount of money would be subject to a capital confiscation himself?

The result would be that either the Government would be obliged to go into the hotel business, in this case, or to sell the properties to such bidders as might be. It is doubtful if a quarter of the sum levied would be realized from the sale. Indeed, that has been the result whenever capital levies have been made. Treasury results have been negligible because there has been no way of disposing of the property taken. If every man had all his fortune in cash a capital levy would be easy of realization. But few men have more than a very small percentage of their capital in cash. Hence a capital levy is as fantastic as the proponents of it are.

Down With Consumption Taxes!

That eliminates that to all but the wild-eyed. Thus we return to three possible means for securing money. Anything that would or could be done with the tariff would be useless, so far as larger returns are concerned. A new tariff wouldn't produce anything but small change. This leaves consumption taxes and heavier special-tax imposts.

Nothing horrifies a politician so much, unless it be the prospect of losing his job, as the mention of consumption taxes.

"They would burn us up," said the best economist, and one of the best politicians in the Senate. He probably is right. Fancy the howl that would rise from a people considering themselves heavily overtaxed as it is, if consumption taxes were added to their present burden, especially as the consumer, in addition to his taxes, is now operating with and living on a dollar that has its purchasing power reduced about fifty per cent.

The politico-economists want nothing to do with a consumption tax. They dread it and will fight against it until the last. They know what a kick-back it would have in that presidential election next year.

Thus there is left of the obvious means for getting the money an increase of the special-tax imposts, higher income tax surtaxes, heavier excess profits and corporation and death taxes, and so on. Now, there is a dilemma that is making the Republican congressional leaders lose sleep of nights. As soon as it was officially known that the Republicans had carried this present Congress, big business began urging on them the iniquity of the present rates of taxation along those lines. Notwithstanding the advanced times and new era in which we confidently assume to be living it is a pertinent fact that big business still pulls a hefty oar in the politics of this country, and it were simple suicide for the politicians to think of raising rates that were so vehemently protested as entirely too high for the successful conduct of business as they are.

They stand, these unfortunates who were so gleeful over their success at the polls last fall, between a whole army of bedevilers and a stormy sea of necessity. The taxes must be changed. That is why they were sent to power. There isn't any argument or excuse that will avail. The war is over, and the people want smaller taxes. It is up to the Republicans to provide smaller taxes or be punished at the election in 1920 for not providing them. The people are disingenuous about it. They do not know

(Continued on Page 169)

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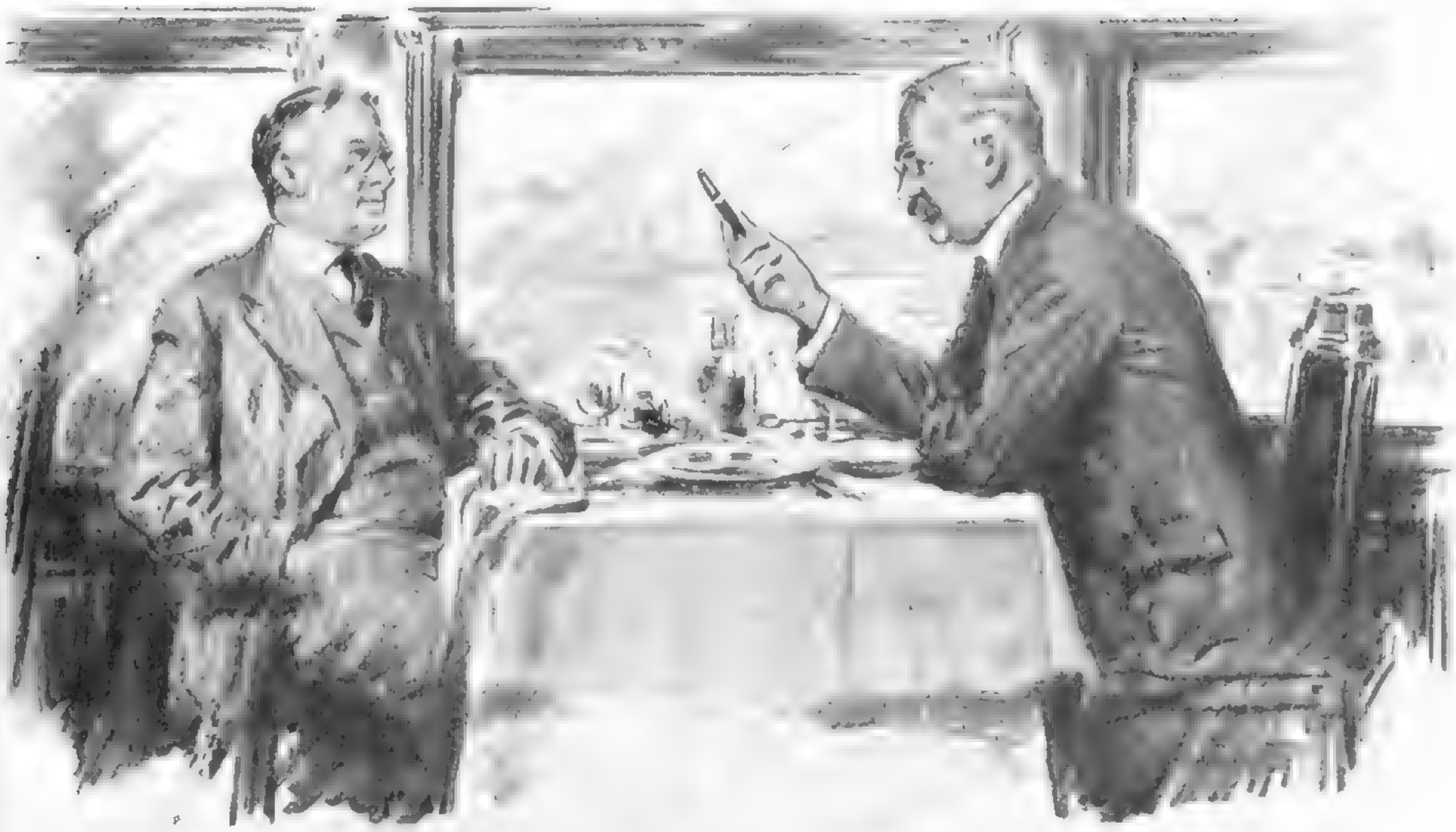

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"For real value and a mild smoke you can't beat the old rule—

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(Continued from Page 166)

much about taxes anyhow, and such knowledge as they have was jammed at them in such great chunks that it is not yet assimilated or fully comprehended. For example, the most frequent statement to the senators and representatives is: "We bought all the bonds, didn't we? Well, then, why not use that money and cut down some of these taxes?"

Though twenty million—maybe more—individuals in this country bought government bonds of the various issues since the war began, and many of these of all issues, the popular ignorance concerning what government bonds are, what they mean and how they are paid is enormous. The fact is, of course, that when the United States issues bonds to the sum of ten billions, say, or twenty billions, or thirty billions, the people of the United States, typifying and representing and being the Government, in the broad sense, borrow ten, or twenty, or thirty billion dollars from themselves to lend to themselves. Thus the American people having borrowed this amount from themselves must pay themselves back.

Suppose there are twenty-five million bondholders in this country. Those twenty-five millions will pay themselves interest on the money they loaned to the Government, and eventually pay the principal to themselves. The Government produces no money, save in the token sense. It has no resources save the resources of the people. The people who own these bonds will be taxed to pay the interest on them to themselves, and taxed to repay the principal when it is due—that is, to build up the sinking fund from which that principal will be paid. There is no other manner in which payments either of principal or interest can be made, and these bond issues do not obviate taxation or eliminate it; they merely defer it.

John Smith, let us say, owns a thousand-dollar bond of the latest issue. John Smith gets four and three-quarters per cent interest on that bond, or $47.50 a year. Where does that interest money come from? From John Smith, in his proportion. John Smith is taxed to pay the interest on his own thousand dollars that he loaned to the Government. Further, a certain sum is set aside each year, as a sinking fund, to redeem that bond at its face value at maturity. Where does the money for that sinking fund come from? From John Smith, in his proportion, through the medium of Federal taxes. Every bondholder is a John Smith in this regard.

How the People Pay the People

Now that situation is but one of several that make the problem of the tax fixers so difficult, and difficult for two reasons: First, because the people do not understand it, largely; and second, because the necessities of it are so rigid. It would be easy and simple, almost childish, if there were any other place to get the money than from the people themselves, but there isn't. The Government issues the money, but it has no governmental security or guaranty for it save the security and guaranty of the wealth of the people. Therefore, when the Government makes expenditures or goes into debt the Government must look to its sole producers—the people—for means to pay.

Coupled with the problem of finding ways to get this required money in the large sums in which it is and will be required is the best manner for hiving it for the purpose of meeting future obligations; and that is another matter that is giving the political financiers great concern, the whole having its direct bearing on future taxation; because a fixed charge in that taxation for many years must not only be for the interest on the public debt, as well as the running expenses of the Government, but for the redemption fund as well. Therefore, the period for which the sinking fund shall run is a matter of immediate political concern, for if that sinking fund is placed at a high per cent per year in accumulation it will mean proportionally higher taxes; and its fixed taxation will be smaller as its percentage is decreased.

Senator Smoot, of Utah, who is most directly concerned in the details of the forthcoming taxation, assumes that our debt, when all war items are included, will be in the neighborhood of $30,000,000,000. If the people are taxed on the basis of two and one-half per cent a year of this sum for sinking-fund purposes the amount of fixed taxation for that item alone will be $750,000,000 a year, or about a quarter of a billion dollars less than all our expenses were per year before the war. That will allow repayment of the amount in about twenty-four years. A one per cent levy for sinking-fund purposes would cost in fixed taxation $300,000,000 a year, and pay off the debt in forty-four years. Any intermediate percentage between the maximum of two and one-half per cent and the minimum of one per cent would operate in fixed charges at its proportional place between—a one and one-half per cent levy, for example, repaying in thirty-two years and costing in fixed tax levy $450,000,000 a year.

However, of this war debt there is owing to us at the present time almost $9,400,000,000 by foreign governments for money advanced, and it is quite likely that the amount will be the ultimate ten billions before we cease advancing to them. This money will be repaid sooner or later, some of it much later than is thought. These advances are secured by foreign obligations, of which $4,000,000,000 are British bonds, and these bonds may be sold at par by this Government. Thus it is quite likely that by redemption and the sale of such gilt-edged securities as those of Great Britain, if that is deemed wise, the total of the debt to be provided for will be reduced to some extent.

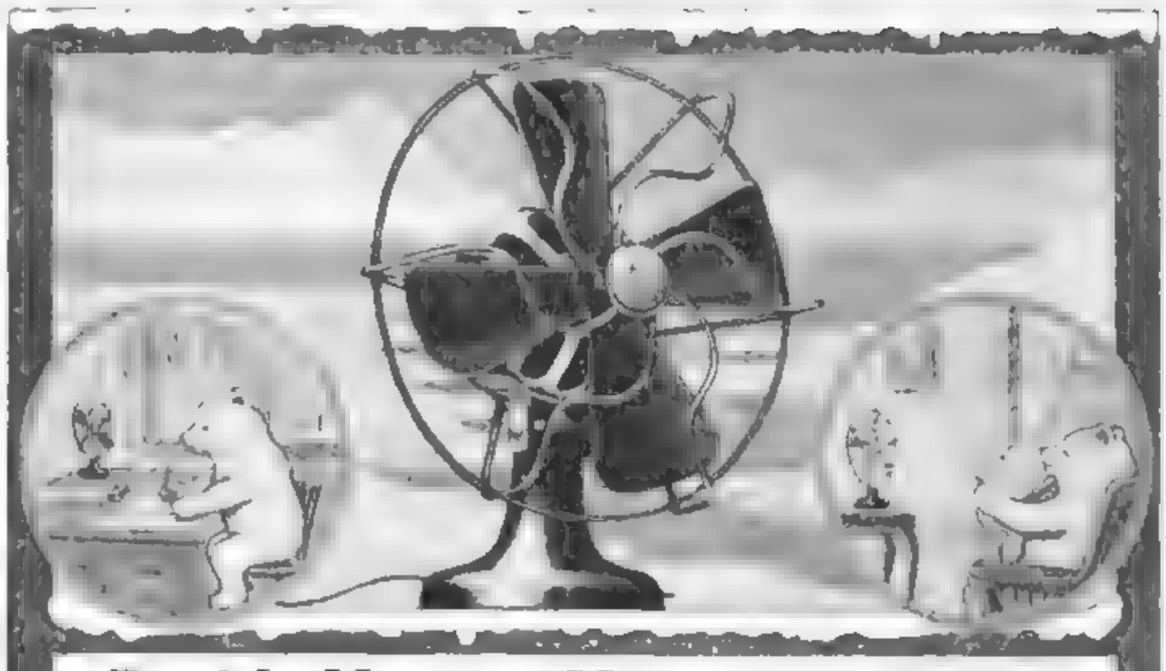
No Taxation Without Politics

There can be no doubt that the policy of funding will be adopted—no economic doubt, that is. The real doubt of it hinges on the political aspects of it. The question that is facing the Republicans is at just what point they will find it most expedient to fix the percentage of funding, how much of the sinking fund they will set aside each year. That is a difficult question, because in these times and with these taxes a hundred millions of extra impost is sure to have its disagreeable reflex. The effort of the very rich of course will be to make the yearly percentage the minimum in order that the period of taxation for repayment may be spread out as thinly as possible. At the same time the average American citizen, even though he protests his taxes, will be inclined to pay off this debt as soon as possible. Indeed there is a great deal of sentiment in Congress in favor of putting the whole burden on the present generation; or was. Perhaps that sentiment is not so widespread, now that the matter of determination is out of the hands of the Honorable Claude Kitchin.

Wherefore what shall be the percentage—one per cent—two per cent—what? One per cent, by all means, urges big business, or even less, and with great justice; but, also, with the certainty that if these demands are acceded to the partisan cry will be raised that the Republicans have again capitulated to the demands of the interests. And that will hurt the Republicans with the people, from whom all support is needed.

Still the Republicans have the financial precedents of the Civil War to back a low percentage of fixed sinking-fund charge. Our national debt before the Civil War was about ninety millions of dollars. At the end of the war the national debt was $2,300,000,000. A one per cent annual sinking fund was established and the taxes were retained at about war levels for some ten or twelve years. That reduced the war debt to a billion dollars in twenty-three years, and cut off another $400,000,000 in the next four years. It took us about five years to pay off the Spanish War debt.

It would be simple if it were not for the politics of it, and so would all other taxation questions—that is, if taxation under our plan of government was entirely a financial and economic matter the taxes would be equitable, and the burden distributed. As it is, there is more politics in any revenue measure at any time than in all other legislative endeavors whatsoever; more, even, than in appropriation bills. Any person familiar with the framing of any tax or tariff bill knows that there are political reasons for every inequality in the present tax bills—political, sectional, anticipatory, and many other sorts of reasons, aside from economic. The inside history of the making of a tax bill, and especially the inside history of the remaking of one in the conference rooms, would be illuminating to the American people.



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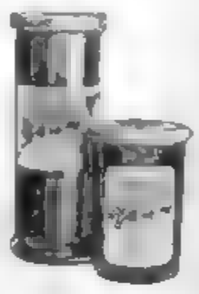

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Pressure comes from every side—business pressure, financial pressure, political pressure—and the schedules, both in the framing and the reframing, often reflect the political necessities and pledges of the majority more clearly than the needs of the people or the equities of taxation; reflect also the political necessities and ambitions of men engaged in conference reshapings as well as those of men who are on the committees that make the bills.

There is a story that the reshaping, in conference, of one of the most important tax bills this country ever knew was delayed, quibbled over, fought over and maltreated for months because of the opposing political ambitions of two men on the conference committee that had it in hand.

Nor is that case unique. Politics and the urge of political business have been the determining factors in fixing schedules, rather than the real financial and economic needs of the country and the justness of the imposts upon the people as a whole.

The present tax bill hung fire for months and months in conference. The tax bill was a Democratic enterprise and was demanded by war necessities. However, it was vigorously opposed by outside influences and much changed for various reasons. This was before there was more than theoretical knowledge—fear rather than experience—of how it would operate, and how much it would cost in taxes. This bill is now in operation. Taxes are being laid and gathered under it, and the worst fears have been twice realized. Fancy, then, the pressure on the Republicans to modify it in some way to make it less onerous; and fancy the dilemma of the Republicans when they seek to do this, with the loud outside and politically dangerous howl for revision, and the stern inside governmental demand for enormous revenues. The Republican Party did not do much for itself when it won the congressional elections in 1918. It was out of luck.

Running hand and hand with the demand for tax revision is the complaint over the high cost of living. One of the basic propositions of political economy is that the prices of commodities increase in direct proportion with the increase in the quantity of the circulating medium—that is, high prices always come in a period of inflation of the currency. The United States is now in a period of inflation of its currency, brought about by the financing of the war and of the bond issues and through the medium of the Federal Reserve banking system. There is no question of the stability of this currency under the law, but the underlying precept of it is not understood by the people. They do not know or analyze the cause. They feel and protest the effect.

Lo, the Poor Republicans!

This era of high prices is automatically made a political question by the average citizen. He thinks that Congress can do something about it, and as Congress is Republican he puts the onerous high prices up to the Republicans for reduction. Of course the Republicans are helpless, but that isn't the point. The point with the average American is that he personally is paying more than twice as much as he formerly paid and he wants something done about it.

Can the Republicans deflate the currency? They cannot, except at the cost of tremendous disturbance. Deflation will come gradually and not before a presidential election somewhat less than a year and a half away. And the Republicans look at this universal protest about high prices and shudder over the political possibilities of it. It is not sufficient for them to say that the initial responsibility rests with the Democrats. That is water over the dam. The people turned out the Democrats, and put the Republicans in, thinking to get relief. If they get no relief the Republicans will be in exactly the case the Democrats were just prior to their rejection.

Another phase of the financial situation that is causing concern is our advances to our Allies during the period of the war and since. I gave the sum, in round numbers, as $9,400,000,000 in a previous paragraph. On June seventh the sum, as officially calculated to the last penny, was $9,390,219,124.27, divided as follows: Belgium, $341,500,000; Cuba, $10,000,000; Czechoslovaka, $50,330,000; France, $2,802,477,800; Great Britain, $4,316,000,000; Greece, $43,412,966; Italy, $1,581,500,000; Liberia, $5,000,000; Rumania, $25,000,000; Russia, $187,729,750; and Serbia, $27,268,608.27. A tidy bit of money. The total amount authorized by law for advances to our Allies is ten billion dollars, and it is likely that the full sum will be advanced. It also is likely that there will be requests in excess of that sum. Therefore the Congress will have that important matter to consider also, and it, as everything else, has its direct bearing on taxes.

There is a considerable sentiment in Congress opposed to making further advances, a wide idea that the United States has done enough, especially as there is no doubt that some of these debtor countries will be slow pay. This congressional sentiment is the reflex of popular sentiment. The average American feels that it is now time for the United States to pull in its purse strings and keep the rest of its public money at home, especially as that public money is taken from him in the way of the heavy taxes he now is paying. If, for example, Congress should allow the Treasury to loan to our Allies a greater sum than the ten billion dollars now authorized, and authorized as a war necessity, any amount set for such purposes by additional legislation could come from no other place than the pockets of the American people.

Two Medicines for Sick Europe

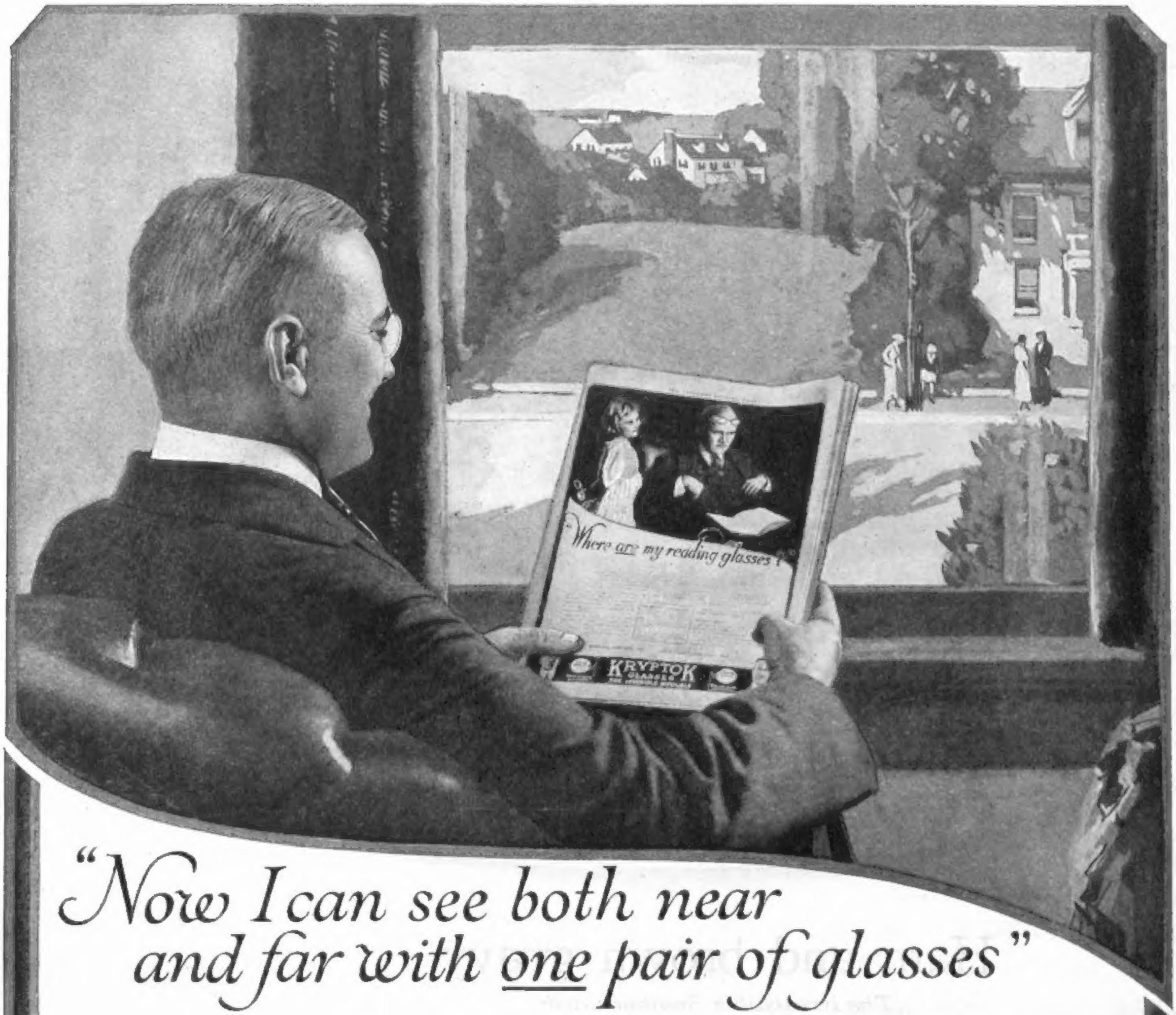
It is quite true that our national debt, including these loans, is but a fraction of our national wealth, and it also is quite true that this is the richest and most prosperous country, and least touched by the war, in the world. But the average American gets little satisfaction out of those conditions when his own taxes are so heavy and his living costs so great, especially as he is beginning to realize that all moneys distributed to other countries by the generous United States must be produced by him.

Likewise, the thought in Congress is influenced by the wide divergence in the opinion of the great financiers of the country as to the financial part the United States should play in the rebuilding and reconstructing and further financing of Europe. That opinion may be set forth as having industrial basis on the one side and financial basis on the other. That is, the men who may be termed the capitalists who are industrial in their thought and action feel that enough has been done, and that production must, then, be enhanced here, and that the only way Europe can be rebuilt is industrially, by giving her people opportunity to work. On the other hand the capitalists who are financial in all their thought and functioning think that money should be advanced to governments on the security of bonds. They think that these bonds, guaranteed by a proposed world government, are the proper medium for the extension of financial aid to Europe and the rest of the world.

The financiers who think industrially are opposed to further loaning of money to governments, and say that all future advances should be made industrially, and secured not by governmental obligations but by corporate and real-estate obligations, thus having a direct stimulation of the upbuilding of the industry of the broken countries. These two trends of thought are being impressed on Congress, greatly to the perplexity of Congress and to the disturbance of the majority thereof.

Meantime every crank in the country with a financial panacea is harrying the statesmen; and there is no subject that produces so many cranks as finance. The congressional mail is flooded with recipes and plans ranging from the entire elimination of money as a medium, and the return to communistic barter, to the total confiscation of all wealth and the redistribution of it among the people.

All in all, the Republicans are in a difficult place, and the difficulties grow as the days go on. They want to revise the taxes, and they know the Government must have money, more money, and more money. The political demand is imperative on the one hand, and the financial demand equally imperative on the other. If they do not revise the taxes they will be trounced politically. If they do revise them they will probably cause a deficit and necessitate more bond issues.



"Now I can see both near and far with one pair of glasses"

"The little rogue 'picked' my pocket! Yes, hid my reading glasses behind her and gleefully watched me fumble and search for them. How well I remember it!

"It made me realize how inefficient and inconvenient it was to fuss with two pairs of glasses—one pair for reading and the other pair for distance. It caused me to invest in KRYPTOKS—the Invisible Bifocals for near and far seeing."

KRYPTOKS *(pronounced Crip-tocks)* free you from the two-pairs-of-glasses nuisance. They enable you to see both near and far objects with equally keen vision. You glance up from your book or paper and see things at a distance as clearly as you see the type on the printed page.

Do You Need Glasses for Near and Far Vision?

If you fuss with two pairs of glasses (one pair for near vision, the other for far vision):

Or

If you cannot see distant objects clearly through your reading glasses:

Or

If you wear the out-of-date bifocals with the conspicuous seam or hump:

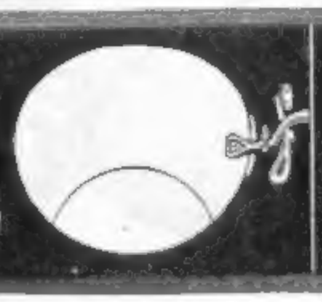
Then You Need KRYPTOK Glasses

And bear this in mind: Unlike all other bifocals, KRYPTOKS are *without* the conspicuous, age-revealing seam or hump. The lens is clear, smooth and even. It cannot be distinguished from a single vision lens. That's why KRYPTOK Glasses are universally known as "the invisible bifocals."

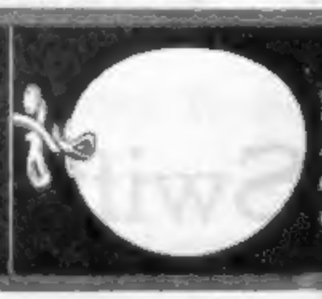
For further advice and information, ask your oculist, optometrist or optician about KRYPTOK Glasses. Write us direct for the KRYPTOK booklet, "The Eyeglass Experiences of Benjamin Franklin Brown." Please give, if possible, the name of your optical specialist.

KRYPTOK COMPANY, INC., 1017 Old South Building, BOSTON, MASS.

The Old Bifocal with the disfiguring seam or hump



KRYPTOK GLASSES
THE INVISIBLE BIFOCALS



The KRYPTOK Bifocal with clear, smooth, even surfaces

Ham and brown gravy

The irresistible Southern dish

And none of the ham's goodness has been wasted in parboiling—it's all there, in the juicy slice itself and in that hot flavory brown gravy for which the dusky Southern cook who only needed to "pass her han' ovah de kittle" was so renowned.

Her skill was not magic, although the result tasted like it. This recipe below will enable you to equal it.

Cured with scientific care, Swift's Premium Ham needs no parboiling. Every bit of the meat is mild, uniform and delicious.

There is an exactness in the Swift Premium cure that eliminates all guesswork. The Premium process insures that uniform flavor which has made fine ham mean Premium the world over.

The blue "no parboiling" tag is attached to every Swift's Premium Ham. Look for it in buying a whole ham; and when you ask your dealer for a slice make sure that he is cutting it from a ham which has this tag tied to the shank.

It guarantees that parboiling is unnecessary and assures you of getting Premium flavor and quality.

Trim a thick slice of Premium Ham. Don't parboil it, but put at once into a hot frying pan. Sear both sides, reduce heat and cook until nicely browned, turning frequently. Remove meat to casserole or covered baking dish. Measure drippings, allow one level tablespoonful flour to each tablespoonful fat, and brown carefully. Add one cup cold milk—or milk and water—for each tablespoonful flour and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Pour over ham, cover casserole and bake at least an hour and a half in a slow oven. No seasoning is necessary—the Premium flavor cannot be improved upon. Serve with hot biscuits and currant jelly.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's Premium Ham

SAVE THE FRUIT CROP

Two years ago we were considered a wasteful nation. Today we know the relation of home economy to national efficiency. This is the fourth year we have said "SAVE THE FRUIT CROP."

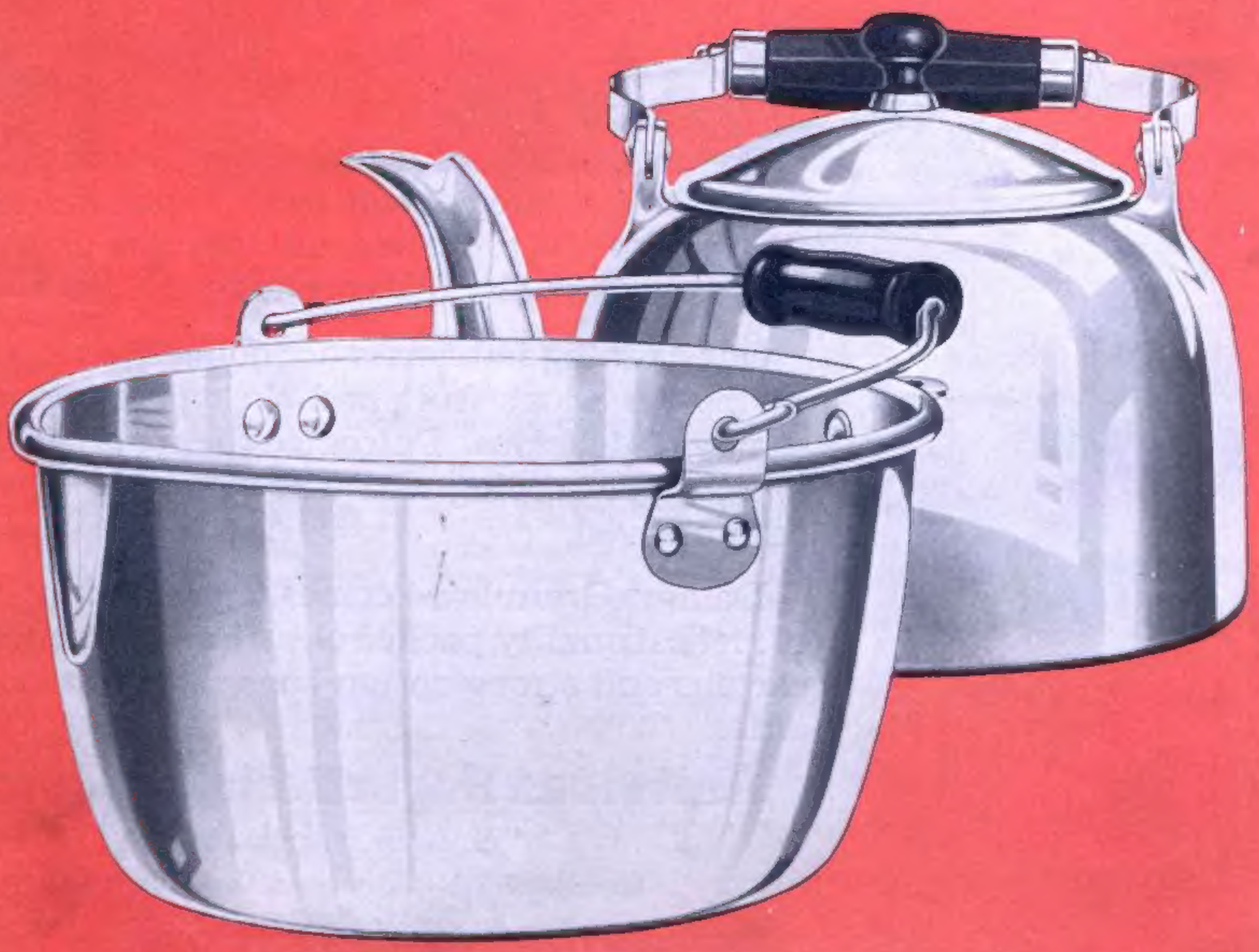
Preserves, jams and jellies are concentrated nutrition. Next winter, when fresh fruits are scarce and all foods costly, preserves will take the place of expensive dishes—will vary your menu.

Our canning industries are doing their share toward saving America's fruit, and their products are wholesome and delicious. Patronize them and do your share of home preserving too. The surplus fruit crop must be preserved.

Domino Granulated comes to you, a pure cane sugar of highest quality, packed clean and dustproof in sturdy cartons and strong cotton bags, proof against flies and ants.

American Sugar Refining Company

"Sweeten it with Domino"

Granulated, Tablet, Powdered, Confectioners, Brown, Golden Syrup.

Shining
and
Sanitary
Inside and Out